

*Mrs. C. F. Shumway*

# THE CHAUTAUQUAN

FEBRUARY, 1882.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF TRUE CULTURE.  
ORGAN OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

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THEODORE L. FLOOD, D. D., Editor.  
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THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

VOL. II.

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No. 5.

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##### V.

##### GREECE—II.

Land of bards and heroes, hail!  
Land of gods and god-like men,  
Thine were hearts that could not quail,—  
Earth was glorious then;  
Thine were souls that dared be free;  
Power, and fame, and liberty.

**CAUSES OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR.**—Athens had lost her empire on land, and her allies in the confederacy of Delos were dissatisfied with the heavy tribute (now 600 talents) exacted by Athens, her misapplication of it, and the oppression of the members. Samos revolted, but was subdued and punished. Nearly all, however, waited only an opportunity to free themselves. A dispute between two Corinthian colonies led to the war that overthrew Athens. Corinth had sent a colony to Corcyra (Corfu), and Corcyra had established a colony at Epidamnus in Illyria, taking, however, a leader from Corinth. A war of factions broke out at Epidamnus, those in the city being assisted by the Corcyreans, those who had been driven out being aided by the Corinthians. The Corcyreans defeated the Corinthians in a naval battle (B. C. 435). The latter prepared to revenge their defeat, and as they were in alliance with the Lacedæmonians, the Corcyreans applied to the Athenians for help. To avoid breaking the truce, the Athenians made only a defensive alliance. In the next battle the Corinthians were victorious, and a small Athenian squadron interfered to save the Corcyreans. A renewal of the battle was about to take place when twenty more Athenian vessels appeared. Thinking these to be the advanced guard of a large fleet, the Corinthians retired, and, although not attacked, returned home. These events occurred B. C. 432. The Corinthians, with Perdiccas of Macedonia, induced Potidea, a tributary of Athens, to revolt. The Megarians also complained that Athens excluded them from her ports. The Lacedæmonians were urged by their allies to declare war against Athens. War was determined upon at Sparta, B. C. 431, although it was precipitated by a treacherous attack of Thebes upon Plataea.\*

\* Henry C. Cameron.

**THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR.**—The struggle which now commenced is known as the "Peloponnesian War." It lasted twenty-seven years, from B. C. 431 to 404, and extended itself over almost the whole of the Grecian world, involving almost every state, from Selinus, at the extreme west of Sicily, to Cnidus and Rhodes in the Ægean. Though in the main a war for supremacy between the two great powers of Greece, Athens and Sparta, it was also to a certain extent "a struggle of principles," and likewise, though to a lesser extent, "a war of races." Speaking generally, the Ionian Greeks were banded together on one side, and made common cause with the Athenians, whilst the Dorian Greeks, with a few remarkable exceptions, gave their aid to the Spartans. But political sympathy determined, to a greater degree than race, the side to which each state should attach itself. Athens and Sparta were respectively in the eyes of the Greeks the representatives of the two principles of democracy and oligarchy; and it was felt that, according as the one or the other preponderated, the cause of oligarchical or democratical government was in the ascendant. The principle of non-intervention was unknown. Both powers alike were propagandist, and revolutionized, as occasion offered, the constitutions of their dependencies. Even without intervention, party spirit was constantly at work, and the triumph of a faction over its rival in this or that petty state might at any time disturb the balance of power between the two chief belligerents.\*

**ATHENS AND SPARTA CONTRASTED.**—The two belligerents offered a remarkable contrast to each other in many respects. Athens was predominantly a maritime, Sparta a land power. Athens had influence chiefly on the eastern side of Greece and in Asia; Sparta in the western side of Greece, and in Italy and Sicily. Again, the position of Sparta with respect to her allies, was very different from that of Athens. Sparta was at the head of a purely voluntary confederacy, the members of which regarded their interests as bound up in hers, and accepted her, on account of her superior military strength, as their natural leader. Athens was mistress of an empire which she had acquired, to a considerable extent, by force; and was disliked by most of her subject-allies, who accepted her leadership, not from choice, but from compulsion. Thus Sparta was able to present herself before men's minds in the character of "liberator of Greece;" though, had she obtained a complete ascendancy over the rest of Greece, her yoke would probably have been found at least as galling as the Athenian. Among the principal advantages which Athens possessed over Sparta at the commencement of the war, was the better arrangement of her finance. Sparta can hardly be said to have had a revenue at all. Her military expenses were met by extraordinary contributions which she and her allies levied upon themselves, as occasion seemed to require. Athens,

\* Rawlinson's "Ancient History"



on the contrary, had an organized system, which secured her an annual revenue greatly exceeding her needs in time of peace, and sufficient to support the whole expense of a moderate war. When extraordinary efforts were required, she could fall back on her accumulations, which were large.\*

**PERIODS OF THE WAR.**—The Peloponnesian War may be divided into three periods: (1) From the commencement until the conclusion of the Peace of Nicias—ten years—B. C. 431 to 421; (2) from the Peace of Nicias to its formal rupture by Sparta—eight years—B. C. 421 to 413; (3) from the rupture of the Peace of Nicias to the capture of Athens—rather more than nine years—B. C. 413 to 404.\*

**FIRST PERIOD.**—The Peloponnesians, except Argos and Achaia, were with Sparta, hence the name of the Peloponnesian War.†

The struggle was conducted for two years and a half by Pericles; then by Nicias, but under the check of a strong opposition led by Cleon.\*

Pericles pursued a defensive policy, and induced the rural population to retire within the walls of Athens, while Archidamus, the Spartan king, ravaged the country. The Athenians sent out expeditions to retaliate, and made preparations for a long war. The invasion of Attica was repeated in 430 B. C., and a plague carried off one-fourth of the people in Athens. The people became dissatisfied with Pericles, but soon restored him to power. The epidemic carried off many of his friends, and members of his own family. Depressed by his afflictions and weakened by the disease, he died of a lingering fever. Athens thus lost her greatest statesman and orator (B. C. 429). Nicias became the military leader, and was, upon the whole, successful, although the Peloponnesians invaded Attica five times in seven years. In B. C. 429 the memorable siege of Platæa began.†

Platæa was but a small city, and its garrison consisted of only four hundred citizens and eighty Athenians, together with one hundred and ten women to manage their household affairs. Yet this small force set at defiance the whole army of the Peloponnesians. The first operation of Archidamus was to surround the town with a strong palisade formed of the fruit trees which had been cut down, and thus to deprive the Plateans of all egress. The Plateans, on their side, were engaged in raising their walls with a superstructure of wood and brickwork, protected in front with hides. So energetic was the defence, that the Lacedæmonians, after spending three months in these fruitless attempts, resolved to turn the siege into a blockade, and reduce the place by famine. The Plateans endured a blockade of two years, during which the Athenians attempted nothing for their relief. In the second year, however, about half the garrison effected their escape in a bold and successful manner. But though the provisions of the garrison were husbanded by this diminution in their number, all the means of subsistence were at length exhausted, and starvation began to stare them in the face. Knowing the distressed state of the garrison, the Lacedæmonians sent in a herald with a summons to surrender and submit themselves to their disposal, at the same time promising that only the guilty should be punished. The besieged had no alternative, and submitted. This took place in B. C. 427, after the blockade had lasted two years. The whole garrison, consisting of two hundred Plateans and twenty-five

Athenians, were now arraigned before five judges sent from Sparta. They were simply asked: "Whether during the present war they had rendered any assistance to the Lacedæmonians, or their allies?" Each man, including the twenty-five Athenians, was called up separately before the judgment seat, and the question having been put to him, and of course answered in the negative, he was immediately led away to execution. The town of Platæa, together with its territory, was transferred to the Thebans, who, a few months afterwards, levelled all the private houses to the ground, and with the materials erected a sort of vast barrack around the Hereaum, or temple of Hera, both for the accommodation of visitors, and to serve as an abode for those to whom they let out the land. Thus was Platæa blotted out from the map of Greece.\*

Mitylene, in Lesbos, revolted from the Athenians, and domestic dissensions led to its surrender to the Athenians. It narrowly escaped the fate of Platæa, proposed for it by the low Athenian demagogue, Cleon. Scenes of horror were enacted by the popular party at Coreyra about this time. In B. C. 425, bad weather detained an Athenian fleet at Pylus, in Messenia. Demosthenes, an active officer, threw up a rude fortification, and remained there with five ships and two hundred hoplites. A large Lacedæmonian fleet and army were unable to dislodge him; and while preparing for a second attack, an Athenian fleet appeared, defeated the Lacedæmonian fleet, and blockaded their army on the island of Sphacteria. The Spartans at last proposed a peace, but Cleon induced the Athenians to demand extravagant terms. Hostilities were renewed, and the Athenians made but little progress. Demosthenes made unfavorable reports, and the Athenians blamed Cleon for preventing them from making peace. He made boasts of what he would do if he were general, was taken at his word, and through ridicule was compelled to lead the force sent to assist Demosthenes. Cleon promised to take Sphacteria in twenty days, and either kill, or bring all the Lacedæmonians to Athens. Fortune favored him. Demosthenes had prepared all things for the attack, and Cleon arrived in time to share the glory. Of the four hundred and twenty Spartans, two hundred and ninety-two surrendered, and the prestige of Sparta was destroyed. Cleon literally fulfilled his promise. Pylus was garrisoned with Messenians, and the Spartans repeatedly proposed peace, but the elated Athenians declined. In B. C. 424 they were defeated at Delium in Bœotia, and met with severe losses in Thrace. Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian, was very successful in Macedonia and Chalcidice. He gained Amphipolis before Thucydides could bring assistance from Thasos, and hence the latter was banished. Cleon was disgracefully defeated by Brasidas before Amphipolis (B. C. 422) when both commanders fell. Pleistanax, the Spartan king, and Nicias, in B. C. 421, concluded a peace for fifty years, called the "Peace of Nicias."†

**SECOND PERIOD.**—The continuance of hostilities during this period, while there was peace, and even for sometime alliance, between the two chief belligerents, was attributable, at first, to the hatred which Corinth bore to Athens, and to the energy she showed in forming coalitions against her detested rival. Afterwards it was owing also in part to the ambition and influence of Alcibiades, who desired a renewal of the war, hoping thereby to obtain a sphere suitable to his talents. Far more important than his Peloponnesian schemes was the project, which Alcibiades now brought forward, of conquering Sicily. The success of the

\* Rawlinson's "Ancient History."

† Henry C. Cameron.

\* Smith's History of Greece. (Edited by President Fulton.)

† Henry C. Cameron.

attempt would have completely destroyed the balance of power in Greece, and have made Athens irresistible. The project, though perhaps somewhat over-bold, would probably have succeeded, had the task of carrying it through to the end been intrusted to the genius which conceived it. Unfortunately for Athens, she was forced to choose between endangering her liberties by maintaining Alcibiades in power and risking the failure of an expedition to which she was too far committed for her to be able to recede. The recall of Alcibiades was injurious to Athens in various ways. It deprived her of her best general, and of the only statesman she possessed who was competent to deal with all the peculiar difficulties of the expedition. It made Sparta fully acquainted with the Athenian schemes for the management of Sicilian affairs, and so enabled her to counteract them. Finally, it transferred to the enemy the most keen and subtle intellect of the time, an intellect almost certain to secure success to the side which it espoused. Still, if the choice lay (as it probably did) between accepting Alcibiades as tyrant and driving him into exile, we must hold Athens justified in the course which she took. There might easily be a rapid recovery from the effects of a disastrous expedition. Who could predict the time at which the state would recover from the loss of those liberties on which her prosperity had recently depended?\*

The hatred of Corinth to Athens, and the influence of the brilliant but profligate Alcibiades at Athens prevented a sincere peace, and led to a renewal of the war. The Athenians assisted Argos, and Argives and Athenians were defeated at Mantinea (B. C. 418) by the Spartans, without rupturing the peace. In B. C. 416 the Athenians conquered Melos, and practiced horrible cruelties. In B. C. 416 Segesta and Selinus in Sicily had a quarrel, and Segesta appealed to Athens for aid. Alcibiades favored the appeal, and an armament was prepared. The mutilation of the Hermæ, or marble statues of Hermes in the streets of Athens, aroused the superstitious terrors of the Athenians, and arrested the sailing of the fleet. Alcibiades was charged with this crime, and the profanation of the Eleusinian mysteries. He denied the crime, but was denied the immediate investigation he demanded. The fleet sailed under Nicias, Alcibiades, and Lamachus, and was intended to extend Athenian influence in Sicily. Alcibiades was recalled to stand his trial, but escaped to Sparta, and revealed the plan of the Athenians. He was condemned to death in his absence. Lamachus and Nicias had been partly successful in Sicily, having taken Catana and Naxos, and defeated the Syracusans. The siege of Syracuse took place next year, reinforcements having arrived from Athens. Lamachus died, and Nicias seemed on the point of success, when affairs were changed by the arrival of Gylippus, the Spartan commander, and the Athenians were really the besieged party. Reinforcements were sent to Nicias under Demosthenes and Eurymedon, and in B. C. 413 the Spartans openly broke the peace by invading Attica.†

**THIRD PERIOD.**—The maintenance of the "Peace of Nicias" had long been rather nominal than real. Athens and Sparta had indeed abstained hitherto from direct attacks upon each other's territories; but they had been continually employed in plots against each other's interests, and they had met in conflict both in the Peloponnese and in Sicily. Now, at length, after eight years, the worn-out fiction of a pretended amity was discarded, and the Spartans, by the advice of Alcibiades, not only once more invaded Attica, but made a permanent settlement at Deceleia within sight

of Athens. The main theatre of the struggle continued, however, to be Sicily, where the Athenians clung with desperation to a scheme which prudence required them to relinquish, and lavishly sent fleet after fleet, and army after army to maintain a conflict which was hopeless. Still the expedition might have re-embarked, without suffering any irreparable disaster, had it not been for an improvement in shipbuilding, devised by the Corinthians and eagerly adopted by the Syracusans, which deprived Athens of her command of the sea, and forced her armies to surrender at discretion. Thus the fatal blow, from which Athens never recovered, was struck by the hatred of Corinth, which, in the course of a few weeks, more than avenged the injuries of half a century.\*

**SCENE OF WAR CHANGED.**—The immediate result of the disasters in Sicily was the transference of the war to Asia Minor. Her great losses in ships and sailors had so crippled the naval power of Athens, that her command of the sea was gone; the more so, as her adversaries were strengthened by the accession to their fleet of a powerful Sicilian contingent. The knowledge of this entire change in the relative position of the two belligerents at sea, encouraged the subject allies generally to shake off the Athenian yoke. Sparta saw the importance of encouraging this defection; and crossing the Ægean sea in force, made the theatre of war Asia Minor, the islands and the Hellespont. Here, for the first time, she was able to make the Persian alliance, which she had so long sought, of use to her. Persian gold enabled her to maintain a fleet equal or superior to that of Athens, and ultimately gave her the victory in the long doubtful contest. What most surprises us, in the third and last period of the war, is the vigor of the Athenian defence; the elasticity of spirit, the energy, and the fertility of resource which seemed for a time to have completely surmounted the Sicilian calamity, and made the final issue once more appear to be doubtful. This wonderful recovery of strength and power was, no doubt, in a great measure, due to the genius of one man—Alcibiades. But something must be attributed to the temper and character of the people. Athens, like Rome, is greatest and most admirable in misfortune; it is then that her courage, her patience, and her patriotism deserve and command our sympathies.\*

**ALLIANCE WITH CYRUS.**—The arrival of the younger Cyrus in Asia Minor, was of great advantage to Sparta, and must be regarded as mainly effective in bringing the war rapidly to a successful issue. Hitherto the satraps had pursued the policy which the interests of Persia required, had trimmed the balance, and contrived that neither side should obtain a decided preponderance over the other. But Cyrus had personal views, which such a course would not have subserved. He required the assistance of Greek troops and ships in the great enterprise that he was meditating; and, to obtain such aid, it was necessary for him to make a real friend of one belligerent or the other. He chose Sparta as best suited to furnish him the aid he required; and, having made his choice, he threw himself into the cause with all the energy of his nature. It was his prompt and lavish generosity which prevented the victory of Arginuse from being of any real service to Athens, and enabled Lysander to undo its effects and regain the mastery of the sea, within the space of thirteen months, by the crowning victory of Ægos-potami. That victory may also have been in another way the result of Lysander's command of Persian gold; for it is a reasonable suspicion that some of the Athenian commanders were bribed, and that

\* Rawlinson's Ancient History.

† Henry C. Cameron.

\* Rawlinson's Ancient History.

A. Frances Burney, afterwards Madame d'Arblay. Her first book was "Evelina." Upon this and "Cecilia" her fame rests.

Q. I would like to ask your opinion, Mr. Editor, as to the propriety of using a violin in a church concert. In the country where I live this instrument has been so much in the service of the Devil, in dances and low company, that I am shocked to see it used in a church dedicated to God.

A. Satan has never been granted an exclusive right to the sweetest and noblest of all the musical instruments. We are glad to learn that in the country where our correspondent lives, having been made to serve the Devil so long, the violin is at last allowed to sing the praises of God. When we can wrest all the noble and beautiful things which he has prostituted from his clutches, we shall render Satan's service very unattractive.

Q. Is it not probable that the telephone will in time, to a great degree, supplant the telegraph?

A. That depends on whether the telephone is ever emancipated from the control of monopolies, especially the same monopoly that so largely controls the telegraph.

Q. Where can I get information concerning the organized effort in our country to reform the civil service?

A. Write to the Civil Service Reform Association, of New York City. Mr. Dorman B. Eaton is a prominent member of the society.

Q. Do the learned Christian men of the world, as a rule, accept the theory that the world is older than the Mosaic account makes it?

A. No; the foremost scholarship of the world, Christian and non-Christian, unites with Moses in declaring "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Q. What is the rule of newspapers, etc., in regard to publishing reports of sermons, lectures, and other speeches; do they obtain the consent of the author, or are such productions public property? I write shorthand, and often take notes of a sermon which I would like to send to some paper for publication. Often it is very inconvenient to ask permission of the author.

A. Editors and publishers differ in their practice in such matters, just as men differ in politeness and courtesy. Courtesy requires, in every case, tacit or avowed consent of the author. In the case of the shorthand writer, no minister or lecturer would object to his taking notes for his private use; but to take the labor of another without his consent, and make it a means of financial profit, would be nothing short of stealing. The copyright law ought to apply to such conduct.

Q. I know an attorney who makes a profession of the religion of Christ in a very earnest manner on Sundays, and who is pointed out on the streets as an example of a devout Christian lawyer; and yet I have seen him very many times in court before the jury making an earnest and eloquent plea for the acquittal of a rascal client whom he knew from the evidence alone to be guilty. Can a truly Christian man do this?

A. We answer *no*. God recognizes no such duty as some lawyers claim to see in their relation to their clients. A Christian lawyer may defend the guiltiest man on the earth, and see that justice is not denied to him, but to rob justice is as much under the condemnation of heaven as any other robbery.

Q. Is it not high time for a crusade against tobacco? Will not THE CHAUTAUQUAN exert its influence to rouse Christian ministers and all good people to make war upon this twin brother of alcohol?

A. THE CHAUTAUQUAN hails with joy every reform, every movement to improve society or the individual. The latest and most cheerful news touching the tobacco question is that the students of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and of Oberlin College, Ohio, have been forbidden its use. It is hopeful when these centers of education take the lead. To-

bacco and alcohol must both go. The word "doomed" is written on the "weed" as well as the distillery.

Q. Why is Philadelphia called the "City of Brotherly Love," and Boston the "Hub of the Universe?"

A. "Brotherly love" is the literal signification of the Greek for "Philadelphia." Oliver Wendell Holmes is said to have humorously called Boston the "Hub of the Universe."

Q. Is there any scriptural authority for the observance of Christmas day?

A. The day is not of New Testament origin nor of divine appointment. Its observance is traced as early as the third century. The date of the Savior's birth is not known, but in an age given to festivals one was naturally appointed to commemorate his birth. The observance arose with the Western Church, and was afterwards adopted by the Eastern.

Q. A member of the class of '83 asks the following: "If a shower of rain is falling in England, and another at the same time in New Zealand, how can the earth gravitate toward the raindrops in opposite directions at the same time?"

A. The fact that a body is acted on by the force of gravity does not imply that it yields to that force, or is moved by it toward the mass which attracts. If a body is placed between two masses which attract it equally, it will remain stationary.

Q. Our circle is very much interested to know what is meant by the "Pilgrimage made by Marius to the shrine of the Great Mother, in Asia Minor," mentioned in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Who is the Great Mother?

A. The Great Mother was the fabled Mother of the Gods, called also Cybele and Rhea. She fled to Crete to escape her husband, Saturn, who had devoured all her children, and while there gave birth to Zeus (Jupiter). She then returned and presented her husband with a stone, carefully folded in clothes; this he instantly swallowed, thinking it to be the child. By this and the devotion of the shepherds, the child was saved. These shepherds gathered around the young god and drowned his cries by songs and the sound of horns. For this act Cybele made them priests. The mysterious mother then migrated to Sicily. Her high priest appeared at the Eternal City and established the religion among the Romans. On his departure many persons vowed pilgrimages to her shrines in the East. Her worship was especially acceptable to the Roman matrons; and at one time this eunuch priesthood was the most popular religion at Rome. It was to this goddess that Marius vowed a sacrifice.

In compliance with the request of many members, we give answers to the October questions for further study, as follows. The eleventh question being the one that has given the most difficulty, we give two of the answers received, at length; the others are briefly indicated:

1. Q. What is meant by the stone ages? A. That period of pre-historic times when men used no metals, but made all their implements entirely of stone.

2. Q. What are the Theban dynasties in Egyptian history? A. The XI, XII, and XIII, at the beginning of the Middle Empire. And the XVIII, XIX, and XX at the beginning of the New Empire. The Theban dynasties from 1525 to 525 B. C. were the brightest periods in Egyptian history.

3. Q. Who was Memnon, whose statue now exists on the Plain of Thebes? A. A king of Ethiopia, who led an army of his subjects to Troy. The Greeks, in later ages, confounded him with the Egyptian king Amenophis III, to whom colossal statues were erected near Thebes.

4. Q. The winged bulls that guarded the entrances to Assyrian palaces were symbolical of what? A. The bull's



body signified strength; the lion's feet, power; the human head, intelligence; the eagle's wings, swiftness.

6. Q. Why were painting and sculpture forbidden among the Jews? A. All early art represented deity. Under the Mosaic law they considered it a breaking of the second commandment.

8. Q. Give brief descriptions of the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Propylea. A. The Parthenon was a white pentelic marble temple, of the pure Doric order, adorned with statues and bas-reliefs by Phidias, regarded as masterpieces of ancient art. The Erechtheum is the double temple of Neptune and Athene, and is of the Ionic order; some of the porticoes were supported by caryatides. The Propylea was the gateway to the Acropolis; a broad flight of marble steps led up to a portico supported by six Doric columns. There were five entrances, the middle one a carriage road.

7. Q. Who was Mausolus? A. The king of Caria, about 355 B. C.

8. Q. Describe his tomb. A. It was a rectangular building, surrounded by an Ionic portico, and surmounted by a pyramid crowned with a statue of Mausolus.

9. Q. What was the great Pan-Athenaic festival? A. Erechtheus instituted a festival under the title of Athenæ; Theseus, who united all the Attic tribes into one body, made this the common festival, and called it Pan-Athenæa.

10. Q. What are the Pergamos Marbles? A. Works of art recently excavated at Pergamos. The most noted are reliefs representing the battles between the Gauls and the Giants.

11. Q. What were the requirements of the Roman ritual that led the Romans to adopt certain forms for their temples? A. The Roman temples were usually built to face the rising sun, on the day sacred to the god to whom the temple was dedicated. A round temple would have no proper facing, and so the square form was adopted. When the officiating priests were offering sacrifices they were required to face the east, and also to make use of the other points of the compass, so that temples of the square or oblong form were vastly more convenient. When the diviners swung their rods from side to side, or over their heads, vaulted arches and circular temples were adopted. (Answer of De Ette Howard, Janesville, Wisconsin).

Their knowledge of the gods they derived from certain signs in the sky. Those who studied and watched for these signs were called augurs. At first they marked out a square piece of ground from which they watched the skies; afterward temples were built for them. These temples were square, and divided into four regular squares, and at their point of intersection the augur took his stand. Signs appearing in the left were of good luck; in the right, bad luck. The corner stone lay so that the building faced the rising sun. (Answer of a member whose name was not given).

12. Q. Describe the Appian Way and the Cloaca Maxima. A. The Appian Way, constructed by Appian, the Censor, was the oldest and most celebrated of Roman roads. The pavement was solid blocks, so joined as to appear as one smooth stone. It extended originally from Rome to Capua, but was eventually continued to Brundisium. The Cloaca Maxima was the trunk drain of the sewers of Rome. It was formed of three tiers of concentric arches. Its vault was of massive masonry, and was high enough to admit a cart loaded with hay.

13. Q. What was the Arch of Titus erected to commemorate? A. His conquest of Jerusalem and Judea.

14. Q. When and under what circumstances was the Torso of the Belvedere Hercules discovered? A. It was found at the beginning of the sixteenth century, during the making of excavations on the site of the theatre of Pompey at Rome.

15. Q. How were the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii discovered, and what progress has been made in uncovering them? A. Herculaneum, in 1709, on the occasion of the deepening of a well. A very small part of the city has yet been uncovered. The ruins of Pompeii were first noticed in 1680; attention again called to them in 1748, in sinking a well, and the first extensive excavations were made in 1756. More than one-third of the city has been exposed.

16. Q. Briefly describe the Roman catacombs. A. They are ancient underground cemeteries. (A full description is given in the November and December numbers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN).

17. Q. Who was Orpheus? A. A mythical poet, who, with his lyre, enchanted everything that had life, and even trees and rocks, so that they would follow him.

18. Q. What is meant by mosaics, and how are they formed? A. A mosaic is the representation of a design by the fitting together on a ground of cement of numerous small pieces of stone and glass, of various colors, and generally of cubical form.

19. Q. What is the Vatican at Rome? A. The residence of the Pope. It is the largest palace in Europe.

20. Q. Give a short description of Westminster Abbey. A. It has the form of a Latin cross. Its extreme length is five hundred and eleven feet, its width across the transept two hundred and three feet, and the height of the roof is one hundred and two feet, a loftiness unusual in English churches.

## CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL EXAMINATION, 1881.

The following are the graduates: Rev. B. F. Austin, St. Thomas, Ont.; M. Alma Anderson, Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. J. S. Anderson, Waterford, Pa.; Fanny L. Armstrong, 13 Camp St., New Orleans, La.; May Atwater, Saginaw City, Mich.; Sarah Billings, Sinclairville, N. Y.; John L. Brown, Wellsville, N. Y.; Ella M. Brew, Akron, O.; Mrs. J. S. Brown, Wellsville, N. Y.; Miss A. E. Burrows, Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. C. S. Brumagim, Summerville, N. Y.; Mrs. J. F. Brooks, Oberlin, O.; Ella L. Barkeville, 24 E. Centre St., Akron, O.; John Currie, East Carlton, N. Y.; Mrs. S. E. Carpenter, 220 Clinton St., N. Y.; Sibyl A. Cashey, Akron, O.; Miss Florence Clark, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Frank Church, Akron, O.; James L. Case, Akron, O.; Letitia Caldwell, 508 W. 8th St., Erie, Pa.; A. Caldwell, 508 W. 8th St., Erie, Pa.; Rev. W. W. Case, Akron, O.; Anna Clark, Ridgway, Pa.; Lizzie A. Constable, Athens, O.; Chas. W. Crakshaw, 409 E. Center St., Akron, O.; Chas. N. Church, 118 Carroll St., Akron, O.; Mrs. Lytle P. Davies, Maehias, N. Y.; W. Irving Dice, Akron, O.; Tillie Ewing, 125 N. Broadway, Akron, O.; Retta E. Eaton, Fairview, Pa.; Sophia Echoren, 122 Grand St., Akron, O.; Sarah E. Eaton, Fairview, Pa.; Rev. H. C. Farrar, Gloversville, N. Y.; Mrs. H. C. Farrar, Gloversville, N. Y.; Addie Fish; Mrs. C. L. Fish, Willink, N. Y.; Jennie A. Gouldy, Newburgh, N. Y.; Emma J. Gleason, Hartstown, Pa.; Flora Gleason, Farndale, O.; Harvey S. Getz, 402 S. Forge, Akron, O.; Alice Heath, Kirksville, Mo.; Miss Eliza F. Hammond, Pa.; Will J. Hoover, box 1275, Bradford, Pa.; Delphie Haynes, Chenew, Ill.; J. M. Hervey, 96 Wylie Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Julia B. Hayes, Oakfield, N. Y.; Lama A. Haygood, 45 McDonough St., Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. A. W. Hayes, Oakfield, N. Y.; Mrs. Maggie B. Hervey, 96 Wylie Place, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Oak C. Herrick, Akron, O.; Henry W. Hargelt, 608 Bowery St., Akron, O.; M. D. Jackson, Hinsdale, N. Y.; Mrs. M. D. Jackson, Hinsdale, N. Y.; Carrie E. Jones, Akron, O.; Mrs. M. J. Judd, Newark Val-

ley, N. Y.; Anna Kidder, Akron, O.; Fred D. Kidder, 478 S. Main St., Akron, O.; Nellie M. Kirkland, Dewittville, N. Y.; George A. Kirkland, Dewittville, N. Y.; Mrs. A. J. Kerr, Mercer, Pa.; Roslia S. Cook, Dewittville, N. Y.; Ella E. Little, Canton, Pa.; Marion Metcalf, Elyria, O.; Walter H. Means, Akron, O.; Mrs. Carrie McDowell, Dicksonburg, Pa.; Minnie L. Mallery, Hartfield, N. Y.; Mary C. Morrison, 121 Park Place, Akron, O.; Carrie McMillen, 50 E. Middlebury St., Akron, O.; Emma S. Norton, Marengo, Ill.; Lillian A. Nason, Townville, Pa.; Mrs. A. D. Olds, North Evans, N. Y.; Sarah Penn, Mercer, Pa.; Joseph Phelps, Belgrave, Ontario, Canada; Mabel M. Perkins, Machias, N. Y.; Mrs. L. R. Pearson, 12 Bellevue Avenue, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. May V. W. Radcliff, Westburgh, Pa.; D. N. Rosencrans, 167 Public Square, Cleveland, O.; Rev. N. J. Rubinkam, 929 Franklin St., Phil'a, Pa.; Mrs. N. J. Rubinkam, 929 Franklin St., Phil'a, Pa.; Rev. E. A. Sabin, Speedsville, N. Y.; Mrs. E. A. Sabin, Speedsville, N. Y.; Edwin L. Silney, Westerville, O.; F. P. Sigler, Osceola, Iowa; Mrs. F. P. Sigler, Osceola, Iowa; Welthe F. Scofield, Hartfield, N. Y.; Hallie Steadman, Townville, Pa.; Jeannette Sloane, Chillicothe, O.; Abbie M. Scott, Sinclairville, N. Y.; Laura E. Shaffer, Akron, O.; Jessie S. Stow, Hillsdale, Mich.; Lena W. Smith, Columbus, Pa.; Effie Shoaf, 702 S. High St., Akron, O.; Laura A. Schenck, Fenton, Mich.; Lucy M. Shattuck, Six Mile Creek, Erie Co., Pa.; Miss M. S. Tipton, Paris, Ky.; May Thorp, Belfast, N. Y.; Clarence B. Treat, East Hartford, Conn.; Miss Ella P. Thompson, Maysville, O.; Mrs. F. W. VanVrodenburgh, Ischua, N. Y.; Mary Walworth, Mt. Holyoke Seminary, S. Hadley, Mass.; Emma L. Wyman, Wilbraham, Mass.; Mrs. Ida G. Wilson, Franklin, Pa.; Mrs. C. A. Willard, Findley's Lake, N. Y.; Mrs. H. Jane Whipple, Saegertown, Pa.; Warren W. Walsworth, 155 Harrison St., Syracuse, N. Y.; A. J. Whipple, Saegertown, Pa.; Mrs. F. E. Woods, 940 West Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.; Clara G. Williamson, Clayton, N. J.; Miss H. M. Winslow, Hinckley, Ill.; Cornell M. Walsworth, Nottingham, O.; Kent B. Wait, Hudson, O.; A. O. Welsh, Randolph, O.

#### THE FIRST HONOR

Is awarded to Miss Mary Atwater, teacher in the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Saginaw City, Mich.

#### THE SECOND HONOR

Is awarded to Rev. N. J. Rubinkam, pastor of the Independent Reformed Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

#### THE THIRD HONOR

Is awarded to Rev. Joseph Phelps, pastor of the Methodist Church, Belgrave, Canada.

### NORMAL CLASS OF 1881.

#### NEW ENGLAND ASSEMBLY, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

Emma F. Angell, Walpole, Mass.; Roxa F. Beard, Framingham, Mass.; Rev. Lyman D. Bragg, Whitonsville, Mass.; S. R. LeBosquet, Southville, Mass.; Henry D. Barber, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. J. F. Bashford, Auburndale, Mass.; Mrs. C. T. Borden, Mansfield, Mass.; Susie H. Bean, Newtonville, Mass.; Mrs. P. D. Cowan, Wellesley, Mass.; Mabel B. Coffin, box 52, Hyde Park, Mass.; Mrs. E. W. Clark, Lowell, Mass.; Rev. P. D. Cowan, Wellesley, Mass.; Edward Day, Milford, Mass.; Emma A. Davis, box 52, Southboro, Mass.; Mrs. R. A. Davidson, box 725, Newtonville, Mass.; R. C. Day, South Framingham, Mass.; Miss Mary G. Day, South Framingham, Mass.; Miss E. Ellen Lloyd, South Framingham, Mass.; Mrs. Geo. B. Fisk, Holliston, Mass.; L. Laurette Fairbanks, Marlboro, Mass.; W. W. Fairbanks, Marlboro, Mass.; Ella W. Fisk, Framingham, Mass.; Nellie M. Frost, Nepouset, Suffolk County, Mass.; Abbie J. Gannett, North Scituate, Mass.; Rev. E.

W. Goodier, Mansfield, Mass.; Chas. J. Hooper, Southville, Mass.; Lizzie Hemennay, Westboro, Mass.; Addie V. Hodges, Foxboro, Mass.; Mary W. Houghton, Holliston, Mass.; Mrs. Cordelia W. Hayes, Natick, Mass.; Helen M. Hills, South Framingham, Mass.; Eva G. Jones, box 128, Stoneham, Mass.; Katharine A. Lent, Allston, Mass.; Lizzie M. Lewis, Marlboro, Mass.; Mary A. Lloyd, South Framingham, Mass.; Chas. F. Light, Nepouset, Mass.; Mrs. C. K. Langer, Hyde Park, Mass.; Mrs. S. A. Morrill, Foxboro, Mass.; Mary L. Moreland, Fitchburg, Mass.; Miss E. Murray, Beaufort, South Carolina; E. J. Mitchell, West Newton, Mass.; Mattie C. Payson, Foxboro, Mass.; Mary M. Peckham, Westminster, Mass.; Miss Eliza J. Puffer, Saxonville, Mass.; Mary A. Ranger, 18 Ash Street, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Geo. Rice, South Framingham, Mass.; Mrs. Y. E. Ruggles, Milton, Mass.; Daniel Redfield, Holyoke, Mass.; Mrs. M. E. Safford, South Framingham, Mass.; Miss Eva O. Tuck, Magnolia, Mass.; Christine P. Trommer, North Scituate, Mass.; Hannah Varnum, 111 Salem Street, Lowell, Mass.; Rev. N. J. Whittaker, Lowell, Mass.

The best examination paper was presented by Katharine A. Lent, Allston, Mass.; the second in rank by Rev. P. D. Cowan, Wellesley, Mass.

### THE PRIMARY TEACHERS.

Miss Jennie B. Merrill reports as follows: The successful candidates at the "Primary Teachers'" competitive examination held at Chautauqua, August 18, 1881, were as follows:

Mrs. J. G. Allen, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss E. J. Crothers, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. J. H. Crozier, Oil City, Pa.; Mrs. C. W. Foulk, Springboro, Pa.; Miss M. J. Gifford, Mayville, N. Y.; Mrs. E. C. Lambert, Jacksonville, Ill.; Mrs. T. H. Murdough, Mansfield, Pa.; Mrs. F. P. Sigler, Osceola, Iowa; Mrs. B. T. Vincent, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Martha J. Gifford wrote the prize paper.

The successful candidates at the "Primary Teachers'" competitive examination held at Framingham, Mass., Sept. 1, 1881, were as follows:

Miss A. H. Bean, Newtonville, Mass.; Miss N. B. Besse, Lowell, Mass.; Miss G. E. Besse, Lowell, Mass.; Miss M. Q. Brown, Newburyport, Mass.; Miss A. O. Cheney, Milford, Mass.; Miss J. M. Daniels, Framingham, Mass.; Miss M. E. Drew, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. M. E. Hawks, South Deerfield, Mass.; Mrs. J. A. Johnson, Holliston, Mass.; Mrs. S. B. Jones, Stoneham, Mass.; Miss L. R. Jones, Aitken, S. C.; Miss G. A. Rodliff, Lowell, Mass.; Miss A. I. Rodliff, Lowell, Mass.; Miss M. C. Sheldon, W. Newton, Mass.; Miss F. H. Sprague, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. E. M. White, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. W. P. Hancock, Milford, Mass.

Misses J. M. Daniels, M. E. Drew, L. E. Lee, and A. I. Rodliff, each receive 100 per cent.

Miss Daniels wrote the prize paper.

### ARAB HUMOR.

Abu Nuwas, the court poet and jester, of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, is a peculiar character. The author of the following article in *Temple Bar*, made his acquaintance in Cairo, where he heard an Arab story-teller reciting some of the legends here given:

Abu Nuwas had once, according to his habit, gone too far, and seriously offended the Caliph by some impertinent answer. Jafer, "the Barmecide," Haroun's vizier and inseparable companion, did his best to make peace, and finding the monarch one day in a good humor while at the bath; induced him to send for the culprit. Jafer good-naturedly met the wag before he went into his master's presence, and



warned him to make the most of this opportunity for reconciliation, and to be upon his very best behavior. After prostrating himself on the ground, and suing for pardon, he took his seat immediately opposite the Caliph, the "trough," or marble water-basin, being between them. Haroun was the first to speak:

"Abu Nuwās," said he, "I used to think you a wit; what made you give such witless answers? Are you an ass?"

"Oh, no, Prince of the Faithful," was the reply, "there is a trough between the ass and me!"

The monarch could scarcely believe his own ears; but started up and left the place without completing his bath. This time Abu Nuwās's head was very insecurely attached to his neck, and even Jafer's eloquent appeals on behalf of the graceless wag were for some time unavailing; nor was the latter's own ingenious explanation that he meant nothing more than "that asses ate out of a trough, while he himself used a dish," of any use at all. All the concession which the prime-minister could ultimately obtain was that the offender should be thrown into a pit where a savage bear was kept, and left there for twenty-four hours. The order was executed, but as Abu Nuwās had induced Jafer to take a store of wine, provisions, and candles with him, he contrived to stave off the too pressing advances of his companion, and when the Caliph came to gaze upon the corpse of his peccant jester, he found him drunk, and playing upon a tambourine, and endeavoring to induce the beast to dance.

His peccadillos, as might be expected, often made him acquainted with the inside of a prison, and it was his wont during these temporary periods of seclusion to solace himself with singing to the accompaniment of his lute. On one occasion, a fellow-prisoner regarded his performance with so much interest and emotion, that the poet said to him:

"My brother, art thou not a connoisseur in music, or haply a poet thyself? or art thou merely a lover separated from his love, that thou dost listen so mournfully, but feelingly withal?"

"Nothing of the kind," answered the unfortunate prisoner, "but you wagged your beard just like an old goat of mine at home."

On this Abu Nuwās began to scream and thump upon the dungeon door, and behave in so mad and boisterous a manner that the jailer came to see what was amiss. Jafer was sent for, and the poet brought before the Caliph, to whom he related the incident. "I do not mind," said he, "keeping company with your majesty's bear, who, by-the-by, was so loth to part with me that he retained part of my garments in his teeth, as the servants hauled me up; but to lodge with such a boor will be the death of me."

For another gross fault the Caliph ordered him to be mounted on an ass with his face to the tail, tricked out in the animal's trappings, and ridden round the town. To Jafer, who met him and asked what had brought him to this plight, he answered: "I have presented the Caliph with my best verses, and his highness has clad me in his own best clothes."

Abu Nuwās does not appear to have been remarkable for courage, unlike most of the old Arab minstrels, who often combined the professions of the sword with the lyre.

It is told of him that he accompanied Haroun Alraschid in one of his numerous raids against the Byzantine emperor. But when he found himself in action for the first time he acted upon the proverb that "discretion is the better part of valor," put spurs to his horse, and rode off to a neighboring hillock whence he could watch the fight in safety. As evening came on the battle ended, and two armies returned to their respective camps, and Abu Nuwās also sought his tent. The next morning there issued from the ranks of the enemy a doughty champion who challenged the best man

among the Moslems to single combat, and either killed or took prisoner every one who accepted his challenge. At length the Caliph, who had been informed of Abu Nuwās's cowardice on the previous day, ordered him to go forth and rid them of the Grecian warrior. The poor jester, in extreme terror, endeavored in vain to excuse himself, but obtained consent to enter the commissariat tent and make a good meal before he fought. Instead, however, of eating then and there, he packed up and took with him a good supply of edibles and a flask of wine, and rode out towards the fierce champion who had overcome the Caliph's bravest soldiers. While still at a safe distance he cried out:

"O bravest of the warriors of the age! I have a proposition to make to thee, which will profit thee much."

"Out with it then," said the other.

"First let me ask thee, hast thou a blood feud against me?"

"No," said the Greek.

"Do I owe thee aught?" continued Abu Nuwās.

"Surely not," said the Greek.

"Then what is the use of our fighting and killing each other? Let us come behind yonder hillock and breakfast off some capital roast fowls which I have brought with me. Then we will go back, each to his tent; you especially must require rest, and I am sure you have killed and taken captive knights enough for one day!"

Half amused, the champion consented, and after an amiable meal together, they parted and rode off to their respective camps.

"Your majesty bade me rid you of him," said he to the Caliph in explanation, "and I have done so most effectually. Let the next guard when it turns out follow my example."

As might have been expected, and as a story I have already told shows, our hero was very lax in his observances of the duties of his religion.

Smitten, however, once with conscientious scruples, Abu Nuwās, determined upon making the pilgrimage to Mecca, and presenting himself before Alraschid, said:

"Prince of the Faithful! You know that I am a Moslem."

"I suppose so," said the Caliph; "what do you want?"

"I wish to make the pilgrimage to Mecca."

"Well, the way is open to you."

"But I have not money enough to go," pleaded the poet.

"Then you are excused from the duty, by the canons of our holy law," said the Caliph.

"Confound you!" said Abu Nuwās, "I came a-begging, not to ask for a legal decision!"

A number of witty sayings are of course attributed to him, but a few will be sufficient to indicate their nature and the sort of thing which an Arab considers smart and amusing.

"I would like to see the devil face to face," said a very ugly man to him one day.

"Then look in a looking-glass," was the reply.

Again, seeing another ugly man praying in a mosque, he politely asked, "Why do you grudge Gehenna such a face?"

"When do you think you will die?" asked an acquaintance one day, "because I should like to send a letter by you to my deceased father." "Very sorry," said Abu Nuwās; "I shall not be passing his way; I am going up aloft."

A very long-nosed man was quarrelling with his wife and reproached her, saying, "You know how good-natured I am, and how much I have put up with." "Allah is witness that you speak the truth," said Abu Nuwās, who was standing by, "or you would never have put up all these years with such a nose as that."

Once while seated in a friend's house an ominous noise was heard, and a crack appeared suddenly in one of the walls.

"What ails the house?" asked Abu Nuwās.

"It is but celebrating Allah's praises," replied his host.

"Then I am off," remarked the poet, "for it might proceed with its religious exercises and take to prostration next!"

The tales and jests related of Abu Nuwās are indeed innumerable, but many of them turn on some verbal quibble, while more are scarcely in accordance with modern taste. They exhibit him as a clever and witty, but unscrupulous rogue, with brilliant talents and an irrepressible tendency to mischief. He was just the man to please the "good Haroun Alraschid" in his cheerier moods, and no greater praise of his tact and ready wit can be written, than the simple fact that he served such a master and yet died in his bed.



## THE C. L. S. C.

President: J. H. Vincent, D. D.  
 Counselors: Lyman Abbott, D. D.; Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D.;  
 J. M. Gibson, D. D.; W. C. Wilkinson, D. D.  
 Office Secretary: Miss Kate F. Kimball.  
 General Secretary: Albert M. Martin, A. M.

## ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1881-1882.

## 1.—AIM.

This new organization aims to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life (especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited), so as to secure to them the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking.

## 2.—METHODS.

It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by text-books which shall be indicated; by local circles for mutual help and encouragement in such studies; by summer courses of lectures and "students' sessions" at Chautauqua, and by written reports and examinations.

## 3.—COURSE OF STUDY.

The course of study prescribed by the C. L. S. C. shall cover a period of four years.

## 4.—ARRANGEMENT OF CLASSES.

Each year's Course of Study will be considered the "First Year" for new pupils, whether it be the first, second, third, or fourth of the four years' course. For example, "the class of 1885," instead of beginning October, 1881, with the same studies which were pursued in 1880-'81 by "the class of 1884," will fall in with "the class of '84," and take for their first year the second year's course of the '84 class. The first year for "the class of 1884" will thus in due time become the fourth year for "the class of 1885."

## 5.—STUDIES FOR 1881-82.\*

The course for 1881-82 comprises readings in: 1. History. 2. Literature. 3. Science and Philosophy. 4. Art. 5. Religion.

The required books for the year are as follows:

1. HISTORY.—Man's Antiquity and Language. Dr. M. S. Terry (Chautauqua Text-Book.) Price 30 cents. Outlines of General History. Dr. J. H. Vincent. (Chautauqua Text-Book.) Price, 10 cents. Mosaics of History. Selected by Arthur Gilman, Esq., of Cambridge, Mass. (CHAUTAUQUAN.) Readings from Mackenzie's Nineteenth Century. Books First and Second. (Franklin Square edition.) Price, 15 cents.
2. LITERATURE.—Art of Speech. Part II. "Oratory and Logic" (Dr. L. T. Townsend.) Price, 50 cents. Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical. Dr. Quackenbos. Price, \$1.00. English History and Literature. Chautauqua Library. Vol. III. [To be ready in 1882.]
3. SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.—Popular Readings concerning Mathematics, Political Economy, Geology, Chemistry, Laws of Health, and Mental and Moral Philosophy. (CHAUTAUQUAN.)
4. ART.—Outline Lessons on Art. Miss De Forest. (Chautauqua Text-Book.) Price, 10 cents. A Short History of Art. Miss De Forest. Price, \$2.
5. RELIGIOUS.—God in History. (CHAUTAUQUAN.) Religion in Art. (CHAUTAUQUAN.)
6. ADDITIONAL.—(For Students of Class 1882.) Hints for Home Reading, Dr. Lyman Abbott. The Hall in the Grove. Mrs. Alden. (About Chautauqua and the C. L. S. C.)

The following is the distribution of the subjects and books through the year:

October and November.		Illustrated History of Ancient Literature.	
[Ch. stands for THE CHAUTAUQUAN.]		[Continued.]	
Outline Lessons on Art. [De Forest.]		Christianity in Art. [Ch.]	
A Short History of Art. [De Forest.]		Readings about Moral Science. [Ch.]	
Mosaics of History. [Ch.]		Laws of Health. [Ch.]	
Christianity in Art. [Ch.]		March.	
Readings about Geology. [Ch.]		Mosaics of History. [Ch.]	
Man's Antiquity and Language. [Terry.]		Readings about Political Economy. [Ch.]	
Outlines of General History. [Vincent.]		Readings from Mackenzie's Nineteenth Century.	
Mosaics of History. [Ch.]		April.	
Readings about Geology. [Ch.]		Mosaics of History. [Ch.]	
Readings about Philosophy. [Ch.]		Art of Speech. Part II. [Townsend.]	
Christianity in Art. [Ch.]		Readings about Political Economy. [Ch.]	
January.		May.	
Mosaics of History. [Ch.]		Mosaics of History. [Ch.]	
God in History. [Ch.]		English History and Literature. [Chautauqua Library, Vol. III.]	
Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical. [Quackenbos.]		Readings about Mathematics. [Ch.]	
Readings about Mental Science. [Ch.]		Readings about Chemistry. [Ch.]	
Laws of Health. [Ch.]		June.	
Christianity in Art. [Ch.]		Mosaics of History. [Ch.]	
February.		Readings about Chemistry. [Ch.]	
Mosaics of History. [Ch.]			

## 6.—THE WHITE SEAL SUPPLEMENTARY COURSE.

Persons who desire to read more extensively in the lines of study for 1881-82 are expected to read, in addition to the "required" books for the year, the following:

Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism. By Dr. Ulhorn.  
 Outline Study of Man. By Dr. Hopkins.  
 History of Germany. By Charlotte M. Yonge.

Persons who pursue the "White Seal Course" of each year, in addition to the regular course, will receive at the time of their graduation a white seal to be attached to the regular diploma.

## 7.—SPECIAL COURSES.

Members of the C. L. S. C. may take, in addition to the regular course above prescribed, one or more special courses, and pass an examination upon them. A series of special courses in the several departments of study will be in due time announced, and pupils will receive credit and testimonial seals to be appended to their regular diploma.

\*The additional books for the "White Seal Course" for 1881-82 are: "Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism," by Dr. Ulhorn; "Outline Study of Man," by Dr. Mark Hopkins; "History of Germany," by Charlotte Yonge.

ploma, according to the merit of examinations on these supplemental courses.

## 8.—THE PREPARATORY COURSE.

Persons who are too young, or are not sufficiently advanced in their studies, to take the regular C. L. S. C. course, may adopt certain preparatory lessons for the two years.

For circulars of the special and preparatory courses, address Dr. J. H. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J.

## 9.—INITIATION FEE.

To defray the expenses of correspondence, monthly reports, etc., an annual fee of fifty cents is required. This amount should be forwarded to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., (by New York or Philadelphia draft or post-office order.) Do not send postage-stamps if you can possibly avoid it.

N. B.—In sending your fee, be sure to state to which class you belong, whether 1882, 1883, 1884, or 1885.

## 10.—APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Persons desiring to unite with the C. L. S. C. should forward answers to the following questions to Dr. J. H. VINCENT, PLAINFIELD, N. J. The class graduating in 1885 should begin the studies of the less sons required, October 1881. They may begin as late as January 1, 1882.

1. Give your name in full. 2. Your post-office address—with county and State. 3. Are you married or single? 4. What is your age? Are you between twenty and thirty? or thirty and forty, or forty and fifty, or fifty and sixty, etc.? 5. If married, how many children living under the age of sixteen years? 6. What is your occupation? 7. With what religious denomination are you connected? 8. Do you, after mature deliberation, resolve, if able, to prosecute the four years' course of study presented by the C. L. S. C.? 9. Do you promise to give an average of three hours a week to the reading and study required by this course? 10. How much more than the time specified do you hope to give to this course of study?

## 11.—TIME REQUIRED.

An average of forty minutes' reading each week day will enable the student in nine months to complete the books required for the year. More time than this will probably be spent by many persons, and for their accommodation a special course of reading on the same subjects has been indicated. The habit of thinking steadily upon worthy themes during one's secular toil will lighten labor, brighten life, and develop power.

## 12.—MEMORANDA.

The annual "examinations" will be held at the homes of the members, and in writing. Memoranda will be forwarded to them, and by their written replies the "Committee" can judge whether or not they have read the books required.

## 13.—ATTENDANCE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

Persons should be present to enjoy the annual meetings at Chautauqua, but attendance there is not necessary to graduation in the C. L. S. C. Persons who have never visited Chautauqua may enjoy the advantages, diploma, and honors of the "Circle." The DAILY ASSEMBLY HERALD is published on the grounds during the Chautauqua Assembly. Send \$1 for the DAILY HERALD to Theodore L. Flood, Meadville, Pa. Back numbers for 1881 can be supplied.

## 14.—LOCAL CIRCLES.

Individuals may prosecute the studies of the C. L. S. C. alone, but their efforts will be greatly facilitated by securing a "local circle" of two or more persons, who agree to meet as frequently as possible, read together, converse on subjects of study, arrange for occasional lectures by local talent, organize a library, a museum, a laboratory, etc. All that is necessary for the establishment of such "local circles" is to meet, report organization to Dr. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J., and then prosecute the course of study in such a way as seems most likely to secure the ends contemplated by the C. L. S. C.

## 15.—MEMORIAL DAYS.

Twelve days are set apart as days of especial interest to every member of the C. L. S. C., and as days of devout prayer for the furtherance of the objects of this society. On these days all members are urgently invited to read the literary and scriptural selections indicated, to collect some facts about the authors whose birthdays are thus commemorated, and to invoke the blessing of our heavenly Father upon this attempt to exalt His word, and to understand and rejoice in His works. The selections to be read on the memorial days are published by Phillips & Hunt, and by Walden & Stowe, in a small volume—Chautauqua Text-Book No. 7c "Memorial Days." Price, 10 cents.

## 16.—OUR CLASS MOTTOES.†

"We study the word and the works of God."  
 "Let us keep our heavenly Father in the midst."  
 "Never be discouraged."

## 17.—ST. PAUL'S GROVE.

The center of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is the HALL OF PHILOSOPHY in the beautiful grove at Chautauqua, which was dedicated August 17, 1878, by Bishop R. S. Foster, in the presence of a large, devout, and enthusiastic audience. It is the purpose of the managers of Chautauqua to have St. Paul's Grove fitted up with rustic seats, statuary, fountains, etc., and make it a place of beauty and inspiration to all members of the Circle.

## 18.—FIRST YEAR.

Persons desiring forms of application, or information concerning the Circle, should address Dr. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J.

## 19.—"THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

The organ of the C. L. S. C. is THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Issued monthly, from October to July. Price, \$1.50. Send subscriptions to Theodore L. Flood, Editor and Proprietor, Meadville, Pa.

\*We ask this question to ascertain the possible future intellectual and moral influence of this "Circle" on your homes.

†These mottoes are issued on large cards by Prang & Co., of Boston, Mass. Each motto sells at \$1.

# THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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### REQUIRED READING.

#### MOSAICS OF HISTORY.

V.

##### GREECE—II.

Land of bards and heroes, hail!  
Land of gods and god-like men,  
Thine were hearts that could not quail,—  
Earth was glorious then;  
Thine were souls that dared be free;  
Power, and fame, and liberty.

**CAUSES OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR.**—Athens had lost her empire on land, and her allies in the confederacy of Delos were dissatisfied with the heavy tribute (now 600 talents) exacted by Athens, her misapplication of it, and the oppression of the members. Samos revolted, but was subdued and punished. Nearly all, however, waited only an opportunity to free themselves. A dispute between two Corinthian colonies led to the war that overthrew Athens. Corinth had sent a colony to Coreyra (Corfu), and Coreyra had established a colony at Epidamnus in Illyria, taking, however, a leader from Corinth. A war of factions broke out at Epidamnus, those in the city being assisted by the Coreyreans, those who had been driven out being aided by the Corinthians. The Coreyreans defeated the Corinthians in a naval battle (B. C. 435). The latter prepared to revenge their defeat, and as they were in alliance with the Lacedæmonians, the Coreyreans applied to the Athenians for help. To avoid breaking the truce, the Athenians made only a defensive alliance. In the next battle the Corinthians were victorious, and a small Athenian squadron interfered to save the Coreyreans. A renewal of the battle was about to take place when twenty more Athenian vessels appeared. Thinking these to be the advanced guard of a large fleet, the Corinthians retired, and, although not attacked, returned home. These events occurred B. C. 432. The Corinthians, with Perdiccas of Macedonia, induced Potidæa, a tributary of Athens, to revolt. The Megarians also complained that Athens excluded them from her ports. The Lacedæmonians were urged by their allies to declare war against Athens. War was determined upon at Sparta, B. C. 431, although it was precipitated by a treacherous attack of Thebes upon Plataea.\*

**THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR.**—The struggle which now commenced is known as the "Peloponnesian War." It lasted twenty-seven years, from B. C. 431 to 404, and extended itself over almost the whole of the Grecian world, involving almost every state, from Selinus, at the extreme west of Sicily, to Cnidus and Rhodes in the Ægean. Though in the main a war for supremacy between the two great powers of Greece, Athens and Sparta, it was also to a certain extent "a struggle of principles," and likewise, though to a lesser extent, "a war of races." Speaking generally, the Ionian Greeks were banded together on one side, and made common cause with the Athenians, whilst the Dorian Greeks, with a few remarkable exceptions, gave their aid to the Spartans. But political sympathy determined, to a greater degree than race, the side to which each state should attach itself. Athens and Sparta were respectively in the eyes of the Greeks the representatives of the two principles of democracy and oligarchy; and it was felt that, according as the one or the other preponderated, the cause of oligarchical or democratical government was in the ascendant. The principle of non-intervention was unknown. Both powers alike were propagandist, and revolutionized, as occasion offered, the constitutions of their dependencies. Even without intervention, party spirit was constantly at work, and the triumph of a faction over its rival in this or that petty state might at any time disturb the balance of power between the two chief belligerents.\*

**ATHENS AND SPARTA CONTRASTED.**—The two belligerents offered a remarkable contrast to each other in many respects. Athens was predominantly a maritime, Sparta a land power. Athens had influence chiefly on the eastern side of Greece and in Asia; Sparta in the western side of Greece, and in Italy and Sicily. Again, the position of Sparta with respect to her allies, was very different from that of Athens. Sparta was at the head of a purely voluntary confederacy, the members of which regarded their interests as bound up in hers, and accepted her, on account of her superior military strength, as their natural leader. Athens was mistress of an empire which she had acquired, to a considerable extent, by force; and was disliked by most of her subject-allies, who accepted her leadership, not from choice, but from compulsion. Thus Sparta was able to present herself before men's minds in the character of "liberator of Greece;" though, had she obtained a complete ascendancy over the rest of Greece, her yoke would probably have been found at least as galling as the Athenian. Among the principal advantages which Athens possessed over Sparta at the commencement of the war, was the better arrangement of her finance. Sparta can hardly be said to have had a revenue at all. Her military expenses were met by extraordinary contributions which she and her allies levied upon themselves, as occasion seemed to require. Athens,

\* Henry C. Cameron.

\* Rawlinson's "Ancient History"



on the contrary, had an organized system, which secured her an annual revenue greatly exceeding her needs in time of peace, and sufficient to support the whole expense of a moderate war. When extraordinary efforts were required, she could fall back on her accumulations, which were large.\*

**PERIODS OF THE WAR.**—The Peloponnesian War may be divided into three periods: (1) From the commencement until the conclusion of the Peace of Nicias—ten years—B. C. 431 to 421; (2) from the Peace of Nicias to its formal rupture by Sparta—eight years—B. C. 421 to 413; (3) from the rupture of the Peace of Nicias to the capture of Athens—rather more than nine years—B. C. 413 to 404.\*

**FIRST PERIOD.**—The Peloponnesians, except Argos and Achaia, were with Sparta, hence the name of the Peloponnesian War.†

The struggle was conducted for two years and a half by Pericles; then by Nicias, but under the check of a strong opposition led by Cleon.\*

Pericles pursued a defensive policy, and induced the rural population to retire within the walls of Athens, while Archidamus, the Spartan king, ravaged the country. The Athenians sent out expeditions to retaliate, and made preparations for a long war. The invasion of Attica was repeated in 430 B. C., and a plague carried off one-fourth of the people in Athens. The people became dissatisfied with Pericles, but soon restored him to power. The epidemic carried off many of his friends, and members of his own family. Depressed by his afflictions and weakened by the disease, he died of a lingering fever. Athens thus lost her greatest statesman and orator (B. C. 429). Nicias became the military leader, and was, upon the whole, successful, although the Peloponnesians invaded Attica five times in seven years. In B. C. 429 the memorable siege of Plataea began.†

Plataea was but a small city, and its garrison consisted of only four hundred citizens and eighty Athenians, together with one hundred and ten women to manage their household affairs. Yet this small force set at defiance the whole army of the Peloponnesians. The first operation of Archidamus was to surround the town with a strong palisade formed of the fruit trees which had been cut down, and thus to deprive the Plataeans of all egress. The Plataeans, on their side, were engaged in raising their walls with a superstructure of wood and brickwork, protected in front with hides. So energetic was the defence, that the Lacedaemonians, after spending three months in these fruitless attempts, resolved to turn the siege into a blockade, and reduce the place by famine. The Plataeans endured a blockade of two years, during which the Athenians attempted nothing for their relief. In the second year, however, about half the garrison effected their escape in a bold and successful manner. But though the provisions of the garrison were husbanded by this diminution in their number, all the means of subsistence were at length exhausted, and starvation began to stare them in the face. Knowing the distressed state of the garrison, the Lacedaemonians sent in a herald with a summons to surrender and submit themselves to their disposal, at the same time promising that only the guilty should be punished. The besieged had no alternative, and submitted. This took place in B. C. 427, after the blockade had lasted two years. The whole garrison, consisting of two hundred Plataeans and twenty-five

Athenians, were now arraigned before five judges sent from Sparta. They were simply asked: "Whether during the present war they had rendered any assistance to the Lacedaemonians, or their allies?" Each man, including the twenty-five Athenians, was called up separately before the judgment seat, and the question having been put to him, and of course answered in the negative, he was immediately led away to execution. The town of Plataea, together with its territory, was transferred to the Thebans, who, a few months afterwards, levelled all the private houses to the ground, and with the materials erected a sort of vast barrack around the Hereaum, or temple of Hera, both for the accommodation of visitors, and to serve as an abode for those to whom they let out the land. Thus was Plataea blotted out from the map of Greece.\*

Mitylene, in Lesbos, revolted from the Athenians, and domestic dissensions led to its surrender to the Athenians. It narrowly escaped the fate of Plataea, proposed for it by the low Athenian demagogue, Cleon. Scenes of horror were enacted by the popular party at Corcyra about this time. In B. C. 425, bad weather detained an Athenian fleet at Pylus, in Messenia. Demosthenes, an active officer, threw up a rude fortification, and remained there with five ships and two hundred hoplites. A large Lacedaemonian fleet and army were unable to dislodge him; and while preparing for a second attack, an Athenian fleet appeared, defeated the Lacedaemonian fleet, and blockaded their army on the island of Sphaacteria. The Spartans at last proposed a peace, but Cleon induced the Athenians to demand extravagant terms. Hostilities were renewed, and the Athenians made but little progress. Demosthenes made unfavorable reports, and the Athenians blamed Cleon for preventing them from making peace. He made boasts of what he would do if he were general, was taken at his word, and through ridicule was compelled to lead the force sent to assist Demosthenes. Cleon promised to take Sphaacteria in twenty days, and either kill, or bring all the Lacedaemonians to Athens. Fortune favored him. Demosthenes had prepared all things for the attack, and Cleon arrived in time to share the glory. Of the four hundred and twenty Spartans, two hundred and ninety-two surrendered, and the prestige of Sparta was destroyed. Cleon literally fulfilled his promise. Pylus was garrisoned with Messenians, and the Spartans repeatedly proposed peace, but the elated Athenians declined. In B. C. 424 they were defeated at Delium in Boeotia, and met with severe losses in Thrace. Brasidas, the Lacedaemonian, was very successful in Macedonia and Chalcidice. He gained Amphipolis before Thucydides could bring assistance from Thasos, and hence the latter was banished. Cleon was disgracefully defeated by Brasidas before Amphipolis (B. C. 422) when both commanders fell. Pleistoanax, the Spartan king, and Nicias, in B. C. 421, concluded a peace for fifty years, called the "Peace of Nicias."†

**SECOND PERIOD.**—The continuance of hostilities during this period, while there was peace, and even for sometime alliance, between the two chief belligerents, was attributable, at first, to the hatred which Corinth bore to Athens, and to the energy she showed in forming coalitions against her detested rival. Afterwards it was owing also in part to the ambition and influence of Alcibiades, who desired a renewal of the war, hoping thereby to obtain a sphere suitable to his talents. Far more important than his Peloponnesian schemes was the project, which Alcibiades now brought forward, of conquering Sicily. The success of the

\* Rawlinson's "Ancient History."

† Henry C. Cameron.

\* Smith's History of Greece. (Edited by President Felton.)

† Henry C. Cameron.



attempt would have completely destroyed the balance of power in Greece, and have made Athens irresistible. The project, though perhaps somewhat over-bold, would probably have succeeded, had the task of carrying it through to the end been intrusted to the genius which conceived it. Unfortunately for Athens, she was forced to choose between endangering her liberties by maintaining Alcibiades in power and risking the failure of an expedition to which she was too far committed for her to be able to recede. The recall of Alcibiades was injurious to Athens in various ways. It deprived her of her best general, and of the only statesman she possessed who was competent to deal with all the peculiar difficulties of the expedition. It made Sparta fully acquainted with the Athenian schemes for the management of Sicilian affairs, and so enabled her to counteract them. Finally, it transferred to the enemy the most keen and subtle intellect of the time, an intellect almost certain to secure success to the side which it espoused. Still, if the choice lay (as it probably did) between accepting Alcibiades as tyrant and driving him into exile, we must hold Athens justified in the course which she took. There might easily be a rapid recovery from the effects of a disastrous expedition. Who could predict the time at which the state would recover from the loss of those liberties on which her prosperity had recently depended?\*

The hatred of Corinth to Athens, and the influence of the brilliant but profligate Alcibiades at Athens prevented a sincere peace, and led to a renewal of the war. The Athenians assisted Argos, and Argives and Athenians were defeated at Mantinea (B. C. 418) by the Spartans, without rupturing the peace. In B. C. 416 the Athenians conquered Melos, and practiced horrible cruelties. In B. C. 416 Segesta and Selinus in Sicily had a quarrel, and Segesta appealed to Athens for aid. Alcibiades favored the appeal, and an armament was prepared. The mutilation of the Hermæ, or marble statues of Hermes in the streets of Athens, aroused the superstitious terrors of the Athenians, and arrested the sailing of the fleet. Alcibiades was charged with this crime, and the profanation of the Eleusian mysteries. He denied the crime, but was denied the immediate investigation he demanded. The fleet sailed under Nicias, Alcibiades, and Lamachus, and was intended to extend Athenian influence in Sicily. Alcibiades was recalled to stand his trial, but escaped to Sparta, and revealed the plan of the Athenians. He was condemned to death in his absence. Lamachus and Nicias had been partly successful in Sicily, having taken Catana and Naxos, and defeated the Syracusans. The siege of Syracuse took place next year, reinforcements having arrived from Athens. Lamachus died, and Nicias seemed on the point of success, when affairs were changed by the arrival of Gylippus, the Spartan commander, and the Athenians were really the besieged party. Reinforcements were sent to Nicias under Demosthenes and Eurymedon, and in B. C. 413 the Spartans openly broke the peace by invading Attica.†

**THIRD PERIOD.**—The maintenance of the "Peace of Nicias" had long been rather nominal than real. Athens and Sparta had indeed abstained hitherto from direct attacks upon each other's territories; but they had been continually employed in plots against each other's interests, and they had met in conflict both in the Peloponnese and in Sicily. Now, at length, after eight years, the worn-out fiction of a pretended amity was discarded, and the Spartans, by the advice of Alcibiades, not only once more invaded Attica, but made a permanent settlement at Deceleia within sight

of Athens. The main theatre of the struggle continued, however, to be Sicily, where the Athenians clung with desperation to a scheme which prudence required them to relinquish, and lavishly sent fleet after fleet, and army after army to maintain a conflict which was hopeless. Still the expedition might have re-embarked, without suffering any irreparable disaster, had it not been for an improvement in shipbuilding, devised by the Corinthians and eagerly adopted by the Syracusans, which deprived Athens of her command of the sea, and forced her armies to surrender at discretion. Thus the fatal blow, from which Athens never recovered, was struck by the hatred of Corinth, which, in the course of a few weeks, more than avenged the injuries of half a century.\*

**SCENE OF WAR CHANGED.**—The immediate result of the disasters in Sicily was the transference of the war to Asia Minor. Her great losses in ships and sailors had so crippled the naval power of Athens, that her command of the sea was gone; the more so, as her adversaries were strengthened by the accession to their fleet of a powerful Sicilian contingent. The knowledge of this entire change in the relative position of the two belligerents at sea, encouraged the subject allies generally to shake off the Athenian yoke. Sparta saw the importance of encouraging this defection; and crossing the Ægean sea in force, made the theatre of war Asia Minor, the islands and the Hellespont. Here, for the first time, she was able to make the Persian alliance, which she had so long sought, of use to her. Persian gold enabled her to maintain a fleet equal or superior to that of Athens, and ultimately gave her the victory in the long doubtful contest. What most surprises us, in the third and last period of the war, is the vigor of the Athenian defence; the elasticity of spirit, the energy, and the fertility of resource which seemed for a time to have completely surmounted the Sicilian calamity, and made the final issue once more appear to be doubtful. This wonderful recovery of strength and power was, no doubt, in a great measure, due to the genius of one man—Alcibiades. But something must be attributed to the temper and character of the people. Athens, like Rome, is greatest and most admirable in misfortune; it is then that her courage, her patience, and her patriotism deserve and command our sympathies.\*

**ALLIANCE WITH CYRUS.**—The arrival of the younger Cyrus in Asia Minor, was of great advantage to Sparta, and must be regarded as mainly effective in bringing the war rapidly to a successful issue. Hitherto the satraps had pursued the policy which the interests of Persia required, had trimmed the balance, and contrived that neither side should obtain a decided preponderance over the other. But Cyrus had personal views, which such a course would not have subserved. He required the assistance of Greek troops and ships in the great enterprise that he was meditating; and, to obtain such aid, it was necessary for him to make a real friend of one belligerent or the other. He chose Sparta as best suited to furnish him the aid he required; and, having made his choice, he threw himself into the cause with all the energy of his nature. It was his prompt and lavish generosity which prevented the victory of Arginuse from being of any real service to Athens, and enabled Lysander to undo its effects and regain the mastery of the sea, within the space of thirteen months, by the crowning victory of Ægos-potami. That victory may also have been in another way the result of Lysander's command of Persian gold; for it is a reasonable suspicion that some of the Athenian commanders were bribed, and that

\* Rawlinson's Ancient History.

† Henry C. Cameron.

\* Rawlinson's Ancient History.

the negligence which lost the battle has been paid for out of the stores of Cyrus.\*

**INTERNAL HISTORY OF ATHENS.**—The internal history of Athens during the third period of the Peloponnesian war is full of interest. The disastrous termination of the Sicilian expedition threw discredit upon democratical institutions; and immediately after the news of it reached Athens, the constitution was modified in an aristocratic direction, B. C. 412. The change, however, then made was not regarded as sufficient, and in B. C. 411 a more complete revolution was effected. Cowed by a terrorism which the political clubs knew well how to exercise, the Athenian democracy submitted to see itself abolished in a perfectly legal manner. A nominated council of four hundred succeeded to the elective Boule, and a pretended committee of five thousand took the place of the time-honored ecclesia. This government, which was practically that of three or four individuals, lasted for about four months, when it was overthrown by violence, and the democracy was restored again under certain restrictions.\*

**ATHENS UNDER THE THIRTY.**—The triumph of Sparta was the triumph throughout Greece of oligarchical principles. At Athens the democracy was abolished, and the entire control of the government placed in the hands of a Board of Thirty, a Board which has acquired in history the ominous name of the Thirty Tyrants. Boards of Ten chosen by himself, were put up by Lysander as the supreme authority in Samos and in other cities, while Spartan Harbasts, with indefinite powers, were established everywhere. The Greeks found that instead of gaining by the change of masters, they had lost; they had exchanged the yoke of a power, which if rapacious, was at any rate refined, civilized and polished, for that of one which added to rapacity a coarse arrogance and a cruel harshness which were infinitely exasperating and offensive. Even in the matter of tribute there was no relaxation. Sparta found that to maintain an empire, she must have a revenue; and the contributions of her subject allies, were assessed at the annual rate of one thousand talents.\*

**"THE TEN THOUSAND."**—The Anabasis, or expedition of Cyrus the younger, to dethrone his brother Artaxerxes, occurred B. C. 401. Xenophon led back from Cunaxa to the sea the ten thousand Greeks who were a part of the army.†

The weakness of Persia was laid bare; it was seen that her capital might be reached, and that Greek troops might march in security from end to end of the empire. Henceforth ideas of actual conquest floated before the Grecian mind; and the more restless spirits looked to this quarter as the best field for their ambition. On the side of the Persians, alarm at the possible result of Greek audacity began to be felt, and a new policy was developed in consequence.\*

**WAR BETWEEN SPARTA AND PERSIA.**—The immediate consequence of the Cyrean expedition was war between Persia and Sparta. Sparta was known to have lent her aid to Cyrus; and Tissaphernes had orders, on his return to the coast, to retaliate by severities on the Greek cities, which were now under the protection of the Spartans. The challenge thus thrown down was readily accepted; and for six years—B. C. 399 to 394—Sparta carried on war in Asia Minor, first under generals of no great talent, but, finally, under Agesilaus, who succeeded in making the great king tremble for his empire. The consequences would probably have been serious if Persia had not succeeded in a combina-

tion against the Spartans in Greece itself, which forced them to recall Agesilaus from Asia.

**THE CORINTHIAN WAR.**—Instigated by the Persians and jealous of the power of Sparta, Argos, Thebes, Corinth and Athens formed an alliance against her in the year B. C. 395. A war of a chequered character followed. Sparta lost the command of the sea by the great victory of Conon at Cnidus, but maintained her superiority on land in the battles of Corinth, Coronea, and Lechaum. Still she found the strain upon her resources so great, and the difficulty of resisting the confederacy, supported as it was by the gold and the ships of Persia, so extreme, that after a few years she felt it necessary to procure peace at any cost. It was at her instance and by her energetic exertions that Persia was induced to come forward in the new character of arbitress, and to require the acceptance by the Greeks generally of the terms contained in the "Peace of Antalcidas"—terms disgraceful to the Greeks, but advantageous to Sparta, as the clause establishing the independence of all the Greek states injured Corinth and Thebes, while it left her own powers untouched.\*

**RISE OF THEBES.**—Sparta now attacked Boeotia, siezed the Citadel of Thebes by treachery, and conquered Olynthus. Her power on land was at its height B. C. 379, and her unpopularity was commensurate. Pelopidas and other exiles recovered Thebes; Athens and Thebes organized a confederacy of seventy cities against Sparta. A war of seven years ensued, and through Athenian jealousy of Theban success, the peace of Callias was made, B. C. 371. Thebes refused to sign the peace unless acknowledged as the head of Boeotia. In the war that ensued, Epaminondas, the great Theban commander, utterly defeated the Spartans at Leuctra, B. C. 370. This event electrified Greece. Epaminondas next ravaged Laconia, established an Arcadian confederation at the new city, Megalopolis, and restored the Messenians. Sparta fell at once from her high position, and even asked the aid of Athens. Pelopidas settled disturbances in Thessaly and in Macedonia, and Epaminondas again successfully invaded the Peloponnesus. Pelopidas with other deputies went to the king of Persia, who declared Thebes to be the head of Greece, B. C. 366. Pelopidas was slain in an expedition into Thessaly. A war broke out between Elis and Arcadia, the Mantinea and Spartans supporting the former. Epaminondas marched into the Peloponnesus to assist the Arcadians. He gained a decisive victory over the combined force at Mantinea, B. C. 362, but himself fell mortally wounded. The greatness of Thebes began and ended with this able man. Peace was now made according to his dying advice. Greece was completely exhausted by these struggles.†

**DURATION OF THE PEACE.**—The peace of B. C. 362 was not disturbed on the continent of Greece till after the lapse of six years. Meanwhile, however, hostilities continued at sea between Alexander of Phœnix and Athens, and, in the continental districts beyond the limits of Greece proper, between Athens on the one hand, and Amphipolis, Perdiccas of Macedon, and the Thracian princes, Cotys and his son Cersobleptes, on the other. Athens was intent on recovering her old dominion in these parts, while the Macedonian and Thracian kings were naturally jealous of her growing power. Nothing, however, as yet showed that any important consequences would arise out of these petty struggles. Macedonia was still one of the weakest of the states which bordered on Greece, and even when, at the death of Perdiccas, B. C. 359, his brother, Philip, who had escaped

\* Rawlinson's "Ancient History."

† Henry C. Cameron.

\* Rawlinson's "Ancient History."

† Henry C. Cameron.



from Thebes, mounted the throne, it was impossible for the most sagacious intellect to foresee danger to Greece from this quarter.\*

**MACEDONIA.**—Macedonia lay north of Thessaly: its people were despised as barbarous; its kings claimed to be of Hellenic descent. Philip, the youngest son of Amyntas II became king of Macedon, B. C. 359, at the age of twenty-three. He took Amphipolis, and defeated the Illyrians. He conquered Pydia, Potidea, and Thrace as far as the Nestus, thus gaining control of the gold mines of Pangæus, which yielded him one thousand talents annually. The sacred war, between Thebes and Phocis, prepared the way for Philip's supremacy. The Amphictyonic council imposed a heavy fine on the Phocians for cultivating sacred soil. Driven to desperation, they seized Delphi, and appropriated the sacred treasure. Philip appeared as champion of the Delphic god, slew the Phocian leader, and became master of Thessaly. An Athenian army prevented him from passing Thermopylae. Demosthenes, the great Athenian orator, now appeared as the opponent of Philip. When Philip threatened Olynthus, Demosthenes infused more energy into the Athenians. His Olynthiacs and his Philipics are among his most celebrated orations. Olynthus was taken, B. C. 347, and many other towns fell into Philip's hands. By deceit and bribery he gained as much as by war. He induced the Athenians to make peace, but excluded the Phocians, who soon surrendered. They were ruined, and the Amphictyonic council at Delphi gave him the seat of which the Phocians were deprived. He shared in the honor of presiding at the Pythian games, and in B. C. 346 Macedon became the leading state of Greece. His attempts on Byzantium, Perinthus, and the Chersonesus, were successfully resisted by aid of the Athenians. He came into Greece to conduct a sacred war against Amphissa, but seized Elatea, showing that he aimed at Boeotia and Attica. Demosthenes aroused the Athenians to resistance. They united with the Thebans, and on August 7, B. C. 338, was fought the battle of Cheronea, which crushed the liberties of Greece. Philip treated Thebes with severity, but offered advantageous terms of peace to Athens. A congress of Greek states, except Sparta, met at Corinth, declared war against Persia, and appointed Philip commander-in-chief. While making preparations for the expedition, he was assassinated, B. C. 336†

**ALEXANDER THE GREAT.**—Philip's son, Alexander, then twenty years old, succeeded him. He was thoroughly educated in every respect. The courage and energy he displayed secured his appointment as leader of the expedition against Persia. He suppressed disturbances in Thrace and Illyria. Thebes revolted, and was utterly destroyed, save Pindar's house, and the inhabitants reduced to slavery. Greece was terror-struck, and leaving Antipater as regent, Alexander set out for Asia with 35,000 soldiers, B. C. 334. He marched along the coast of the Propontis, and defeated the Persians at the river Granicus. Turning south, he took Sardis, then Ephesus, Magnesia, Miletus, and many other places. In the spring he received reinforcements at Gordium, marched east without resistance until he reached Issus, where he defeated the immense army of Darius, 600,000 strong.†

**FURTHER CONQUESTS OF ALEXANDER.**—Alexander conquered Phoenicia and Egypt in twenty months. With 47,000 troops he marched toward the center of the empire, and encountered and defeated the immense army of Darius

about twenty miles from Arbela. The capitals, Babylon, Susa, and Persepolis, with their enormous treasures, surrendered. Three years were spent in conquering the north-east provinces of the Persian empire, and then Alexander advanced into India, conquered Porus, and overran what is now called the Panjaub. His army refused to go further than the Hyphasis, and he then descended the Indus, and after terrible sufferings returned to Persepolis. At the height of his power, he now meditated the conquest of Arabia. After a banquet, given in connection with the preparations, he was seized with a fever, and died, June 28, B. C. 323. His plans perished with him, and his empire was divided among his generals.\*

**EFFECTS OF THE CONQUESTS OF ALEXANDER.**—The conquests of Alexander, though they were won so quickly, and though a large part of them were soon lost again, made a great and lasting change throughout a large part of the world. Both he and those who came after him, were great builders of cities in Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and as far as their conquests reached. In each of these cities was placed a Greek or Macedonian colony, and in the western part of Asia, most of these cities lived and flourished, and some of them, like Alexandria, in Egypt, and Antioch, in Syria, soon took their place among the greatest cities in the world. The Greek language became the tongue of all government and literature throughout many countries where the people were not Greek by birth. It was thus at the very moment that Greece began to lose her political freedom that she made, as it were, an intellectual conquest of a large part of the world. And though, in the cities and lands which in this way became partially *Hellenized*, there was neither the political freedom, nor the original genius of the great statesmen and writers of old Greece, yet mere learning and science flourished as they had never flourished before. The Greek tongue became the common speech of the civilized world, the speech which men of different nations used in speaking to one another, much as they use French now. The Greek colonies had done much to spread the Greek language and manners over a large part of the world. The Macedonian conquests now did still more; but they did not, as the old colonies had done, carry also Greek freedom with them.†

**THE SUCCESSORS OF ALEXANDER.**—The great empire of Alexander did not hold together, even in name, for more than a few years after his death. He left no one in the Macedonian royal family who was at all fit to take his place, and his dominions were gradually divided among his generals, who after a little while took the title of kings. Thus arose the kingdom of the Ptolemies in Egypt, and that of the descendants of Seleukos in the east, which gradually shrank up into the kingdom of Syria. In the countries beyond the Tigris the Macedonian power gradually died out; but various states arose in Asia Minor, which were not strictly Greek, but which had a greater or less tinge of Greek cultivation. Such were the kingdoms of Pergamos, and the league of the cities of Lykia. These arose in countries which had been fully subdued by Alexander, and which won their independence only because the descendants of Seleukos could not keep their great dominions together. But Alexander's conquests had been made so fast that some parts, even of Western Asia, were not fully subdued. Thus, out of the fragments of the Persian empire several kingdoms arose, like those of Pontos and Bithynia, which were ruled by native kings, but which also affected something of Greek civilization. And some real Greek

\* Rawlinson's "Ancient History."

† Henry C. Cameron.

\* Henry C. Cameron.

† Freeman's Outlines of History.

states still contrived to keep their independence on or near the coast of Asia, as the city of Byzantium, the island of Rhodes, and the city of Hérakleia, which last was sometimes a commonwealth, and sometimes under tyrants.\*

**AFFAIRS IN GREECE AND MACEDONIA.**—The death of Alexander was followed by a time of great confusion in Macedonia and Greece. Even while Alexander was away in Asia, the Spartans under their king, Agis, had tried to throw off the Macedonian yoke, but in vain. After Alexander's death another attempt was made by several of the Greek states, especially the Athenians, who were again stirred up by Demosthenes and the Ætolians. These last were a people of Western Greece, the least civilized of all the Greek states, but which now began to rise to great importance. This was called the Lamian war. In the end the Athenians had to yield, and they were obliged by the Macedonian general, Antipatros, to change their constitution, making it much less democratical than before, and depriving many of the citizens of their votes. For many years there was the greatest confusion in Macedonia and Greece, and all the neighboring countries; and things were made worse by an attack from an enemy with whom the Greeks had never before had anything to do. Greece and Macedonia were invaded by the Gauls. By these we need not understand people from Gaul itself, but some of those Celtic tribes which were still in the east of Europe. After doing much mischief in those parts, the Gauls crossed over into Asia, and there founded a state of their own, which was called Galatia, and, as they too began to learn something of Greek civilization, Gallo-græcia. Meanwhile kings were being constantly set up and overthrown in Macedonia, and each of them tried to get as much power and influence as he could in Greece itself. At this time, too, Epeiros, a country which hitherto had been of very little importance, became a powerful state under its king, Pyrrhus, who at one time obtained possession of Macedonia. He also waged wars in Italy and Sicily, and he had a great deal to do with the affairs of the Peloponnesus, where he was at last killed in besieging Argos, B. C. 272. From this time things became rather more settled; a second time of freedom, if not of greatness, began in Greece, and a regular dynasty of kings fixed itself in Macedonia. The old royal family was quite extinct, and the second set of Macedonian kings were the descendants of Antigonos, one of the most famous of Alexander's generals. His son, Demetrios, got possession of the crown of Macedonia in B. C. 294. Both he and his son, Antigonos Gonatas, were driven out more than once, but in the end Antigonos contrived to keep the Macedonian crown, and to hand it on to his descendants, who held it till the Macedonian kingdom was conquered by Rome.\*

**THE LEAGUES.**—The oppression of Antigonos caused the revival of the Achæan League, B. C. 251. It was originally for religious purposes; it now embraced Athens, Corinth, Megara, Ægina, Salamis and the Peloponnesus, except Sparta, Elis, and a few other states. In B. C. 221, Sparta opposed the League, but by the assistance of the Macedonians was completely defeated. An Ætolian league had been formed in central Greece which defeated the Achæans, and Philip, King of Macedonia, was called in by the latter. He gained several victories, was defeated by the Romans, and soon made peace.†

**LATER GRECIAN HISTORY.**—The last days of Grecian history, before the country came altogether under the power of the Romans, are distinguished in several ways from the

times which went before them. The states which are most important in these times, are not the same as those which were most important in the old days of the Persian and Peloponnesian wars. First of all, we must remember that Macedonia and Epeiros must now be reckoned as Greek states, and that a large part of Greece, especially in the north, was now always, till the Roman conquest of Macedonia, more or less subject to the Macedonian kings, or, at least, under their influence. And among the states of Greece itself, the division of power was very different from what it had been in earlier times. In the days which we have now come to neither Athens nor Thebes was of very great account, and though Sparta was of great importance during part of the time, yet its greatness was only, as we may say, by fits and starts. We may say that the chief powers of Greece now were Macedonia, Achaia, Ætolia, and Sparta. Achaia and Ætolia are states of which but little is heard in Grecian history since the heroic times.\*

**THE ROMAN POWER IN GREECE.**—Philip of Macedon was at this time at open war with the Romans, and the Romans brought armies into Macedonia and from thence into Greece. Nearly all the Grecians sided with the Romans, but this only served to engage them in war, not for themselves, but for a foreign power which did not in the least care for their good. The Romans were then the most powerful people in the world. Philip withstood them for a long time, but they defeated him entirely at a battle in Thessaly, and from that time Macedonia was subject to them. The Greeks thought that this event would be for their advantage. The Romans professed that they meant Greece to be independent; and Flaminius, one of the Roman generals, caused the freedom of the country to be solemnly proclaimed at the Isthmian games. There was one circumstance, however, which soon taught the Greeks that this hope of freedom was vain. The Romans insisted upon keeping possession of three Greek cities: Chalcis in Eubœa, Demetrios in Thessaly, and Corinth, which one of the Macedonian kings had been accustomed to call the fetters of Greece, because whoever possessed them could keep the people in entire subjection. So it was now. The Roman power took the place of the Macedonian, and whatever Rome ordered Greece was obliged to submit to. The Romans were so powerful in Greece, that when Perseus, king of Macedon, who succeeded his father Philip, made immense efforts to carry on a war against Rome, no city or state in Greece except the towns in Bœotia dared to give him assistance. They dared not rebel against their great lords. Perhaps it was well for them that they did not; for Perseus experienced the same fate as every other monarch who resisted Rome. He was defeated at the battle of Pydus, in Macedon, and his country ceased to be an independent kingdom, and became a Roman province. The Greeks were allowed to call themselves independent a few years longer, but Greece became a Roman province in the year B. C. 146.†

**CAUSE OF CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT.**—The Athenians were in fact the cause of the change in the government of the country. They had become so weak and so poor, that they actually oppressed and pillaged one of their own towns. The other states interfered and a war was the consequence. But the Romans did not choose them to carry on contests between themselves, and sent word that they would settle their disputes for them. This made the Greeks very angry, and for the last time the members of the Achæan league declared war against Rome. The Romans sent

\* Freeman's Outlines of History.

† Henry C. Cameron.

\* Freeman's Outlines of History.

† Sewall's History of Greece.



an army into Peloponnesus, and the consul, Lucius Mummius, gained a victory, not far from Corinth, which put an end to the Achaean league for ever. Corinth was first plundered, and then, on a signal given by the blast of a trumpet, it was set on fire. The men were killed; the women and children, and any slaves who could be found in it, were sold.\*

**GREECE UNDER THE ROMANS.**—All Greece, as far as Macedon and Epirus, was now formed into a Roman province, and called Achaia, by which name it is frequently mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. The name must have been derived from the Achaean league, which lasted as long as the country could in any way pretend to be independent. The history of Greece from this time is entirely mixed up with that of Rome. When the Roman empire was divided, the eastern division was called the Greek Empire, but this was only for the sake of distinction. Greece itself was still only a province subject to the emperors. The Turks entirely conquered the Greek empire, when Constantinople, the capital, was taken by them in the year A. D. 1453, and they then became the lords of Greece. Their government was very cruel, and the two nations felt the utmost hatred for each other. The Greeks often rebelled, and at length several of the principal European kingdoms, pitying their condition, and remembering their former glory, united together, and compelled the Turks to set them free. Otho, the son of the king of Bavaria, was chosen for their monarch, and Greece was raised into a kingdom, A. D. 1828.\*

**GREEK CIVILIZATION.**—The late President Felton has eloquently characterized the spirit of Greek civilization in the following words: During the long existence of the Athenian republic, amidst the interruptions of foreign and domestic wars,—her territory overrun by Hellenic and barbaric armies, her forests burned, her fields laid waste, her temples levelled in the dust, in these tumultuous ages of her democratic existence,—the fire of her creative genius never smouldered. She matured and perfected the art of historical composition, of political and forensic eloquence, of popular legislation, of lyric and dramatic poetry, of music, painting, architecture and sculpture; she unfolded the mathematics theoretically and practically, and clothed the moral and metaphysical sciences in the brief, sententious wisdom of the myriad-minded Aristotle, and the honeyed eloquence of Plato. Rome overran the world with her armies, and though she did not always spare the subjects, she beat down the proud, and laid her laws upon the prostrate nations. Greece fell before the universal victor, but she still asserted her intellectual supremacy, and as even the Roman poet (Virgil) confesses, the conquered became the teacher and guide of the conqueror.†

**LIVING IN GREECE.**—It will perhaps help to fix the history of Greece in our minds if we endeavor to learn something of the dwellings, the manners, and customs of the people. A Greek house was always divided into two distinct portions, one for the men, and the other for the women. The house-door opened into a narrow passage, on one side of which were the stables, and on the other the porter's lodge. From the passage the peristyle or court, was entered. Round the peristyle were the apartments for the men, such as large banqueting rooms, parlors, picture galleries, and libraries, sleeping rooms, and sometimes storerooms. Usually there was an upper story to the house, occupied by the slaves; the roof of this sometimes projected over the lower story, and formed balconies or verandahs. The stairs which led to the upper story were sometimes on the outside of the house. The roofs were generally flat, and it was customary to walk about upon upon them. The

houses of the rich people who lived in the country were much more magnificent than those in the town. Generally speaking, the Greeks, in their best days, lived in small, plain houses, and employed their money and their taste on the temples and public buildings. The Greeks usually partook of three meals: The first commonly consisted of bread dipped in unmixed wine; the second—taken probably about twelve o'clock—was of a light kind, and varied according to the habits of different persons; the third and principal meal was often not eaten before sunset. The Greeks drank wine and talked after dinner as gentlemen now do; but they also diverted themselves by games, such as casting dice, or throwing up huckle-stones, or draughts. Very often, also, they asked each other riddles, and the persons who found them out were rewarded with a crown, or a garland, or a kiss. Many private persons in Athens had large collections of books, and sometimes the public were allowed the use of them. Aristotle is said to have taught one of the kings of Egypt how to arrange a library; and after his time, the library at Alexandria in Egypt became the most celebrated in the world. The dress of the Greeks was very simple. Their principal garment was called a chiton; but the Spartan chiton and the Athenian were not alike. The Spartan chiton was made of woolen stuff, very short, and without sleeves, and it was fastened over both shoulders by clasps or buckles; the Athenian chiton was a long loose dress with wide sleeves, and usually made of linen. The dresses of men and women were originally very much alike, for in early days it was the custom for all to wear the Spartan, or, as it was called, the Dorian chiton. The practice of bathing was as common amongst the Greeks as amongst the Romans; but they had no splendid public buildings for the purpose. Persons of rank and wealth had private baths in their own houses, and it was customary for them to use two in succession, first a cold bath, and then a warm one. The Athenians were far more luxurious in their mode of living than the Spartans. The Athenians lived very much in public. They met in public places, and wandered about in the public gardens, and cared but little for the pleasures of home; but the Spartans, although they dined together, because it was one of the rules given them by Lycurgus, kept to themselves at other times. The Athenians were much the more agreeable, but the Spartans seem generally to have been the more respected. The writing of the Greeks must have been like that of most other nations, before paper was invented. Waxen tablets were in common use, which were written upon with an iron instrument very like a pencil in appearance.\*

**CONCLUSION.**—The history of Greece which we have thus run through, though it is the history only of a small part of the world for a few hundred years, is worth fully as much study as any later and wider part of history. It is, as it were, the history of the world in a small space. There is no lesson to be taught by history in general, which is not taught by the history of Greece. The Greeks, too, we should never forget, were the first people to show the world what real freedom and real civilization were. And they brought, not only politics, but art and science, and literature of every kind, to a higher pitch than any other people ever did without borrowing of others. In all these ways Greece has influenced the world forever.†

Gone are the glorious Greeks of old,  
Glorious in mien and mind;  
Their bones are mingled with the mold,  
Their dust is on the wind;  
The forms they hewed from living stone  
Survive the waste of years alone,  
And, scattered with their ashes show  
What greatness perished long ago.

—Bryant.

\*Sewall's History of Greece.

† Gilman's General History.

\*Sewall's History of Greece.

† Freeman's Outlines of History.

## THE ALPHABET OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Mental philosophy treats of the mind, what it is, what Definition. things it does, and how it does them.

Mental philosophy has been long studied, deeply studied, State of the sci- and ably studied, but it is still far from being ence. mastered. This little treatise claims to do nothing more than give the alphabet of the science. Even so much as this, it claims with misgiving, for precisely the elementary part, or alphabet, of mental philosophy is that which down to the present moment remains most in dispute.

Mind is that in man which perceives, feels, thinks, exercises emotions, chooses, uses the body.

This definition tells all that anyone knows as to what Nothing further mind is. There has been beyond this a great deal of guessing and supposing on the subject, but beyond this no one knows, or can know, anything.

Observe, we tell what mind is, by telling what mind does. What mind is, What mind is "in itself," as the deep-seeming defined by what mind does. phrase goes, we are unable to say. We may call mind spirit, but what does "spirit" mean? Spirit means to us nothing in the world except not-matter. But saying the mind is not-matter is merely saying what mind is not.

It is not saying what mind is. We can not say what mind is. Suppose we call it matter. We then have matter that perceives, feels, thinks, exercises emotions, chooses, uses matter [the body]. What have we gained? What but a wider definition of matter? The distinction remains between matter that thinks, and so forth, and matter that does not. We have got mind reduced to matter. But how have we done this? Why, by making the term matter large enough to take in mind. Say, then, mind is matter. This may help us, *provided*, now, we know what matter is. What is matter? Matter is force, says one definition, the shortest, and perhaps the best. But this looks very much like reducing matter to mind. We just now, with some ado, reduced mind to matter; and, presto, here goes matter back again to mind. Mind is matter, and matter is force. Mind, then, is force. But what is force? Force is that which causes motion. "That which"—we had those words in defining mind at first. Force is "that which" does something. But mind is "that which" does something. We come round once more to our starting point. With all our endeavor, we have made no progress in the attempt to tell what mind is "in itself," as the phrase is. The truth is, we had better content ourselves to say only what we began with saying, namely, mind is that in man which perceives, feels, thinks, etc. We shall never get further on in defining mind.

But we need not feel disquieted. Surely it is better to know only what mind can do than it would be This definition ought to satisfy us. to know only what mind is. Indeed, when we know all that a power of any sort can do, we then know in the most satisfactory way possible what that power is. Or, do you still wish you knew something about mind over and above what mind can do? Well, what, for example, over and above this? Well, for example, you say, I should like to know how mind is made up. But suppose it is not made up. Suppose it is perfectly simple. Then I should like, you still urge, to know what that simple thing is. You shall be gratified. I will tell you. That simple thing is—mind. This not satisfactory? You feel trifled with? Why, what would you have? Not, of course, just some different name for the thing. A new name merely for the old thing would not add to your knowledge. The true way, then, is to rest satisfied with knowing what the mind is, by knowing what the mind can do. There is really no other way even conceivable of knowing what a thing is than by knowing all about that thing.

Knowing things "in themselves" is a phrase that sounds deep, and means—nothing. Ask the next philosopher you meet that uses this phrase to tell you what he means by it. Ask him to answer simply, directly, intelligibly. If he is an honest man he will either confess that he can not tell you, or else he will say, knowing a thing in itself means merely this, knowing all about a thing. If the phrase means more than that, you may at least safely defy anybody to tell you what more. But it has the air of meaning more, and it therefore is a bad phrase. You will need now and again to cry halt to mental philosophers, and ask them what they mean by their words and phrases.

The various branches of mental philosophy have all of them received long and hard names, mostly Mental philosophy has various branches or departments. derived from the Greek. The question we have just been considering, namely, what is mind? belongs to that branch of mental philosophy which is learnedly styled ontology. Ontology treats of things, or existences, or beings "in themselves." It treats, therefore, of what nobody knows or can know. Studying ontology may train your mind, but it will not increase your knowledge. In the present primer of mental philosophy we shall not deal much with ontology. Our chief concern will be with psychology, which is the learned name for the science that treats of the working of the human mind. It may amuse, if it does not instruct, the reader, to see a few of the names of "learned length and thundering sound" that one famous philosopher uses in talking about the mind.

Sir William Hamilton, a great Scottish metaphysician, who died less than thirty years ago, gives us this for his division of mental philosophy: *Phenomenology, Empirical Psychology*, which deals with the observed facts respecting mind; *Nomology, Rational Psychology*, which deals with the laws or methods of mind in action; *Ontology, Inferential Psychology*, which deals with the deductions or guesses suggested by the study of mind. I would not have the reader suppose that I make light of technical terms as if these were really of no use in mental philosophy. On the contrary, well-chosen technical terms are here, as everywhere else, highly useful. The commonest trade among men has its stock of technical terms. The carpenter must have names for his tools, and for the several operations in which his tools are applied. The mental philosopher certainly is to be praised rather than blamed for having, in part, a dialect of his own. However, in these pages, peculiar words and phrases will, as much as possible, be avoided. The reader, I am sure, will appreciate being talked to as, for the most part, he here will be, in a language that he can understand.

### CONSCIOUSNESS.

Consciousness is a term of prime importance in mental philosophy. Let us define it. Consciousness is the mind's knowledge of what it does.

Mental philosophers are very fond of using the word *consciousness* figuratively. They personify it, and so talk almost as if it were a real person, different from the man himself. They say, consciousness "testifies" so and so, consciousness makes such and such an "affirmation." Scottish Sir William Hamilton has "consciousness" make "deliverances." There is, of course, no harm in all this. In fact, such use of language helps make our impressions lively. Still, it is very needful again and again to remember that consciousness, thus personified, is just ourselves paying attention to ourselves—nothing more, nothing less, nothing else. When we say, consciousness informs me so and so, we simply mean, I am conscious that such and so is the fact—I know it. However, we



never use the word consciousness, even in a figure, except when we are referring to what goes on within ourselves. We never say, in literal language, I am conscious of this inkstand, I am conscious of that landscape. We never, in figurative language, say, consciousness testifies to me of this inkstand, of that landscape. Sir William Hamilton, indeed, puts a bold face upon it, and defends such expressions. He admits that they are unusual, but insists that they ought not to be unusual. Let us do as everybody does—everybody but Sir William Hamilton, and as Sir William does, too, for that matter, when he forgets himself and talks naturally—let us keep the word "conscious" for application to things that pass within our own selves. We are conscious of seeing a tree, but we are not conscious of the tree; we are conscious of touching a table, but we are not conscious of the table. This is the ordinary use of language, and this expresses the fact. The fact, I say, but how do I know to be a fact that which I have just called the fact? What warrant have I for making the assertion, for example, I see a tree, or, I touch a table? A strange question, certainly, to raise, but a question fundamental in mental philosophy.

I know that I see a tree, or that I touch a table, just as I know that I know anything else that pertains to mental philosophy, from consciousness. Consciousness is the only source of our knowledge in matters of mental philosophy. This, at least, is the way philosophers have of putting it. I like better to put it still more simply, and say, I know. Those two words express it all. It is longer, and perhaps it sounds more learned, to say, I know thus and so about my mind, because consciousness informs me of it. But what is saying, "consciousness informs me of it," but saying, "I know it?" And what is saying "I know it, because consciousness informs me of it," but saying, "I know it, because—I know it." We might as well stop with the statement, "I know," since the reason, "because I know," with which we go on, is the same thing as the statement.

We can not, then, go behind our consciousness and find something else than consciousness to prove consciousness true. We must implicitly believe consciousness on its own credit. Except on this condition, we can have no mental philosophy.

Still, it does not follow that we should not give good heed to see that we understand consciousness right. Consciousness never lies, but consciousness may easily be misunderstood. That is to say, what you know about the things that take place within yourself, is certainly true; but you may not know all that you think you know. It is necessary to look to it very closely. Consider: You are yourself the thing to be known; you are yourself the source of the knowledge, and you are yourself the person that is to know. It is all very compact and convenient. But this does not free you from the danger of making mistakes. There has to be a kind of double working of your mind. Your mind must be at work, and then must watch itself at work. The very fact of its watching itself will hinder it somewhat from working quite naturally. Thus the observations that it takes will need some corrections. I can not spend the time that would be needed to mention all the difficulties that lie in the way of your progress in mental philosophy, that is, in the way of your learning accurately what your consciousness really does teach you, or, in other words, of your making what you know and what you think you know about your mind, the same. Suffice it to say, that you are at least as liable to mistake in observing the world within, as you are in observing the world without. Be prepared, therefore, again and again, to find yourself wrong. But keep the distinction clear in your thought between doubting what consciousness

says, and doubting your observation of what consciousness says. Often question whether you have observed what we know is served right what consciousness says, but never true. question whether what consciousness says is true. God has not made our nature a lie. What we know, is true.

The question has been much discussed whether we ought to consider consciousness a separate faculty or not. We shall best seek the right answer by getting a clear idea of what we mean by a "faculty" of the mind. The mind is not to be thought of as parted off into different divisions called faculties. The mind is one, and not many, which is the same as saying that we are, each, one person, and not many. For the mind is really nothing but the man himself. To be sure, we do sometimes say "my mind," as if the "I" referred to in "my" were the owner, and the mind the thing owned, just as we also say "my body." Still, that the mind, and not the body, nay, that the mind, and not the mind and body together, is really the person, is shown in the fact that we can say, the mind uses the body, whereas we could not say, the body uses the mind, or even the body uses itself. The mind is the agent, the body the instrument. The mind acts, and, when the body is concerned at all in the matter, the mind acts by means of the body. The mind, therefore, is the man. And as the man is one, so is the mind, one and undivided. A faculty, then, is not a part or division of the mind.

A faculty of the mind is simply an ability that the mind has to do a particular thing. It is the same Faculty defined. mind all the time, and the whole of the same mind, but it is the same mind having the ability to perform a particular kind of action. In the case of consciousness, the action of the mind is that of observing its own actions. Is the faculty to observe its own working a different faculty, on the part of the mind, from the faculty to observe anything else? That is the question. Does the general ability to observe include the ability to observe also the observation? Or is there a special faculty of observation needed, in addition, for this purpose?

Some philosophers say yes, and some say no. Sir William Hamilton, for his part, says no. But he, at the same time, gives a somewhat peculiar sense to the word consciousness. He is a little vague here, but the following is his language: "Consciousness can not be defined. \* \* \* The reason is plain. Consciousness lies at the root of all knowledge. Consciousness is itself the one highest source of all comprehensibility and illustration—how, then, can we find aught else by which consciousness may be illustrated or comprehended? \* \* \* In short, the notion of consciousness is so elementary, that it can not possibly be resolved into others more simple. \* \* \* But, though consciousness can not be logically defined, it may, however, be philosophically analyzed."\*

Just how a "notion" which is so elementary that it can not be "resolved" into others more "simple," may yet be "philosophically analyzed," most people would be puzzled to tell. I quote this great philosopher, for great philosopher Sir William Hamilton is, thus saying mutually contrary things, in order that the student may see how easy it is for a famous man to make a slip. You must think for yourself, and trust no man to do your thinking for you. Of course, after saying that consciousness can not be defined, Sir William Hamilton gives us no definition of consciousness. But he says of it vaguely, as I have already remarked, "Consciousness is thus, on the one hand, the recognition by the mind, or *ego*, of its acts or affections; in other words, the self-affirmation, that certain modifications are known by me, and that these modifications are mine. But, on the

\* Lectures, p. 132, Boston ed.



other hand, consciousness is not to be viewed as anything different from these modifications themselves, but is, in fact, the general condition of their existence, or of their existence within the sphere of intelligence.\* Again, "Consciousness constitutes the fundamental form of every act of knowledge."†

The student will perceive that it is not easy to get at Sir William's precise meaning. It is even difficult to believe that he had any precise meaning. Such labor of words without meaning is the natural result of seeking to be deep more than to be clear. Consciousness is a simple enough thing if we are willing not to be profound. It is just the knowledge that we have of what we do in our minds. Or if, by a slight use of figure, we make a faculty of it, then consciousness is our faculty of knowing what our minds do. Reid

Reid and Stewart say yes.

and Stewart, great Scottish philosophers, predecessors of Sir William Hamilton, make consciousness a distinct faculty. Reid says: "Consciousness is a word used by philosophers to signify that immediate knowledge which we have of our present thoughts and purposes, and, in general, of all the present operations of our minds. \* \* \* As that consciousness by which we have a knowledge of the operations of our own minds is a different power from that by which we perceive external objects, \* \* \* a philosopher ought carefully to preserve this distinction, and never to confound things so different in their nature."‡ Note heedfully, and you will see that Reid here uses the word "consciousness" in two different senses, first as "knowledge," secondly, as "power," or, faculty of knowledge.

On the whole, observation of what exists or goes on within, or consciousness, seems different enough from observation of what exists or goes on without, or perception, to be considered a faculty separate from that. But now a question.

Are we conscious of what is now passing in our minds? Reid says, consciousness is the knowledge of the present operations of our minds. Hamilton

says, *I know that I know* is the formula of consciousness. The question that I raise is this: Are we really conscious of what is, this instant, going on in our minds? Or is it only of things just this instant done and past? The first instinct will, with everybody, be to say: Why, yes, certainly, I know my present thought. But ponder carefully. In the very indivisible instant in which you are thinking a thing, are you also thinking that you are thinking that thing? When you begin to think of your thinking, do you not that instant stop the thinking that you think of? Can you have two thoughts at once? Certainly you can have

A necessary close distinction.

two thoughts, following one the other, within an inconceivably short space of time, following one another so swiftly that it is hard to separate them. But two thoughts at absolutely the same moment—is it possible? This is a different thing from asking, can you think of two things at once? That undoubtedly you can do. You can take in two things, or a greater number, with one thought. But can you have two thoughts, can you do two thinkings at once? Now, to think a thing, and to think that you think it, or to know a thing, and to know that you know it, this is not an example of embracing two objects in one act of the mind. It is an example of performing two different acts of the mind. The question is, can you perform these two acts simultaneously?

This question, and the general question, can you think any two thoughts at one and the same instant? may serve to you as examples of cases in which you may misunderstand consciousness; that is, mistake the fact as to what you actually do in your mind. We will not now try to solve

either the particular question, can you think, "I am thinking such and such a thought," at the very instant that you are thinking that thought? or the general question, can you think any two different thoughts, do any two separate thinkings, at the self-same instant? This whole topic we will keep for discussion, if we discuss it at all, at a later stage; perhaps when we come to speak of comparison.

Observe, however, if we decide that the mind can not think two thoughts at once, then of course the mind can not think, *I am now thinking such or such a thought*; it can only think, *I was just now thinking such or such a thought*. So, Reid's definition of consciousness as knowledge of present thinking, falls to the ground. Consciousness becomes knowledge, not of thinking now in progress, but of thinking just past. Consciousness would thus be nothing but memory, limited in its application always to acts of the mind, and to the act belonging to the last preceding moment. If Reid holds that we can do but one mental act at a time, still teaching that consciousness is the knowledge of present mental acts, then he seems to contradict himself. Or else he carelessly uses consciousness in two different senses—first, as the same with reflection, and, secondly, as equivalent to intelligence, sound-mindedness.

"In order," Reid says, "to our having a distinct notion of any of the operations of our own minds, it is not enough that we be conscious of them, for all men have this consciousness: (he seems here to mean that men are always conscious of what is going on in their minds. But he proceeds to say) it is further necessary that we attend to them while they are exerted, and reflect upon them while they are recent and fresh in our memory. Three things are here distinguished: first, consciousness; second, attention; third, reflection. Now, if attention to our own thoughts is a different thing from consciousness of them, while <sup>Two different senses of "knowing" implied.</sup> still consciousness is knowledge of our

thoughts, it follows that consciousness must mean knowledge of a special sort, must, in short, mean, not that we actually know at the moment, but only that we know in the sense of having it in our power to know,—as we say, for example, I know the history of that affair, when, what we mean is, I can know the history; that is, can bring it up into conscious knowledge at will. Consciousness, in this sense, is, not knowing, but being able to know. The word thus names not a mental act, nor a series of mental acts, but a continuous state of mind, a condition, namely, of mental sanity. Such a use of the word is quite proper, but we ought not then to define it as knowledge of present mental acts. It is in truth, then, ability to know acts of the mind not that instant going on, but just that instant done and past—not knowledge of them, but ability to know them. In a word, consciousness is then ability to recollect, that is, memory, (as distinguished from recollection). So, too, if we decide that the mind can not perform any two acts in the same indivisible instant, Sir William Hamilton's formula for consciousness, *I know that I know*, must be changed to, "I know that I knew." This, or else we must understand the second "know" in a different sense from the first, namely, as equivalent to, "I have it in my power to bring up into thought," the whole formula meaning, "I now perform the act of knowing that I can at will call up in my mind." Thus we say of a man: he knows English grammar, meaning not at all that he at the moment is engaged in the act of consciously recalling English grammar, but only that he upon occasion is able to do so. In this sense, we can all say at least of some things, "I know that I know them," but can we truly say of any one particular act of A test question. knowing, "I this moment perform the act of knowing that I am performing at this moment that particular act?"

The student will find it useful to try himself with this question, giving all possible close attention to the facts of

\* Lectures, p. 133.

† Lectures, p. 183.

‡ "On the Intellectual Powers," chapter 1.

his own mind's working. We may be sure that, in these fundamental points, we all have the same experience. The only difference is, one man understands his own experience in one way, and another man in another. Of course, I mean that our experience is necessarily the same, so far as our experience depends upon those unchangeable things in which our minds are all alike.

There is nothing true in mental philosophy that is not true of your mind. You are to be judge for yourself. Permit no man to judge for you. There is one conclusion the same for us all, however different the views we take as to what consciousness properly is. Let consciousness be what it may, we have no source but consciousness to draw from, for our mental philosophy.

We recall for a moment our own definition of consciousness, as the mind's knowledge of what it does. Perhaps it will be best to consider consciousness in a two-fold light, according to the twofold way in which we may understand the word "knowledge." Knowing, as we have seen, may mean either one particular act of the mind, occupying a mere instant of time, or a permanent state of mind, such that the mind can at will call up the idea or fact known. Consciousness is the mind's knowledge of its own acts, whether you take knowledge in the one or in the other of these two senses. Consciousness, as an act, you may perhaps decide takes the place of every other act during the moment that it occupies in being performed. Consciousness, as a state, exists continuously through all the different acts of whatever sort that the mind can perform. By virtue of consciousness the mind is at any moment capable of observing its own acts, and of making these the objects of thought. One would be tempted to guess that

this might be Sir William Hamilton's idea of consciousness, when he calls consciousness the "general condition" of the existence of mental "modifications," "or of their existence within the sphere of intelligence," as also when he says, "whatever division of the mental phenomena may be adopted, all its members must be within consciousness itself, which must be viewed as comprehensive of the whole phenomena to be divided."<sup>\*</sup> But, on the other hand, Sir William speaks of the "act of consciousness,"<sup>†</sup> and says: "Consciousness is an actual or living, and not a potential or dormant knowledge."<sup>‡</sup> These expressions forbid our giving the sense of "state," instead of "act" to Sir William's word consciousness, and leave us as much at a loss as ever for his precise teaching on this point.

Of course we are, any of us, quite at liberty to give such names as we please to the powers of the mind, and to mental states and actions. There is no uniform usage observed by different philosophers, and perhaps no uniform usage entirely uniform by any one philosopher. I submit it as possibly a useful distinction, to make consciousness both an act and a state; that is, both the momentary act, and the permanent ability to perform the momentary act, of observing our own mental states and operations. Whether this observing of our own mental states and operations, is done by an act absolutely simultaneous with the states and operations observed, or whether it is done by an instantaneously succeeding act, we do not yet determine. If the latter, there must sometimes be an almost infinitely swift alternation of thinking, and thinking of the thinking.

#### SENSATION.

Consciousness we have defined as the knowledge of our own mental acts or states, knowledge, first, in the sense of actual knowing done at the moment, and, secondly, in the sense of ability to do the knowing at will. Consciousness, in this twofold sense of the word, is necessarily our sole source of mental philosophy. Consciousness, let it be carefully noted, is not, as Sir William would make it to be, the total sum of the knowledge, on every subject whatsoever, that we possess; it is simply the total sum of our knowledge, actual, or, by an effort of will, possible, *respecting our own mental acts or states*. Whatever knowledge, other than this, we may have obtained, say, of history, physics, political economy, anything knowable, is excluded. Consciousness, as here used, includes nothing but acts or states of the mind immediately known by the mind itself.

If now we consider our own acts or states of mind, we shall see at once that they naturally divide themselves into two great classes, namely—<sup>Two great classes of mental acts or states.</sup> first, those acts or states in realizing which the mind employs the body; and, secondly, those acts or states which depend wholly on the mind itself. When we use any one of our five senses, we are performing mental acts of the former class; when we think, remember, judge, exercise emotions, we are performing mental acts of the latter class. Let us give our attention now to mental acts in which the mind employs the body. Of these acts we may reckon two subdivisions: first, acts of sensation; secondly, acts of perception.

Sensation is that act of the mind in which the mind feels by means of the body.

To this definition it may be objected that the word "feel" in it is a synonym for sensation, and therefore does not define sensation. This is true, but the fault is one that could not be avoided. The idea of sensation is a simple idea which everybody has, and which nobody can truly define. The definition proposed is not a proper definition, but a statement of something that is true respecting sensation. The statement contains three things to be specially noted. The first thing is that sensation is an act. Now, of course, as everybody knows, many of our sensations arise in connection with something done to us. We, for instance, feel nothing by the sense of touch, until an object of some sort resists us. I grasp this pen with which I now write. But my act in grasping gives me no feeling of touch, until the pen meets my fingers and resists them. If the pen did not resist, I should not feel it. It is not what I do, it is what is done to me, <sup>Sensation of touch due to resistance encountered.</sup> that gives me a sensation. This fact holds, equally perhaps, if not obviously, with every one of my senses that yields a true sensation. Still, though such is the case, it remains true that sensation is an act. What we suffer, that is, what is done to us, <sup>Sensation still an act.</sup> constitutes the occasion of our sensation, but the sensation itself is an act. We are passive, to be sure, but we are active, too, and, except so far as we are active we do not have a sensation, we do not feel. The feeling, the having of the sensation, is the acting which attends the being acted upon. Sensation is not the receiving of an impression, it is the feeling of the impression. You do more than simply submit to the impression; you, so to speak, respond to it, in sensation.

Yes, some one says, it is true enough that sensation is an act. But is it an act of the mind? Is it not a question raised. the body that feels in sensation? When, for instance, I am pricked with a pin in the hand, is it not my hand that feels the pain? Well, I reply, of course, in familiar language, we, not improperly, say so. But do we not all acknowledge that in strictness of speech, we ought rather to say, *I feel the pain*? I shall not deny that we feel

<sup>\*</sup> Lectures, pp. 126, 127.

<sup>†</sup> Lectures, p. 133.

<sup>‡</sup> Lectures, p. 143.



the pain in the hand—but it is still we that feel it, not the hand. The hand may be cut off, and under certain circumstances, we may, so I am led to believe, continue to have a pain of which we shall naturally say, it is in the hand. Such is the feeling. This shows that

Sensation is of the mind.

the feeling is not the hand's, but our own. If we are absent-minded, as we say; that is, if our minds are occupied with thoughts out of relation with what is happening to us at the moment, or what we are mechanically doing, some part of our body may be wounded and we not feel the pain. A considerate dentist will, while performing an operation likely to give pain to his patient, exert himself to divert the patient's mind. Why? Because, if the mind is busy with something else, it will have less leisure to feel pain. Sensation is certainly an act, and it is certainly an act of the mind. Perhaps the active form of the participial noun "feeling," equivalent to sensation, is the testimony, indirectly borne, of popular language to the active quality in the thing thus named.

The third thing in our quasi-definition of sensation requiring a remark is the last clause, "by means of the body."

The body's part in sensation.

Sensation is distinguished from emotion by the fact that sensation is feeling by means of the body, whereas emotion is feeling independent of the body. You can imagine the body non-existent, and still the mind experiencing emotions of joy or sorrow. On the other hand, abolish the body and you can not imagine the mind to go on having sensations, as of thirst, hunger, fatigue, pain. Hence, we may conclude that sensation is truly spoken of as that act of the mind in which the mind feels by means of the body.

At this point a difficulty may be started. Some one may say, your quasi-definition of sensation supposes a contrast between mind and body. How do I know that such a contrast exists? Mind and body may be the same in substance, for aught that I know. I reply, I will not insist at all upon any contrast in substance between mind and body. That is a question in ontology with

The difficulty belongs to ontology.

which we will not meddle here. I take what is granted. Certain it is that among the various forms of activity of which we are capable, there exists a broad line of contrast separating them into two classes. One class of our activities have this for their distinguishing mark, that they are, conceivably at least, open to the observation of other persons than ourselves. If I move what all men agree to call my body, the movement is such that others may observe it. If, on the other hand, I exert what, by universal consent, is called my mind, such exertion is not capable of being observed by anybody but myself. Now let go the words body and mind, and consider that some of our acts are observable to others than ourselves, while some are not. Here you have a distinction that nobody can possibly deny to exist. Note well that the distinction does not depend upon conditions subject to change. The distinction lies in the nature of the

The distinction is absolute.

case. Some of our acts are such that, whether really observed or not by others than ourselves, they at all events are capable of being so observed; while again there is a different class of our acts that you can not even conceive of as being observed by anybody but ourselves. We perceive, we feel, we think, we will, and these activities of ours are exerted without liability to any alien observation, unless we should except the omniscient observation of God. Very well, this distinction in our acts is quite enough for our purpose in the present study. Without entering at all into the question of the ultimate difference or identity between mind and body as to substance, we will satisfy ourselves with simply calling the activities that we exert wholly within ourselves, so as to be in these activities free from others' observation, we will call these activities

mental, and consider them proper for examination in making up our science of the mind.

According to this discrimination, then, beyond dispute sensation is a mental act. Nobody other than yourself could possibly observe you feeling. There are perhaps certain muscular, nervous, or molecular movements accompanying your sensation, which, if your body were transparent, and if your neighbor's eyes were microscopic, he might conceivably discern; but the sensation itself would infallibly elude him. You can not even imagine him *seeing* you *feel*. In this practical sense, accordingly, sensation is to be reckoned a mental act.

Now sensation is a very important point in our mental experience. If we could get at the true history of our sensations, beginning from the very moment of our birth, such a history would throw a flood of light, greater than is ever likely to be thrown in fact, over the whole field of mental philosophy. But there is a difficulty that we can not overcome. Nobody can recollect his first sensation, much less the story of all his sensations from the beginning of his life. Reasoning backward, reasoning and guessing, not, be it remembered, observing, we are almost forced to believe that our first sensation, whatever it was, whenever it arose, however it was occasioned, our first sensation marked for us the beginning of our conscious existence. We can easily imagine an existence for ourselves without sensation of any sort, but we can not imagine such an existence as conscious. It seems probable that sensation was what first revealed to us the fact of our own being. I say *revealed* to us, for sensation was not itself the beginning to us of being. Sensation could not have existed without some one's existing to have the sensation. This is an irresistible belief. The contrary of the fact we can not think of as possible. On the other hand, we can not doubt that the very first sensation, or, if not the first sensation, then, at least, the first change of sensation on our part awoke within us the consciousness of individual being. We did not fully, did not vividly, awake at that first call; but we roused somewhat, and every succeeding sensation still further made us conscious of ourselves. Tennyson, with characteristic justness and wisdom of thought, hints at such a growth of consciousness occurring in the beginning of our life:

The baby, new to earth and sky,  
What time his tender palm is pressed  
Against the circle of the breast,  
Has never thought that "this is I."

But as he grows he gathers much,  
And learns the use of "I" and "me,"  
And finds, "I am not what I see,  
And other than the things I touch."

Sensation, therefore, of whatever sort, or however caused, may be credited with being the occasion of our acquiring the idea of *self*. It may be by some maintained that we learn the notion of self only in immediate connection and contrast with something that is not self. But I do not see why this must needs be so. Can we not suppose a human being experiencing first, say, dependent for its origin on the idea of not-self. The sensation of thirst? This sensation is not occasioned by anything without. There are certain outward conditions, but no outward producing cause. It arises spontaneously within. Now, would not this sensation, or, if not this, then the sensation, say, of hunger, following the sensation of thirst in a degree strong enough to efface that, give to the person the idea of self? And what, in such a case, would there be to give rise in connection to the idea of not-self? For aught that occurs to me, sensation alone may furnish the idea of self, and furnish this idea quite apart from any connected and contrasted idea of not-self. This is especially true



of those forms of sensation, sometimes called organic, which arise independently of any immediate external cause; sensations, I mean, such as hunger, thirst, fatigue. The sensation of smell is a kind of intermediate sensation, that is, a sensation which does not force on the mind the idea of something not self, as the cause of the sensation, while, notwithstanding, that idea is faintly suggested. Perhaps the fact that we smell in connection with drawing in the breath, helps the impression of an outward producing cause—touch blending with smell. The sensation of taste being, as a matter of experience, always associated, and more strikingly than smell, with the sensation of touch, partakes at once of two characters: on

Taste of a two-fold nature.

one side, resembling smell in not obtruding, though suggesting, a cause distinct from self, and, on the other side, resembling touch in a particular presently to be mentioned. The sensation of touch is the sensation of resistance. Evidently there never could arise the sensation of touch unless our body at the point of touch met resistance. The stronger the resistance, the livelier the sensation. You scarcely feel the air, when you scarcely move in it. Quickened your motion, and, with the increased energy of resistance encountered, you experience a livelier sensation. Now, resistance has in it the very idea of something not self. You do not resist yourself. If you feel yourself resisted, you are at once aware that there is something not yourself resisting you. The sensation of touch, therefore, carries with it not only the idea of

self, but also the idea of not-self. Still it may be doubted whether after all, as a matter of human experience, touch does yield to the mind either its first idea of self, or its first idea of not-self. True it is, the world is so framed that the fact of touch begins for us all as soon as existence itself begins. As soon as we are, we must be somewhere, and wherever that is, we must rest, or be supported, on something. This fact of contact never intermits for a moment. We can not escape gravitation. But the very circumstance that touch as a fact is so early with us, and after that so constant, renders it likely that something else than touch is first to apprise us of self and not-self, of these two ideas, I mean, together and in contrast. What is that

The idea of not-self first given in sight. something else? It is, unless I mistake, something that is not sensation at all. It is perception—perception by the eye.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## OF THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

'Tis a custom of our justice to condemn some for a warning to others. To condemn them for having done amiss were folly, as Plato says,\* for what is done can never be undone; but 'tis that they may offend no more, and that others may avoid the example of their offense; we do not correct the man we hang; we correct others by him. I do the same; my errors are sometimes natural and incorrigible; but the good which virtuous men do the public in making themselves imitated, I perhaps may do in making my manners avoided:—

"Behold the son  
Of Albus there, and Barrus, too, undone!  
A striking lesson is the spendthrift's fate,  
To caution you from squandering their estate;"

while I publish and accuse my own imperfections, somebody will learn to be afraid of them. The parts I most esteem in myself derive more honor from decrying, than from commending my own manners; which is the reason why I so often fall into and so much insist upon that strain. But,

when all is summed up, a man never speaks of himself without loss. A man's accusations of himself are always believed; his praises never. There may be some of my complexion who better instruct me by contrariety than similitude, and more by avoiding than imitating; the elder Cato had a regard to this sort of discipline, when he said that "the wise may learn more of fools than fools of the wise;"\* and Pausanias tells us of an ancient player upon the lyre, who used to make his scholars go to hear one that lived over against him, and played very ill, that they might learn to hate his discords and false measures. The horror of cruelty more inclines me to clemency than any example of clemency could do; a good rider does not so much mend my seat as an attorney or a Venetian on horseback; and a clownish way of speaking does more to reform mine than the most elegant. Every day the foolish countenance of another is advertising and advising me; that which pricks, rouses and incites, much better than that which tickles. The present time is fitting to reform us backward; more by dissenting than agreeing, by differing than consenting. Profiting little by good examples, I make use of those that are ill, which are everywhere to be found; I endeavor to render myself as agreeable as I see others offensive; as constant as I see others fickle; as affable as I see others rough; and as good as I see others evil; but I proposed to myself impracticable measures.

The most fruitful and natural exercise of the mind, in my opinion, is conversation; I find the use of it more sweet than of any other action of life; and for that reason it is that, if I were now compelled to choose, I should sooner, I think, consent to lose my sight than my hearing and speech. The Athenians, and also the Romans, kept this exercise in great honor in their academies; the Italians retain some footsteps of it to this day, to their great advantage, as is manifest by the comparison of our understandings with theirs. The study of books is a languishing and feeble motion, that heats not, whereas conversation teaches and exercises at once. If I converse with a man of mind, and no flincher, who presses hard upon and digs at me right and left, his imagination raises up mine; jealousy, glory, and contention stimulate and raise me up to something above myself; unison is a quality altogether obnoxious in conversation, but as our minds fortify themselves by the communication of vigorous and regular understandings, 'tis not to be expressed how much they lose and degenerate by the continual commerce and frequentation we have with those that are mean and sickly; there is no contagion that spreads like that; I know sufficiently by experience what 'tis worth a yard. I love to discourse and dispute; but it is with but few men, and for myself; for to do it as a spectacle and entertainment to great persons, and to make a parade of a man's wit and power of talking is, in my opinion, very unbecoming a man of honor.

Folly is a scurvy quality; but not to be able to endure it, to fret and vex at it as I do, is another sort of disease, little inferior in troublesomeness to folly itself; and this is what I would now accuse in myself. I enter into conversation and dispute with great liberty and ease, forasmuch as opinion meets in me with a soil very unfit for penetration, or taking any deep root; no propositions astonish me, no belief offends me, though never so contrary to my own; there is no fancy so frivolous and extravagant that does not seem to me a suitable product of the human mind. We, who deprive our judgments of the right of determining, look calmly at adverse opinions, and if we incline not our judgments to them, yet we easily give them the hearing. Where one scale is totally empty, I let the other waver under old wives' dreams; and I think myself excusable, if I

\* Laus, xi.

\* Plutarch, in Vitæ.

rather choose the odd number, Thursday rather than Friday; and if I had rather be twelfth or fourteenth than thirteenth at table; if I had rather on a journey see a hare run by me than cross my way; and rather give my man my left foot than my right, when he comes to dress me. All such whimsies as are in use amongst us deserve at least to be hearkened unto; for my part, they only with me import inanity, but they import that. Moreover, vulgar and casual opinions are something more than nothing in nature; and he who will not suffer himself to proceed so far, perhaps falls into the vice of obstinacy, to avoid that of superstition.

The contradictions of judgments, then, do neither offend nor alter, they only rouse and exercise me. We evade correction, whereas we ought to offer and present ourselves to it, especially when it appears in the form of conversation, and not of dictation. At every opposition we do not consider whether or no it be just, but right or wrong, how to disengage ourselves; instead of extending the arms, we thrust out our claws. I could suffer myself to be rudely handled by my friends; "Thou art a fool; thou knowest not what thou art talking about." I love stout expressions amongst gallant men, and to have them speak as they think; we must fortify and harden our hearing against this tenderness as to ceremonious sound of words. I love a strong and manly familiarity and converse; a friendship that flatters itself in the sharpness and vigor of its communication, as love, in biting and scratching; it is not vigorous and generous enough if it be not quarrelsome, if civilized and artificial, if it treads nicely and fears a shock; *Neque enim disputari, sine reprehensione, potest.*\* "For no man can dispute without reprehending." When any one contradicts me, he raises my attention and not my anger; I advance toward him that converts, as to one that instructs me; the cause of truth ought to be the common cause of both; what will he answer? The poison of anger has already confounded his judgment; has usurped the place of reason. It were not amiss that the decision of our disputes should be a matter of wager; that there might be a material mark of our losses, to the end we might the better remember them, and that my man might tell me: "Your ignorance and obstinacy cost you last year, at twenty times, a hundred crowns." I embrace and caress truth in what hand soever I find it, and cheerfully surrender myself, and extend to it my conquered arms, as far off as I can discover it; and, provided it be not too imperiously or airishly, take a pleasure in being reproved, and accommodate myself to my accusers, very often more by reason of civility than amendment, loving to gratify and nourish the liberty of admonition, by my facility of submitting to it, even at my own expense.

\* Cicero, *de Finib.* i. 8.

## CHRISTIANITY IN ART.

### IV.

#### MICHAEL ANGELO'S "LAST JUDGMENT."

I hope that the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN who are interested in this series of articles, have studied "The Last Supper" with care and have discovered the various "motives" that animate the several characters and connect them with the whole. One further suggestion has occurred to me in regard to the expression given to James the Elder. I spoke of him as showing horror and detestation of the traitor, in his face, and "the arms seeming to appeal to Christ to interpose his power and confound the deeds of such a traitor." If we interpret the idea of Da Vinci in the first group at the left of Christ to be the expression of direct

individual appeal—"Is it I?"—we shall find that there are three forms of this appeal, represented respectively in Thomas, Philip, and James the Elder. Philip lays his hands earnestly on his breast and calls on Christ to witness his pure heart, to judge his inmost intentions. Thomas does not seem to search within his own heart for an answer to his question, but looks only for outward assurance from Christ—"Is it I?" James the Elder presents a third form of this appeal—he remonstrates against the possibility of Christ's having meant him. It can not be possible that he would do such a thing. And yet, Christ's words have made a general charge against the whole band—"ONE of you shall betray me"—until this is made a specific charge by the further indication with the sop of bread, each disciple bears to some extent the burden of the accusation. Each one is called upon to clear himself. As, however, there are many other feelings and thoughts which must be expressed in this picture, Da Vinci has devoted only this one group to the phase of personal inquiry regarding one's own relation to this deed. The others do not think of themselves as possible betrayers, all save the one who knows that he will do the deed. Considering the picture from this point of view, it is best to understand James the Elder as repelling the very suggestion of a possibility that he can betray his Lord. It is important, too, that we do not refer any action or expression in the picture to a knowledge of the guilt of Judas. Later, after the sop has been given, the guilty one is known. That moment would require an altogether different treatment in a painting. Here, the disciples do not yet know, though perhaps some suspect, the traitor.

In contrast with Da Vinci, stands Michael Angelo as an artist. In the former, sentiment prevails rather than form and character. The individuality is expressed by gestures of the hands, minute movements of the facial muscles and postures of the body. We find ourselves in the presence of beings who feel sensitively, and who do not hold back the expression of their feelings. The characters of Da Vinci are as naive as children. Michael Angelo refuses to express this immediate consciousness of one's self. He presents us with characters moved by such momentous impulses that they are quite unconscious of their own feelings on the subject. His method is in a certain sense more appropriate for sculpture than for painting. Sculpture is fitted to express the state of the individual wherein he loses special consciousness of his bodily pain or pleasure, but is lost in a higher interest—the general interest, or the cause,—feels himself to be the type or representative of some social whole, or ethical principle. To express the sympathy for another's pain, or for one's own pain by contortions of the face, or by gestures of the hands, is not Michael Angelo's method. The expression must be a rapt absorption in the great event that is transpiring—a sort of forgetfulness of immediate feelings, in the thought of the situation. Thus Michael Angelo's pictures require more maturity in the spectator for their appreciation. One must be able to form for himself the conception which presents itself before the mind of characters portrayed. He must realize the mighty impulse of the mind which those superhuman beings embody. Great characters, moved by great occasions, they must be understood by elevating our minds to lofty thoughts and conceiving world-wide interests.

Michael Angelo's sculptured figures of "Morning and Evening," "Day and Night," "Moses," "David," and the frescoes of the prophets and sibyls on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel are creations of this order—beings of extraordinary elevation of mind, grasp of thought, breadth of view, (imagined to be) placed in situations that are sublime and terrible. To conceive and paint these, it was necessary that Michael Angelo should move in such a world of thought himself and live in constant view of the great reali-



ties of time and eternity. He was a sublime soul seeing quite through the shams and injustice of society, state and church in his age, and cordially hating iniquity and holding up the mirror to it in his works of art. Such a man could decorate the walls and ceilings of the Sistine chapel at Rome with those sublimest creations of modern art—perhaps the sublimest creations that art has furnished in any age.

On the ceiling we have the scenes of Old Testament history—the dealings of Jehovah with men. The prophets and sibyls appear as revealers of his word and foretellers of the coming of Christ. On the wall at the end of the chapel is painted in fresco the scene of the "Last Judgment."\* The size of this painting is about forty-five feet in width by nearly sixty feet in height. It contains over four hundred human figures. These may be studied as forming fifteen groups:

I.—Christ as Judge, sentencing the wicked. He sits on his throne in the midst of an immense throng of prophets, saints and martyrs. The Virgin Mother sits at his right side, but averts her face with sorrow from the wicked. Christ looks down toward his left, beholding the condemned sinners and raises his right hand showing the wound of the nail which fastened him to the cross. At the same time he holds his left hand so as to show the corresponding wound, and a slight turn of the body toward his left exhibits the spear-wound in the side, and the nail marks on the feet are clearly visible. It is the sight of these wounds that cause the descent of the groups into the lurid flames of the inferno beneath. It is not a frown of spite and malice, but a look of sorrow and tenderness mingled, that we see on Christ's face. It is not so much the words "Depart from me" that drives them into torment as the sight of their own deeds, done on him and on the martyr witnesses who form the large group at the left of Christ. These souls reap the fruit of their own deeds and they wish to escape from the sight of what they have done—even mountains are desired to cover them from view. The reprobate souls have crucified their own everlasting life.

From this central figure of Christ streams the light that illuminates the angelic groups, the troops of blessed spirits, and the graves beneath giving up their dead. Only on the (our) right at the bottom of the picture we see groups lit up by the dull red flames of the inferno, which spread a ghastly glare over the faces of the demons.

II.—On the left of Christ the most prominent figure is the form of Peter, bending forward and in the act of delivering up the keys that open up the doors to happiness or misery. Just beyond his face is seen that of Paul. Kneeling between Peter and Christ with his right hand upraised is Saint John; and lower down, with hands clasped is the first Christian martyr, Stephen. The face of Dante peers out between the limbs of Peter and those of Paul. Back of Peter and Paul (*i. e.*, higher up in the picture) are to be seen the Church fathers and saints. One may look for Saint Bernard and Saint Francis (the latter is holding up his left hand showing the nail-print—he had the stigmata, or marks of the crucifixion, appear on the body). Saint Augustine wears a turban, and near him are the other three Latin fathers, and, beyond, the four Greek fathers.

III.—On the right of Christ a very prominent figure is John the Baptist, his right hand grasping his garment of camel's hair. David (Christ was the "Son of David") stands between the Baptist and Christ, his back partly turned toward us, his harp on his right arm. He seems to reach out to make room for the old man (one of the patriarchs,

probably Abraham) to come to the front. Another patriarchal face can be distinguished close to the Baptist's left hand. The other persons of this group are the prophets who have foretold the coming of Christ, and very likely the mother of Mary (Anna) and other ancestors.

IV.—The group of martyrs is the most noticeable one in the whole picture, after those mentioned. Below the Virgin Mary, Saint Lawrence is seen with the gridiron on which he was martyred. Many others are characterized by the instruments of torture which they hold. Saint Bartholomew holds up to view the knife with which he was flayed alive, and in his other hand holds the skin flayed from his body. On his left appears Saint Simon thrusting out the saw that tortured him; Saint Philip with his cross, Saint Hippolytus with the iron currycombs, Saint Catherine with her wheel, Saint Sebastian with his arrows, and above the last Saint Andrew, holding his cross against his back.

V.—Above the martyrs appear throngs of blessed spirits full of joy at meeting again. Many embrace their lost ones with great emotion.

VI.—Below the martyrs are the wicked seen struggling with the seven mortal sins which in the guise of demons are dragging them down toward the pit. Lust, at the left (our right), is pulling down a cardinal whom Michael Angelo knew; intemperance (gluttony), a little below and to one side of Saint Simon, grievously besets a sinner; directly beneath him is pride, fallen the lowest; avarice has a pope by the head (the keys and bag of money tell the tale); anger, envy and indolence have each their victims.

VII.—To the (our) left of the mortal sins is the group of angels, of whom seven have trumpets. The one who acts as leader seems to stop the angel that points his trumpet toward the inferno, and direct him toward the graves at the right (our left). One of the "recording angels" holds the small Book of Life toward the rising just ones, while two angels support the great book containing the names of those departing toward the inferno. The cheeks of the trumpeters are distended while they fill the air with their blasts.

VIII.—Lowest down, on our left, are the graves opening and all stages of decay quickening into life at the sound of the trumpets. As the dead arise and breathe again, they look up anxiously to see from whence the blasts proceed; some have a bewildered and sleepy look, some are tearing the grave wrappings from their bodies.

IX.—Near the pit an exciting contest is going on; some demons, issuing from the pit, between the graves and the inferno, have seized some of the risen dead and are trying to drag them off into the pit, while they struggle to free themselves, and call for help, which comes in the shape of angels, who pull them away from the demons. Note the fact that the demons are pulling the dead by their garments and by cords coiled around them—this scene is the counterpart of the seven mortal sins, it is purgatory, or the struggle to be rid of the besetting sins or demons.

X.—The pit shows its cave-like entrance between the graves and the inferno toward Charon's boat is loaded with sinners, and moving off the flames. In good engravings and photographs of good engravings, there may be seen the dim forms of demons in the gloom of the cave, watching through an opening to the (our) left the struggle going on in the grave-yard.

XI.—The inferno, or hell, is represented on our left at the bottom of the picture—nearly as it is described in some of the passages in the fore part of Dante's "Inferno." Charon, "with eyes of burning coal," is beating the laggard spirits with his oar and causing them to land upon the "Stygian shore." Some hold their hands over their ears to shield them from blows, some cover their heads with their mantles. Demons of various descriptions grasp them as they appear on the edge of the boat. One is taken on the back

\*One can get a photograph of the "Last Judgment" from John P. Soule, 338 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., for the sum of forty cents, mounted on card-board, or thirty cents, unmounted.



of a winged demon; some are pulled down with hooks as described by Dante. They come into the presence of Minos, the judge in hell, who indicates the fate of the sinner by twining his tail round himself a number of times, each coil being a symbol for a circle of the inferno, and the number of coils indicating the number of the circle from the bottom where Lucifer himself is punished with Judas.

XII.—Above the graves are seen the ascending righteous ones. They are drawn up by angels allegorically representing the celestial virtues—Faith, Hope and Love; two prominent ones are drawn by means of a string of beads, signifying prayer.

XIII.—On the extreme right of Christ are the sibyls and heathen poets who have foretold his coming.

XIV.—At the top of the picture on our left angels are elevating to view the symbols of the mediatory acts of Christ—the cross is upborne by twelve angels, and near them, to their left, are other angels holding to view the crown of thorns, the dice with which the soldiers cast lots for his garment, the scourge, and the nails.

XV.—On the right at the top are other angels offering to view other symbols of the suffering of Christ: the pillar at which he was scourged; the ladder by which he was taken down from the cross; an angel with a lovely face flies hither with the sponge at the end of a spear—bringing the only physical relief that came to him during his suffering. These symbols, with those in the group of the cross, are exhibited to the assembled world. The influence of the cross is felt on the right hand of Christ, drawing up the dead from their graves.

The first great contrast in the picture is that between Christ and the inferno: the celestial light is rejected and fled from; the lurid glare of the flames of the inferno.

The first contrast is heightened and sustained by the groups of martyrs and mortal sinners, the martyrs holding up the emblems of their torture and looking to Christ as their judge; these emblems being at the same time a judgment of the iniquities of the groups below as the evidence of their own deeds toward these martyrs. The mortal sins exhibit the manner in which the wicked have been drawn to their doom—these sins have clutched them. The sin itself is its own punishment, inseparable from it; for it drags the sinner from the light of heaven and makes him spiritually blind.

The scenes at the top of the picture further strengthen and support the idea of judgment. They exhibit the test by which the righteous must be tried. Have they suffered for the cause of Christ, or have they rather helped to crucify or martyr any of his saints? As they answer so are they to be judged.

Those groups on the right and left of Christ are composed of those who have in some way foretold his coming or have borne witness to him by holy lives or taught his doctrines. Those on his left express by their gestures their appeal to him as judge of their lives, those on his right are intent on seeing him whom they foretold.

The second range of groups from below presents to us the process of judgment; those on the right ascending to the home of the blest, and those on the left repelled by their own sins in the form of demons; the center group, the awakened forces which blow the trumpets of conscience and hold up the books of memory.

These figures in the "Last Judgment," and most of the others of Michael Angelo's works are muscular giants. The muscular part of our frame is under the direct control of our will, the other parts of our body, not. Man is judged for what he does as a responsible being, and not for what he is by nature. Michael Angelo found, therefore, more interest in the muscular human forms as visible embodiments of will-power. To an artist like Michael Angelo the shape of

the body indicated character just as the lines of the face indicate character to us.

Raphael chose as the theme for his greatest picture the moment of transfiguration. Da Vinci selected the "Last Supper." Michael Angelo has chosen the "Final Judgment," the supreme moment of human life. To his vision—as to Dante's—all human deeds are seen under the form of eternity. Each deed is seen through the perspective of its own consciousness.

"Every one of us," says Carlyle, "is a ghost, if we sweep away the illusion of time and glance from the near moving cause to the far distant mover—compress the threescore years into three minutes"—for time and duration are relative things—to a drowning man a second seems an age, sometimes. "Are we not spirits that are shaped into a body, into an appearance, and that fade away again into air and invisibility? We start out of nothingness, take figure, and are apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre is eternity; and to eternity minutes are as years and sons."

One remembers Walter Scott's vivid paraphrase of the great Judgment Hymn:

"Dies Ira, Dies Illa!  
Solvat seculum in favilla.—

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day!  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dread'ul day?"

"When shrivelling like a parched scroll  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!"

"Oh! on that day, that wrathful day  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!"

## HEALTH AT HOME.

### III.

Two classes of readers accost me on the subject of the practical application of the lessons conveyed in these papers. One class expresses that while all that is suggested should and ought to be carried out, the carrying out would be so great an expense that none but those who are blessed with many hundreds a year are able so much as to contemplate any of the proposed improvements. The other class takes quite a different view; it tells me, as each progressive article appears, that I am not sufficiently radical in suggestion; that in respect to every detail something more could and ought to be done; that some entirely new system, out and out new and perfect, should be described; and that to plant new or improved methods upon old foundations is alteration without corresponding improvement. My answer to these friendly critics is, that the aim of this series consists in trying to propose as much as possible in the way of practical improvement on that which at present exists. I know very well that, to insure perfection, our great cities require to be pulled down altogether, and reconstructed on new and better plans. But then, again, I know that this is utterly impossible. The point, therefore, to be arrived at, as it seems to me, is to make the best of what exists, and to implant the necessities in the best manner attainable, even in the midst of current faults and blunderings. By this method necessary reforms will not only be introduced into houses that already exist, but will in time be introduced, *de novo*, into houses that are undergoing construction, and which, from their very foundations, will be laid out with a view to perfection of sanitation. This is a point earnestly to be struggled for at the present time. Houses are spring-

ing up in all directions, by the hundred. We go into them during the various stages of progress, and really in not one in a hundred is there any advance at all. The idea of the old class of house is moulded, as it were, in the mind of the builder. If you dare to tell him of an improvement, he replies instantly that it "won't work." If you ask him whether he has ever tried it, he tells you that he "don't want." And resting his argument on these two phrases, as if they were final, he pursues his sullen and ignorant course of wooden wit and unhealthy adaptation.

It appears, therefore, better to begin with improvements in existing houses than to fight a perfectly useless battle in respect to new construction. A man is master of his house when he gets into it, not before, and he may expect half a century to elapse, at least, before improvement *de novo* is the order of the day. Still more to the point is the serious fact that whole cities full of houses actually exist which can not be pulled down, and which may remain forever as they are, unless some new plans be introduced into them as they at present stand. Unless a house be positively "doomed"—that is to say, in plain words, until it is dangerous to those within and those without—it must remain; the most that can be done for it is to transform it, as far as possible and safe, into something better.

To suggest some of these improvements in the existent house is my present purpose, and that is the answer to those who complain of deficiency of suggestion for more radical changes. As to the others who complain of the expense that is necessary to carry out the proposed alterations, all I can say is, that in every particular I have taken the utmost care to reduce the expenditure to the smallest amount. Some expense is necessary, of course; but if those who wish to carry out the various plans that have been put forward will go over them carefully, they will be surprised to find at how small a cost they may all be effected. There is nothing costly in the way of material; there is nothing complicated in the way of reconstruction,—nothing, in short, that an ordinary good workman can not carry out. And now let me proceed with the next head of my description.

#### AN AIR-SHAFT THROUGH THE HOUSE.

In arranging a house so as to give to it fair sanitary advantages, it is a most desirable plan to make an air-shaft that shall extend from the top of the house to the basement. There is scarcely any house in which this can not, with a little trouble and at little expense, be done. The shaft can, as a rule, be cut out of a partition wall, and can run in a straight line from the upper floor down to the passage leading into the area. If it can be cut six inches square, all the better; but a four-inch square is not at all bad. The shaft should be lined with deal all the way it extends, and on the landings the piece of wood that covers it in should be screwed to the wall and made movable, so that it may be easily taken down and replaced.

The value of this shaft is very great in the house. Down through it the water-pipe from the upper cistern can be carried from floor to floor, so that each floor can have a tap for the supply of water, if necessary. Through this shaft, at a small expense, speaking-tubes can also be carried, and speaking communication secured all through the building without the use of the bell, by which arrangement nearly half the waiting-service of the house is saved. Through this shaft the tubes conveying the gas, where gas is used, can be most safely and conveniently carried, instead of being laid, as they now usually are, in every possible dangerous place, under floors of rooms and bedrooms, along cornices, behind book-shelves, and in every conceivable place where it is most difficult to get at them for repair or purification.

In addition to these uses the whole of the remaining space

of the shaft can be utilized for the admission of air into the house from the top of the shaft. In the basement the shaft should be closed off, so that the air from that part may not ascend; but at the top the shaft should communicate with the open air, either from an opening under an upper window, or by an opening into and through the roof to the outer air. By side openings from such a shaft as I now describe into the rooms throughout the house air can be freely admitted at all times. When the room is made warm by the fire a current of air streams into it from the upper opening, and a free supply of air is obtained from the best source of supply that is attainable. If between the floors or ceilings of each story there is open communication with the outside-air, the air-shaft may be open also in the space between floor and ceiling, by which an additional supply of outside-air will be obtained at every floor.

#### THE BASEMENT.

It is a pity that any one should have to write a word about the basement of a house that is a place of residence for human beings. The existence of a basement, containing a kitchen, a scullery, a housekeeper's room, a store-room, a water-closet, a place for the lower water-cistern, the larder, a butler's pantry, it may be, and even a pretence for a bedroom, is one of the most deplorable of facts in our modern life in large towns. The difficulty, however, stares us in the face everywhere where there is a large and closely packed community. The price of space is so great that the chance of doing away with the basement is the most unlikely of all probabilities, and the difficulty, even when the mind is ever so willing, to find a new place for the various offices of the basement, is so great we can not, I fear, but agree to submit to what at present is a necessary evil.

Happily the basement in most cases need not be so bad as it is. It is very much worse as a general rule than it has occasion to be. It is left too exclusively to the care of servants, who look upon it as their domain, and as a domain which must not be trespassed on; and it is too often treated by the master and mistress in the same spirit. Why should they put themselves to the trouble of going down-stairs? Why should they annoy the servants by troublesome inquiries? What can they do if they go down, unless they go down every day to order what ought to be done, and then pay a subsequent visit to make sure that what has been ordered has been duly attended to and accomplished?

There is felt, without doubt, a certain kind of gloom, causing a dispirited frame of mind, in the basement; so a visit to it is, in truth, rendered very disagreeable. Those who are accustomed to live and work up-stairs find it extremely unpleasant to go down to the dullness in which the servants are obliged to work. The art of living there must be gained by training, and then it is said to become endurable—nay, some say comfortable. But the very circumstance that these objections are felt; the very fact that the comparative stranger in the best basement feels it cold, dismal, dreary, and unnatural, should lead the conscientious owner and superior to enter the same, and see at regular intervals that the best that can be made out of a bad system is made and kept up, and that all the requisites for securing the very best are faithfully supplied.

The first thing, then, to look after in the basement story is to secure as much sunlight for it as can be admitted into it. Every window, every available point where a window can be placed, should be found and utilized. The windows of the basement should be kept at all times scrupulously clean, and they should be encumbered as little as possible by blinds or by curtains. If from the position of the window direct sunlight can not be admitted, the difficulty should be at once met by the use of a Chapuis daylight reflector. It is not easy to speak too favorably of these ad-



mirable appliances. Kitchens, store-rooms, pantries, nay, cellars that are practically lightless, may often be made quite bright and cheerful by the use of these reflectors. When light is admitted into every room in the basement-story it is astonishing how easy it becomes to effect a number of improvements which would otherwise be considered impossible.

#### THE AREA.

The next point to be thought of after the due lighting of the basement floor is the cleanliness of the area in front and rear of the basement. Too much attention can not be paid to this matter. It is common for the front area to be the place in which the dust-bin is situated. It is common for the back area to be the place where the larder is situated. We must therefore be very determined to have these parts specially well looked after, for if the dust-bin be neglected there is a constant source of impurity entering the house; and if the area containing the larder be kept unclean there is a constant source of impurity affecting the food which is used in the house. I do not think it a good practice for the front area to be made a constant scene of traffic in and out of the house. There are advantages certainly in letting tradespeople and others come down the area steps to the lower door. At the same time I doubt if the advantages counterbalance the disadvantages. When persons are all day traversing the area; when various articles of food and other household requisites are being brought at different and many times of the day into the area, there is left very soon a dirty condition, which it takes a long time to remove. The area steps get loaded with dirt, which in wet weather washes down upon the stones beneath, and in an incredibly short space of time the well, which the area floor really is, becomes a floor of dirt and refuse, which is rarely, if ever, completely cleansed away. The houses in which the area is not used contrast, consequently, most favorably with those in which the area-gate is at all times open, and through which a constant flux and influx of persons is taking place. The area left free of custom and traffic is easily kept very clean; and if the walls of it be lime-washed once or twice a year it is rendered as healthy as such a place can be, one offence in it excepted; I mean the dust-bin.

In large cities the dust-bin system is one of the worst and most unnecessary of sanitary grievances, in winter unpardonable, in summer intolerable and detestable. In the hot weather the odor of the dust-bin is all but universal in our modern Babylon. We enter the best houses in the best localities to become conscious of it. When we advance to it the sense of smell is oppressed until the stomach also learns the story. The sense of sight gathers up the same. Wherever, in deserts wild, carrion is outlaid, there also will be animals of prey; and in occupied towns and cities where carrion is laid, there also will be animals of prey—not, truly, in the shape of birds, but in the shape of those little winged, ravenous insects which we call flies, which haunt the dust-bin in hosts, and by their presence indicate the putrescence that is near. Or, bring near to the place an ounce or so of strong hydrochloric acid on an open dish, and the dense white fumes of chloride of ammonium which will arise will testify clearly enough as to the decomposition that is in progress under the very doors of the habitation. Into the dust-bin there is too frequently thrown everything that can give rise to this insalubrious air. Every kind of useless organic substance the house can throw out—parings of potatoes, leaves of cabbages, remnants of salads, faded bouquets and other dead flowers, dust from the house, and portions of rags or shoes, together with the only substances which ought under any circumstances to be there, and which alone are innocuous, the cinders and ashes from the grates and stoves. The gases which pass off from the dust-

bin under these conditions, are all injurious to health. There is carbonic acid; there is sulphuretted hydrogen; there is vapor of water charged with these gases; lastly, there is a series of ammonias, all of which are not merely objectionable to the sense of smell, but injurious to the health of those who inhale them.

The dust-bin nuisance and danger ought to be met in all towns by the local authority, which should provide that every morning, before the streets are occupied by passengers, the dust and refuse of every house should be removed. In some towns this is done. In some places, the old and once filthy system of throwing all the refuse into the gutter is remodelled into an actually good working method, which consists in the placing at night all the refuse of the house in a closed pail or pan outside the house, and in the collection of it each morning in a dust-cart while the streets are empty. The plan serves a doubly useful purpose; it keeps the house free of the accumulation of dust and dirt, and it prevents the poisonously large dust-van from going in the daytime from house to house on its business of collecting, concentrating the emanations from the refuse of all the houses into the air of the whole of the street, and so out of a series of local nuisances generating a wholesale nuisance.

Until such time arrives as shall see the local authorities everywhere carrying out the sensible plan for removal of the refuse of the house that has been recorded above, it is essential in places where the dust-bin has to be retained to be careful in using it, so that it shall do as little evil as possible. In the exercise of this care it is essential not to have put into the bin anything that decomposes, unless the substance can be completely and fairly buried in the ashes that are thrown in with it. All combustible substances, and those include pretty well everything that is organic and putrescible, should be burned in the kitchen fire day by day, burned as they are made ready to throw away, so not at any time to accumulate into a heap or a store. Cabbage leaves, potato parings, remnants of fruit, remnants of flowers, and all such commodities should be in this manner immediately destroyed. Bones, if they be put into the bin, should be well buried in ashes, and care should be taken at all times to have a good and even layer of ashes over the whole of the contents of the bin, whatever they may be. The bin under all circumstances should be cleaned out once a week, and a good watch should be kept that it is cleaned to the very bottom. Unless it be cleaned so that the floor at the bottom be clean, a dense mass of putrescible matter mixed with damp ashes and dust is sure to accrete on the floor and become a kind of secured floor of decomposing material, which will keep the bin as a nuisance, however frequently it may be emptied.

In addition to the dust-bin in the area, the cellars and other recesses there require to be frequently tended. The coal-cellar is a common place for the accumulation of refuse, and unless a vigilant attention is paid to the coal-cellar it almost certainly becomes at some time or other a supernumerary dust-bin. Even a coal cellar calls for an occasional cleansing, and a good coating of lime-wash on the walls and roof is an excellent sanitary provision; it insures the complete cleansing out of the place, and the removal of accumulated organic debris, which is sure to be present in the course of two or three years. These same recommendations apply to all other places in the basement.

Of late years the art of growing creeping and climbing plants in the front areas of houses has become somewhat fashionable, and we see even in poor neighborhoods this plan sometimes carried out. I refer to it because it is so very commendable, when it is properly done, and on so many grounds. It is an excellent recreative industry, filling the minds of those who plant the flowers with pure and healthy thoughts and lessons. It is good artistically, the



effect on the eyes of passers-by being itself instructive and pleasant, while the cheeriness of effect on those who live in the basement, and are compelled, where there are no flowers or plants, to contemplate day after day nothing but white walls and dark railings, must be an untold blessing. In the place of sameness there is introduced to the eye—in small amount, it is true, yet in amount much better than nothing of the kind—some measure of those changes and variations which nature in her splendid fertility offers spontaneously to the more fortunate of her children, and out of which variety much relief of mind must needs be found from the killing monotony of viewing one object and one prospect narrowed to the extremest range, and ever in sight. Lastly, the plan of growing plants, and whenever sunlight can be obtained flowering plants, in the area, is good in a purely sanitary point of view, if the proper care be taken to cultivate what is grown, so as not to defeat the objects that are desired viz., lessons of recreation, beauty, and health. The proper care consists, first, in not overdoing the attempt to do. Whenever trailing plants are cultivated from the area, so that they climb the walls and extend over the windows excluding the light, then the thing is overdone. Whenever plants which require much water are too abundantly set about, so that water-vapor charges the air and makes the area wall and front-room damp, too much is done. Whenever plants which require a great deal of soil, so that large barrels or boxes of soil have to be used for them, are introduced too freely, too much is done. Room is in this way unduly taken up; and the soil, from its confinement in a case, gets so wet during wet seasons that it becomes a source of damp and dirt, and is apt to cause the plant itself that is set in it to wither away and die.

For these reasons the number of growing plants placed in the area ought to be limited; nor does the healthy provision in regard to them end entirely with that attention. It must be made a matter of consideration frequently to tend to all the plants; to see that they are in good condition of growth; to keep up the supply; to provide that all round about them is clean, and to remove everything that is dead and useless before it can have a chance of becoming decomposed and offensive.

The great obstacle that lies in the way of cultivating the areas of town houses, so as to carry out the system I am now advocating, in all its wholesome purity, is the instruction of those who have charge of the area, and the tone of their peculiar tastes and dispositions. I have had attendants who have, of their own accord, planted the area and kept it in good taste and condition. I have had others with no taste or desire for anything of the sort, and whom it was vain to instruct. We must not, therefore, I fear, trust to home work for the carrying out of this object. But in every locality there are florists who might undertake such duty regularly at a small cost if they were fairly patronized, and who I am sure for a small rental a year would keep every area beautifully set with the healthiest and most seasonable plants, at all times and seasons. The boon would be incalculable in cities, especially in the crowded parts. The plants would purify the air in the worst places, and in winter, spring, summer, and autumn would bring with them a changing gladness, that would fully compensate for all the expense and all the trouble incident to the improvement.

The area at the back of most houses of our large towns is the place in which the meat safe or larder is situated. For this reason the area is a place of the utmost importance to the household; here, in state of rest, waiting to be consumed, lies the very body of the householder and of all who depend on him.

How many householders in our great centres ever trouble themselves for a moment to inquire into the condition in

which their preliminary selves, the food they are about to eat, is lodged and cared for. When that food has passed the vital portal of their mouths, when it has been distributed all over their bodies, when it becomes bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, then they may have to take some trouble about it, more trouble, perhaps, than they ought to take in certain ways. But while it lies in the safe or larder of the back area, waiting for its vital transformation into man, it might too often be the dust in the dust-bin for the care that is taken of it. Even wives and mothers, who should specially take an interest unceasing, though less negligent than the sterner master, are not always too careful of this great treasury of health or of disease.

I believe a general negligence is felt in respect to this subject, and that servants who are often not half so bad as they are represented to be, but who are, I am not wrong when I say it, by necessity ignorant on the questions now under our consideration, are left far too much in authority in respect to the storage of food. It is right that the food of the house should be kept out of the house itself, and in an open or cool place, and as the area at the back is, as a rule, the only safe open place, it is necessary that the food be put there and kept there until it is wanted. For this reason, however, it is the more essential that the area, of all places in the house, should be open, light, clean, and wholesome.

The area in which the food safe or larder is situated should be thoroughly well lime-washed at least twice in the year, namely, at spring and fall time. If in the middle of the summer the same process can be repeated all the better it is to have it done. The floor, which will usually be of stone, should be so laid that water will never accumulate in it, and the floor should at all times not only be kept free of the rubbish and debris of the household, but as clean as the floor of the kitchen itself. It ought to be cleansed every day of the week. I need not, one would think, impress that in this retreat for the food there should be no open drain from the sewer, no drain partly closed, no drain in the least suffocated with its own contents. Yet I am obliged to impress these obvious facts with all the force I can, for it is too true that the drainage of the back area is, as a rule, about the worst in the house. The back area may be an actual open receptacle for the sinks from two or three parts of the house, the scullery, the kitchen, the pantry. The water and other slops from some of these are often allowed to run over the floor of the area and imperfectly to flow away by the grating of a drain in the centre, or in a corner, into the drain below, by which unwholesome processes the place is kept in a state of perpetual damp in wet weather, and in a state of foul vapor when the heat of the day is sufficient to evaporate the fluids that are cast out of the house. It is little wonder that in an atmosphere such as this the animal structures in the safe, and the vegetables that have been cooked, should soon become mouldy and tasteless, and unfit for human food until the outer surfaces are pared away and great waste produced. It is little wonder that in such atmosphere there should be rapid decomposition of food when the air itself is close and damp.

The drains from the house leading into the area should therefore be well trapped and well inclosed, so that the fluids they convey away may empty into the escape drain from the house without coming into contact with the floor of the area.

Besides taking care that the walls and floor of the open space are kept scrupulously clean, and that the drainage is perfect, it is necessary to keep a sharp look out that the place does not become a receptacle for the debris from the kitchen. The temptation is very great to make it such a receptacle. It is close at hand; the bad odor of things in the kitchen or other lower room, which is insupportable in those confined spaces, is tolerated in the open space, and

thereupon the odorous things "are put out to sweeten the house." In such an area at the back of a house as is here referred to, I have found, in proximity with the viands on which the unfortunate family subsisted, many of those viands being already cooked and set aside—as cold meat, custard, opened pie, cheese and other articles—a box filled with the bones the cook was saving up as her perquisite, bones already sour and on their rapid way to decomposition, pots of fat, stew-pans set out to be cleaned, disused flower-pots, filled with damp mould and holding the rotting stems of flowers; and, to complete the whole, across the clothes line a few clothes that had just gone through a "dat wash" hanging out to dry. These are the kind of impurities from which the open-air food closet requires to be cleansed, and from which it should at all times and seasons be kept entirely free. Let each paterfamilias who reads these papers look for once into the nook in his house from which the greater part of his breakfast is each morning extracted, and then, though he may not relish the prospect, he will not be the less obliged to me for directing his attention to it so earnestly.

The space purified and made ready to receive it, the larder or safe that is used for holding the food has to be considered. No one, as far as I know, has up to this time invented or constructed a good and convenient larder that can be set up in every house at a moderate cost; but the arrangements for such a necessary article of domestic utility would be extremely simple after all. The walls of the safe should be constructed of iron, which should properly be glazed or enamelled on the inside. It should be placed quite across the area at one end, so that three sides of it are included in the walls of the building. It should be about seven feet high and thirty inches wide, and it should have a sharp-set sound roof of metal, composed of two layers either of zinc or of galvanized iron, between which should lie a three-inch layer of felt, to cause an equal temperature. Three feet from the roof on the inside there should stretch across a glazed iron slab, above which should be a series of shelves reaching about half-way across and separated about a foot from each other. This shelf, dividing the larder into two parts, should be closed by two perforated iron or zinc doors, so as to admit air freely. Beneath the iron slab at the upper part of the lower compartment of the safe should be three sliding ten-inch drawers, which might be of glazed iron internally cased with felt and wood. These drawers would be for holding ice during hot weather. Beneath them would be a large recess, which may be divided vertically into two equal parts, so as to form a couple of large iron glazed and shelved cupboards, closed with perforated doors, the bottom line of which should be about eight inches from the ground.

A safe constructed in this manner would be easily kept at the same temperature in winter and in summer, and food would be well and freshly and wholesomely preserved. I wish I could inform my readers where such a safe for their provisions could be obtained; but, at any rate, I have indicated how they may direct the construction of such an improvement, while I hope I have suggested to the manufacturers a household requirement on which they may at once employ their ready skill.

The safe or larder as at present formed is usually made of wood, the panels of the doors perforated with a few holes, or filled with perforated zinc. It is best in modifying the present safe to remove as much of the woodwork as possible, and to construct walls of stone or brick rather than of wood, except in the front. These walls can then frequently be lime-washed, and the shelves, coated with a good layer of paint, can be frequently cleansed.

It is good practice, whenever the air of the safe is close and tainted, to have it fumigated with antiseptic gas or vapor.

Iodine does not answer well in this case, because it gives a taste to the food; but there is a simple agent which answers singularly well, because it is not only a purifier of the air from bad smells, but also a preservative of animal and vegetable substances. This agent is sulphurous acid, one of the best—shall I say the best—of agents of its class for destroying decomposing organic substances. It may be used in two or three ways. As it is a gas very soluble in water—one volume of water at a temperature of fifty degrees Fahr. dissolving a little over fifty volumes of the gas—a watery solution of the gas, which can be obtained of any chemist, may be employed. The solution may be put into a light spray bottle and be sprayed freely into the safe until the air is charged strongly with the vapor. If the gas in a drier state be desired it can be made by merely burning sulphur in the air and letting the vapor diffuse. If a larger or steadier supply is wanted, a little cotton-wool or lamp-wick dipped into the bisulphide of carbon and inflamed like an open spirit lamp can be set on a shelf, so that while burning the gas, which is evolved freely, may diffuse. Or if a larger supply still be required, it can be obtained by putting copper filings or pieces of copper into a Florence flask, and after pouring upon them strong sulphuric acid applying a gentle heat to the flask, on which, in a very short time, the gas will be given off in free quantities. On the whole, for practical purposes in the household I think the simple spray process is the best. Any servant can at any time use the spray; the apparatus is inexpensive, and is easily put together for use, and the solution is to be had everywhere where there is a drug store with a fairly intelligent man at its head. To this readiness of application is added the freedom of all danger from fire, a freedom not altogether certain when chemical operations, however simple they may be, are intrusted in the house to clumsy or inexperienced hands.

#### DRAINAGE IN THE BASEMENT.

And now from the areas we must enter the basement proper of the house, whither being led, the first thought of all that occurs to the sanitary inquirer is the state of the drains in that locality.

*Good drainage is the basis of domestic sanitation.*

Let the drains of a house be bad in their construction—I mean bad in relation to the material of which they are made; let the laying down of the drains be in such manner that there is no sufficient flow into the main sewer or other outlet; let the outfall of the soil-pipe or pipes, or other pipes leading from the house into the main drain of the house, be bad and defective; let the trapping be indifferent; let there be stoppage anywhere, so that the gases of decomposition from the substance which is held in the drain or in its tributaries can not find free escape out of the house; let anything lead to this arrest in the escape of poisonous drain gases, and all else in the way of management of the house is largely rendered nugatory. In a house well and completely drained, a very sloven of a housekeeper may hold on for years and meet with so little accident of disease in it as to lead her to suppose that her very slovenliness is the whole art of prevention. Let the drains be faulty, and the best and cleanest of housewives may labor in vain, may practice the most perfect order and cleanliness, and still be so terribly tripped by the development in her beautiful house of one of the contagious diseases, as to feel inclined to throw sanitary science aside altogether as a fiction, a delusion, and a snare.

We sanitary reformers know these facts too well. We have learned them from a long and a bitter experience. The ignorant critical have thrown the results of them in our teeth day after day. "See," they have said, "here is a specimen of your fine doctrines. There is old Hypo with his vast wealth and his horror of fever. He built himself a house, and fitted it with every fid-fad that could be sug-



gested, and he had not been in the new place six months before two or three of his unfortunate family were stricken with fever. On the other hand, there is that filthy old woman in the cottage hard by, who has neither drain nor closet in her house anywhere, who scorns ventilation, and looks upon sanitary inspectors as lunatics whom their friends send forth to do mischief everywhere except at home, and see, she has no fever, and never has had, although a large family and endless lodgers have occupied her dwelling for years past."

The argument, false as it is—and it is false from beginning to end—is not without its value. It puts us more on our guard, and it makes us feel the necessity of being more explicit and plain-spoken with the public that men of science generally consider it necessary to be. We are bound to explain that where a house is removed from the perils of drainage, it is so much, comparatively, safer from the risks of fever and other great plagues than less fortunate houses are, that it can afford to bear a great deal more of other internal uncleanness than houses which are cursed with indifferent drainage, but are otherwise perfect in their arrangements, at any time can bear. Why this is not understood is due to the circumstances that the dangers of drainage are not visible to the eye. Because the contents which are carried away by the drains are impure and repulsive to the sight, they are hidden from the sight. But if, by some magic spell, all the drain tubes and pipes in a large city could be transformed from tubes of metal into tubes of glass, so that in every house the decomposition they cover could be made manifest to the eye, the wonder of the simplest-minded would be, not that we had diseases in our houses, but that at any moment we were free from the self-inflicted curse of diseases of the most fatal nature, in their worst and most mortal types and consequences. From the upper closet, through the whole of the soil, into the chief drain; from the pipe of every sink into the main drain; from the main drain at its commencement, through all its courses to the outlet trap; from the earth all around the main drainage-pipe; from the exit of the main drainage-pipe in the trap to the termination of the trap itself in the sewer or cess-pool; in all these parts there would be seen such a line of decomposing, disease-producing material as would make every one, I think, for once declare that, bad as it may be, sanitary reform is not quite such a fanaticism as it is commonly accredited to be.

In a large and well-built house in one of our cities, the main drain of which was exposed in order that a new drain might be laid down, the stoppage of water from the house being inconveniently frequent, the workmen, acting under my instructions, found, on opening the old main drain, a square drain-shaft eighteen inches deep and fifteen wide, so charged with sewage matter, most of it semi-solid, that fifty barrow-loads had to be conveyed away. The drain of this house extended from the back kitchen in the rear, along and beneath the floor of another large kitchen, and along and beneath the floor of a passage leading to the front area door, in all a length of fifty feet, and in this entire length it was charged with sewage. It was, in fact, a vast sewer under the house, into which the various pipes from the house opened. What housewifery could keep that house free of disease? It was a house almost as dangerously undermined as it would have been if gunpowder had filled the place occupied by the sewage.

In two other houses in the same district a somewhat similar condition came recently under my observation. In one of these dwellings, which had been newly drained at great cost, and which was considered to be completely drained, the soil-pipe which ran through the house behind an angle in the wall was a persistent source of sewer odor. After a time an inquiry was made, and then it was discovered that

the drains of this house and of its neighbor, which had also been redrained, had no connection with the main sewer at all, but that both poured their sewage into a large *cul-de-sac*, which once had been a large drain leading either into a disused sewer or into an old cesspool. Thus the owners of these two houses, although they had paid their rates for the great sewage system of London, though they had continued to pay sewage rates, and had both of them drained in a scientific modern way, as they supposed, into the grand outlet from their houses, were really draining into a foul cesspool, closely charged with putrid air, which, despite the intervening trap, could not fail to escape back into the house at almost all times and seasons.

Among many other instances of this kind which crowd upon me, let me give one more because of its extreme character. I was summoned professionally by his medical adviser to visit a gentleman living in a fine large house in one of the most open and beautiful parts of the north-western districts of the metropolis. The gentleman was reported to me as suffering from gastric fever. I, being a minute or two before my time at the visit, was shown into one of the drawing-rooms, in the air of which I detected at once the sewer odor. I picked up a cushion from the ottoman on which I sat; the cushion was saturated, I might say, with the same odor. When my learned brother arrived, I referred at once to the condition of things, on which he told me that the whole house was in the same plight, and that one of the female servants at the lower part of the house was suffering from the same symptoms as the patient up-stairs. The house was, indeed, charged with sewer gas, and I lost no time in recommending that the risk of removing both the sick persons should be carried out without a moment's delay, a proceeding which furnished a successful result. When they were removed the house was cleared of all its occupants, and air was admitted by every window. Then the work of inquiry as to cause was commenced, and ended in the discovery that the very soil-pipe had been transformed into a sewer, that the connection between the drain from the house to the main sewer had never been completed, that the trap was closed up, and that the soil-pipe itself was charged with sewage along the greater part of its extent, so that the water from the closets escaped with the utmost difficulty.

Some one will say these are selected illustrations of domestic uncleanness. I wish, indeed, that I could say they were. I can not give notice of such good news. On the contrary, from the evidence which has lately been collected at the Society of Arts, at the instance of that indefatigable veteran of sanitary science—whose age seems only to add more experience to his vigorous intellect—Mr. Edwin Chadwick, it would appear to be too true that hundreds of houses in London, if not thousands, are in nearly as bad a condition, great numbers quite as bad. The best engineers, including such men as Mr. Rogers Field, Mr. Field, Mr. Eassie and Mr. Griffiths, gave in the most convincing manner, and from their practical knowledge, such evidence of the dangers as still beset the town house, that the mind is bewildered with the thought of the immunity from disease that prevails generally.

This is not the place to comment on the grand question of the removal of sewage from great communities. I am bent on indicating how the house, and nothing more, is to be purified of sewage matter. An engineering feat has been so far advanced, at all events, that in our large centres of life some kind of general arrangement has been made by which a receptacle of some sort or another has been constructed out of the house for the reception of the sewage that has to be sent away. The receptacle may be a large main sewer, it may be a cesspool, but it is in existence outside the dwelling, and the point the housekeeper has to settle is how he can empty



into that common centre and have his house behind it free of pollution. Happily, this can be accomplished, and I will now proceed to explain the easiest way toward the accomplishment.

Imprimis, it is necessary in every house to secure that in the basement floor there shall be at least one thorough good drain which shall pass from the back of the house to the front, and shall be certain to enter the sewer with a good and efficient fall throughout its entire course. The drain thus laid should never be excessively large; the greatest mistakes are often made on this matter—for if it be too large it is never properly flushed, and then it becomes itself a receptacle, or sewer. For a house that will hold a family of twenty persons, a six-inch pipe is, in my opinion, amply sufficient. Some would tell us—and I think Mr. Chadwick would—that a four-inch pipe is as large as could be needed for such a domicile. The pipe throughout should be so well laid that between the joints there is no leakage. This is one of the most difficult details to overcome, but it can be overcome by care in the laying, and by embedding the joints of the tube thoroughly in cement. To test whether the tube after it is laid is true and safe, it is requisite to close up all the outlets in it except the one at the highest point, and then to determine whether from the highest point the tube can be filled with water, and if, being filled, it will remain full. That determined affirmatively, the tube may be considered sound. How many of such sound tubes exist it would not be difficult to tell; they might as yet be counted almost on the fingers of one's hand, for it requires much skill to lay them with sufficient accuracy to secure what is desired. The difficulty is, however, now, I hope, nearly overcome.

The tubes must not only be laid so as to be water-tight, they must be laid in such a manner as to be very smooth on their inner surface. If they present projections from the inside, those projections become so many points of obstruction, and at them the cylinder is apt to block. A nucleus is then laid for the stoppage of the solid material, and that once laid is sure to increase rapidly and become a firm obstruction. It has been a subject of dispute of late years of what the surface of the interior of the house-drain should be composed. It is customary to use the glazed pipe composed of earthenware. It would seem at first sight that nothing could be more adaptable to what is wanted than the smooth earthenware tube. In practice it is nevertheless found that the glazed surface is not altogether desirable. One of the chief obstructing agents in the house-drain is the fat which, in the fluid state—dissolved in the hot water in which dishes are washed—cools on entering the drain, and, becoming solid as it passes along, adheres to the side of the tube, and by accretion closes it very much or altogether. On the glazed surface the fat accretes more closely than on any other; it becomes as it were a part of the surface itself, and, like two pieces of glass which tightly pressed together are like one, it and the surface on which it lies are like one. There is nothing to separate them, and one layer of fat laid down, it becomes a foundation for any number that follow, until the diameter of the tube is, in the most scientific way, reduced to the smallest dimensions. A somewhat rougher tube is, therefore, more desirable, and a tube of a structure like cement, with a joint which locks in a very ingenious manner, is now becoming a favorite tube for the house-drain. The safest, and, up to this time, the best tube, is one of iron, in good lengths, or in one entire length, the interior lined, and the joints completely sealed. To this the expense is the one serious objection.

The main tube laid and tested, and a free communication established between it and the sewer, the other tubes from all parts of the house, from the soil-pipes, sinks, and subsidiary drains, should be brought into the main, the utmost care being taken that the connections between them and the

main are secure. In carrying down the smaller pipes it should be a matter of caution to avoid all sharp angles; where an angle has to be turned, it should be turned with a good round corner, and with as full a fall direct from the angle as can be secured; then there is less chance of lodgment of solid substance at the angle.

Of the pipes that are laid to enter the principal house-drain, the soil-pipe is the most important. It is requisite, it is even urgent, that this pipe should, whenever it is in any way possible, be carried down on the outside of the house. I know this is not always possible in houses which have been built long ago, and I regret to observe that it is not always carried out in houses that have been built in the present day, but this does not alter the advisability. If the soil-pipe must be inside the house, it should be fixed with special care that the joints be closed—should there be joints—and the joints should be as few as can be. I do not agree with the view that the pipe should be imbedded in the wall, and so be made inaccessible. On the contrary, it ought, in my opinion, to be perfectly accessible at every point of its course, and only kept out of sight by a movable wooden or metal panel.

All the tributary drains having been brought into communication with the chief drain of the house, and all closely sealed into it, the chief drain has to be trapped outside the dwelling, a little way before it reaches the common sewer.

[End of Required Reading for February.]

## THE BARD SPEAKS.

What though I leave this dull and earthly mould,  
Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold  
With after times.—The patriot shall feel  
My stern alarum, and unsheath his steel;  
Or in the senate thunder out my numbers,  
To startle princes from their easy slumbers.  
The sage will mingle with each moral theme  
My happy thoughts sententious: he will teem  
With lofty periods when my verses fire him,  
And then I'll stoop from heaven to inspire him.  
Lays have I left of such a dear delight  
That maids will sing them on their bridal-night;  
Gay villagers, upon a morn of May,  
When they have tired their gentle limbs with play,  
And formed a snowy circle on the grass,  
And placed in midst of all that lovely lass  
Who chosen is their queen,—with her fine head  
Crowned with flowers purple, white, and red:  
For there the lily and the musk-rose sighing,  
Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying:  
Between her breasts, that never yet felt trouble,  
A bunch of violets full blown, and double,  
Serenely sleep:—she from a casket takes  
A little book,—and then a joy awakes  
About each youthful heart,—with stifled cries,  
And rubbing of white hands and sparkling eyes:  
For she's to read a tale of hopes and fears;  
One that I fostered in my youthful years:  
The pearls, that on each glistening circlet sleep,  
Gush ever and anon with silent creep,  
Lured by the innocent dimples. To sweet rest  
Shall the dear babe, upon its mother's breast,  
Be lulled with songs of mine. Fair world, adieu!  
Thy dales and hills are fading from my view:  
Swiftly I mount, upon wide-spreading pinions,  
Far from the narrow bounds of thy dominions.  
Full joy I feel, while thus I cleave the air,  
That my soft verse will charm thy daughters fair,  
And warm thy sons!

# MYTHOLOGY IN HISTORY.

When in our boyhood we read the early books of Livy, or the initial chapters of "Dr. Goldsmith's History of Rome," with what especial delight we lingered over the achievements of the founders of the Republic. No after-figures in the history were so fine as those legendary heroes—L. Junius Brutus, Mucius Scaevola, and the rest. Even without the help of Macaulay's Lays we should have remembered how Horatius kept the bridge "in the brave days of old," or how Clælia swam the Tiber to escape from Porsenn's camp, or how Scaevola thrust his hand into the fire; but we might have had but a hazy notion about Cannæ or Zama, or Philippi or Actium. Indeed, Cocles and Scaevola must be acknowledged on all hands as greater heroes than either Scipio or Cæsar: and if we could feel as sure of their existence as we do of the existence of the conquerors of Carthage and of Gaul, I do not suppose there is anyone who would not first choose their deeds for contemplation.

But the cold breath of historical criticism has blown over these fine personalities, and has withered them up. Lars Porsenna, it seems, so far from being daunted by that heroic youth who thrust his hand into the flame and said, "See how much thy torments may avail to make a brave man tell his secrets!"—so far from being daunted as he ought to have been by this exhibition, and turning straightway back again and disbanding his army, did not, it seems, ever turn away at all; but rather kept his face still fixed upon Rome, and to such purpose that he presently took the city and sacked it. And history has gone so far as to raise a doubt whether there ever was witnessed that memorable act of hand-burning, or whether the three ever kept the bridge as they were said to have done; whether Clælia did swim the Tiber, or Curtius leap into the gulf, and so forth?

Are we then on our part to turn our backs upon Titus Livius altogether? Or ought we to try and put these mythic histories through a crucible of criticism in the hope of extracting from them some golden grains of historic fact? That was Niebuhr's way of treating the prehistoric legends of the Romans. Grote, with those of Greece, tried the plan of merely turning his back upon the myths, and leaving them altogether out of account. I would advocate neither course. There is, as I deem, a value sufficient in these myths, perhaps a value not easy to overestimate. But it is not one that can be given in terms of what we generally call history. There are golden grains in these stories; but they are not grains of actual fact. They are not lies neither; not mere inventions. They are myths, that is to say, they are beliefs; and mythology and belief have a history of their own which is not the same thing as the history of events. They have a truth of their own, but this truth is not the same thing as fact.

The truth of mythology is poetic truth, which, like poetic justice and other things of the like kind, never are found in their pure form in the record of events. They exist only in fairyland or in an ideal world. Yet it would be not too much to claim for the legendary history of Rome that it bore in its womb the real history of that city which was by time to be brought to light. Nor in a more general sense is it too much to say, that the outline of what a nation will do lies concealed in that ideal which primitive nations possess of what their ancestors have done. Perhaps with individuals it is true likewise that the achievements of the man bear some proportion to the ambitious dreams of the boy; but, if it is not true of men, it certainly is so of nations.

The mythic age always precedes the historical. At a certain period of a nation's culture a moment arrives when the people seem to wake up, and for the first time cast a curious and observing eye upon the world in which they live. Then for the first time they grow capable of recording

events as they actually happen, and not merely of repeating old stories of how things might have happened. Then history awakes; and then the myths and legends, like ghosts at dawn, wrap themselves in a thin mist and flit away not to return; not to return at any rate with their old power. The old tales are still repeated, but no longer with belief. Losing that, they lose all vitality; they bear no offspring, and themselves soon grow old and withered; the mythic age has ended. Europe fell into a mythic sleep after the fall of the Western Empire; and all through those ages which we call the dark, it continued still in that legendary state. We ought perhaps to count the dawn of the historic age to begin about the time of Saint Louis and the end of the Crusades, when the wild excitement which the religious wars called forth, and the fairy world which they had power to create, faded from men's imaginations. If the ending of the Crusades is to stand for the ending of the mythic era of mediæval history, the fulness of the legendary age may be placed about the middle of the tenth century, just before the Crusades began. Then arose that series of poems celebrating the imaginary deeds of Charlemagne and of his peers, which we know under the name of the "Chansons de Geste," and which do in fact constitute the one great epic of mediæval Christianity. Every nation has of necessity its mythic age; but it takes a great nation and a great occasion to produce an epic. The early wars between the Greeks of Europe and the Greeks of Asia had that power; so had the first maritime adventure of the Greek race. The Iliad is the offspring of the one and the Odyssey of the other. The infant struggles of Rome may have given birth to an epic, which has been lost to us.\* The third great epic produced among the nations of the West was the Carolingian cycle of poems, which arose at the time of the crusades, that is to say, at the beginning of another contest between the East and West, a more deadly one than any recorded in the Iliad.

It is by a kindly habit of nature that any enterprise which is nobly conceived and nobly executed, even if it fail in the end for which it was undertaken, does not do so ignominiously, but falls, if fall it must, wrapped round with dignity like Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's statue: whereas the meaner ages which are incapable of great ambition or of great enterprises, end their days in shameful contempt and laughter. The last drama of the Crusades was played before Tunis; and it was doubtless, not that a losing cause should revive again, but that the cause, being a great one, should not, though foredoomed to failure, quit the stage of history unhonored, that the splendid figure of St. Louis was selected to grace this, its closing scene. For the grandeur of the Crusades lay not in what the crusaders accomplished, but in what they tried to do. Theirs was not an age of exact knowledge, but of belief; and in all matters, failure through excess of belief and lack of knowledge is more successful than the successes of knowledge with lack of belief.

About 1090, Peter the Hermit began his exhortation to the Christian world, and his descriptions of the cruelties inflicted on the pilgrims to the Holy City. Three years afterward, he and Walter the Penniless collected their motley bands and inaugurated the Crusades. But for many years before the voice of Peter had been heard, rumors of the things which he proclaimed had been passing through Europe, and Christendom was tingling with indignation and the desire of revenge. Christendom and Islam were furious as two wild beasts, and ready at any moment to fly at each other's throats. People saw the storm approaching and took count of their powers; and, as men will do on

\*Niebuhr supposes something like this to have happened, and that the legends related by Livy were all taken from some great heroic poem or series of poems.



such occasions, they fondly looked back to a time when Europe was, as they fancied, far stronger and far more united than it had become in their degenerate days. That past of theirs was the age of Charlemagne. Myth took hold of the tradition of Charles's empire, and transformed the events to suit the feeling of its own time.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

### WHAT TO READ.

A mind unnerved, or indisposed to bear  
The weight of subjects worthiest of her care,  
Whatever hopes a change of scene inspires,  
Must change her nature, or in vain retires.  
An idler is a watch that wants both hands,  
As useless if it goes as when it stands.  
Books, therefore, not the scandal of the shelves,  
In which lewd sensualists print out themselves;  
Nor those in which the stage gives vice a blow,  
With what success let modern manners show;  
Nor his\* who, for the bane of thousands born,  
Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn,  
Skillful alike to seem devout and just,  
And stab religion with a sly side-thrust;  
Nor those of learned philologists, who chase  
A panting syllable through time and space,  
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,  
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark;  
But such as learning without false pretence,  
The friend of truth, the associate of sound sense,  
And such as, in the zeal of good design,  
Strong judgment laboring in the scripture mine,  
All such as manly and great souls produce,  
Worthy to live, and of eternal use;  
Behold in these what leisure hours demand,  
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.  
Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,  
And, while she polishes, perverts the taste;  
Habits of close attention, thinking heads,  
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,  
Till authors hear at length one general cry,  
*Tickle and entertain us, or we die!*  
The loud demand, from year to year the same,  
Beggars Invention, and makes Fancy lame;  
Till farce itself, most mournfully jejune,  
Calls for the kind assistance of a tune,  
And novels (witness every month's Review)  
Belle their name, and offer nothing new.  
The mind relaxing into needful sport,  
Should turn to writers of an abler sort,  
Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,  
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.

\* Voltaire.

### THREE BURDENS.

The burden of Life.—Hours of pain,  
Strong struggles for victories vain,  
Dull doom of dust to dust again,  
A ship of insecurity  
On stormy sea.

The burden of Love.—A bright morn,  
That looks its loveliest at its dawn.  
Ah, better had it ne'er been born!  
For soon drive mists of misery  
O'er darkened sea.

The burden of Christ.—Blinding tears,  
A longing and love through long years,  
A firm, faithful front to all fears—  
Then glorious eternity  
Of golden sea!

### CHRISTIAN JOURNALISM: ITS IDEA AND ITS IDEAL.\*

On Monday of this week, Sitting Bull—who has just made his geographical transit from savagery to civilization—as he was sailing down the Missouri in a steamer, was urged to tell the story of his life to a newspaper interviewer. The interpreter explained to him some of the wonderful advantages of the newspaper. The great newspaper was almost a rival of the Great Father. It could talk every day to as many people as he could count in three moons. After fanning himself in silence for a few minutes, a meditative silence punctuated only by an occasional grunt, he declined the importunity to talk to the great man of the newspaper, naively giving as his reason "that the great newspaper tells the truth." So quickly had this Napoleonic "brave" apprehended what must be regarded as the primary element in the ideal of Christian journalism, I make no doubt that we shall presently have him as a life-subscriber to *The Advance*. He may yet attain to the honor of the lecture platform in Philosophy Hall, Chautauqua!

"It is not the solitary man," said Goethe, "that can accomplish anything, but only he who unites with many at the right time."

The business of the grand priests of humanity, said Comte, is to modify the wills, without commanding the acts, of men. It will be the duty of this priesthood to make men conscious that their occupations are social functions, and that everything that is valuable in their lives has been gained for them by the continued labor of humanity, and that all they can give and do is due to their day and generation.

On the 22d of February, the so-called "Soldiers of the Press," to the number of one thousand and two hundred Roman Catholic journalists, representatives of the Catholic press in all lands, had, in the great hall of the Vatican, a great day of recognition and honor. Pope Leo XIII, seated on his throne, surrounded by his guard in full uniform, and attended by a concourse of foreign prelates, after receiving the homage of the journalists, with their shouts of "Long live the Pope King!" proceeded, in an eloquent address, to tell them how "penetrated he was with great joy and gladness of mind at the sight of their presence;" "the more rejoiced at this," he said, "because he felt that the times were needful of aid such as theirs, and of brave defenders of their stamp;" and, furthermore, to indicate how best they might bring to bear their power and combine their forces through the medium of their journals, in "the one common purpose, of vindicating and doing battle for the rights of the Roman Pontiff."

Everything that pontifical etiquette could do to honor the occasion was done. As one of them, a French journalist, wrote: "We were treated with the honors due a great power. Rome, the great Rome, mother and mistress of nations, thinks us a power, a power for good, especially a power against evil." Nor, friends, can it be said that the world-dominating genius of Rome was mistaken in this signal recognition of the fact, that this "new army of the press" is a great power, for good or evil.

But what is journalism? What great popular want does it meet? What is the ideal of Christian Journalism? And what is its relation to the other great coordinate forces of the Christian Church in the militant hosts of the Lord?

Journalism is the daily history of the world. It recognizes the unity of the human family; it assumes the solidarity of its history; and is the endeavor, with the concentrated aid of all the arts, day by day, or week by week, to

\* A lecture delivered in the Hall of Philosophy, at Chautauqua, in August, 1881, by the Rev. Simeon Gilbert, editor of *The Advance*, of Chicago, Ill.



photograph its life and to depict its movements. It is not, however, precisely that. It is at once both less and more than that. To make note of all that is doing and going on is out of the question. The daily news of the world, if we knew it all, would appear infinite, and would be altogether bewildering.

Journalism, to be of use, implies some philosophy of history: the perception of the fact that the endlessly diversified processes and changes that take place in human affairs, do so because they naturally have their place, and are subject to certain laws, forces, influences, tendencies, that determine them. So that the deeds that are done can be classified; the changes that go on can be, in the main, referred to their own principles of action, in such a way that from one it shall be possible quickly to infer the rest. Given but comparatively a few facts—if these are the facts that have most significance, are especially the exponential facts, and are then so put and so placed together as, so to speak, not only to add, but to multiply, their significance,—the whole becomes mainly intelligible.

And herein, it may be remarked, lie the art and mystery, or rather mastery, of true journalism, in not only the open, swift vision that sees things at a glance, but in the "philosophic mind," and that instantaneous sense of the things which, at the time and in their relations, are fitted to give forth most, and the most legible meaning, and go furthest toward interpreting the vast, solemn, inspiring mystery of the years and the ages, as they unroll before our view.

Journalism is the answer to a universal popular appetite and want. The newspaper is journalism reduced to print, and by aid of the modern miracle of the press, multiplied fast enough to be strewn among the people thick as the buds of spring. The newspaper is of comparatively recent invention; but journalism is not. Journalism is nothing but history brought down to date. From underneath Babylonian and Assyrian ruins, spared from the erosion of the thousands of years that swept over them, have but lately come to light wonderful samples of the journals that used to be made by order of the kings and conquerors of the olden world. Monuments, triumphal structures, and sepulchers even, builded in their own lifetime for ancient Egyptian despots, garnished o'er with all manner of significant pictures and inscriptions,—these answered, in part, the ends of journalism for those times. For, the world wants to know; there are always those who want to be known; and there have always existed some means of making popularly known the more notable transactions of the time. And yet, beyond all comparison, for effectiveness and convenience, is the modern journal. Although comparatively late in coming to its kingdom, it is nevertheless the felt response to a universal trait of our nature, and to certain necessities of social advancement that are now obvious to all.

Newspapers began to be printed a little more than one hundred and fifty years ago; but the astonishing development of their real power belongs almost wholly to the present century. And now, not the Roman Pontiff alone, but all men, see that a vast department of intellectual energy has come into being, a new dynasty has risen into power; a new army has come to the front.

That this should have no effect upon other and older agencies of civilization and of evangelization can not, of course, be expected. It may not supersede any of them, but it can not avoid affecting the conditions of all of them. The Pulpit, the School, the Legislature, the Judiciary, can never again occupy just the position they did. The newer power, coördinate with them, and persistently, inevitably, encroaching upon their domain, has necessarily altered somewhat their place in reference to the people, and in relation to each other. And, as the London Times not long

since remarked: "It is never amiss to realize the truths that we live in a world with competitors struggling for existence all around us."

The journal has, moreover, an unspeakable advantage in this, that it can match its discussions more exactly to the question of the current hour. An article which, if lugged in at the wrong moment, would have made no impression, being brought forward when most apt and timely, may set the whole Christian world to talking about it, and turn Christendom into a debating society. Mr. Gladstone has done this more than once; and so have others. An article may be good this week, which last week would have been nearly good for nothing.

But *Christian* journalism—wherein is it distinguished from any other kind of journalism? What matters it whether the report of a town meeting or the daily record of a legislative body be kept by a Christian, a Jew or a pagan? What has the moral character of the painter to do, with his landscape? It may have nothing to do with it; but it is not so with the daily portraiture of the world's life, which it is the office of journalism to give. Christian journalism is distinguished, first of all, by its *point of view*; second, by what it *aims to effect*; third, by its *guiding principles*, its *motives*, its *instruments*.

We read in the Apocalypse of John concerning an angel who was seen "standing in the sun"—that central orb and all-illuminating eye of the material universe. To a being capable of taking in the view, that was the best possible point of vision, where he might not only see the things that are, but see them *as they are*, in their actual proportions and relations.

Now, true, that is to say, Christian, journalism is also apocalyptic in its nature. It is, according to the light there is in it, a revelation to the sympathetic beholder, if not of the things which shall "shortly come to pass," at least the revelation and interpretation of the things which are, day by day, coming to pass. All journalism, whatever its character, endeavors to see the world as it is, and to report it accordingly. But it is, after all, only an infinitesimal part of the world's vast on-goings that can be seen, much less made note of. Which, then, are the parts that should be taken as having most significant bearings on all that is, or that is about to be?

It ought not to be left to chance, or hap-hazard, or caprice. There must be some law of selection; some principle by which to determine, out of the measureless mass of facts coming up to view, which ones to take, while letting the rest pass. And, as there could never be time to pause and "argue the case" over each particular, it is obvious that there must be, in the ideal journalism, a certain intuition, sense, judgment and expert tact, that shall operate like a divinely instructed instinct, empowering it to be always "building better than it knows."

And this is so because it takes its point of view at the throne of the Almighty, and is all the while seeking to instruct its vision by the regulative light of the Divine reason, so far as that has been revealed.

In the ancient times, the Prophets were the journalists of their time. In that "vision and faculty" which was vouchsafed them, they saw, and they easily foresaw. Taking this stand by that august potency "whose home is the bosom of God, and whose voice is the harmony of the world," it was given them both to see, and to say the truth, when and as it was most needed.

All this would be the case with the ideal Christian journalism.

Again: Christian journalism is distinguished by what it aims to effect. It has its mission, its reason for being; and it understands clearly what that is. When asked if he was indeed a king, our Lord replied, "To this end

was I born, and for this cause came I into the world—that I should bear witness unto the truth." The same, although in a secondary sense, is to be said of Christian Journalism. And thus was it born to rule. For this cause has it come into the front rank of the world's ruling forces that it might be a martyr to the truth, and show the world the things which are, and which are surely coming to be, in the light of that which is, eternally.

Christian Journalism sees the world, near and far, as it is: and the sight appears to it at once most appalling and most inspiring. It sees the wrongs, the falsehoods, the perversions of truth, the enslavement mental and spiritual, the burdens and the strifes, the heart-burning hates and the blood-freezing fears, the thousand-fold abominations of desolation, old and recent, often most disastrously present and active, where least they should be allowed to stand.

All this it looks forth upon, and yet it can not despair; it dare not falter. It believes him "unto whom all things have been given both in heaven and on earth." It knows that he will never fail nor be discouraged, until he bring forth judgment unto victory! And it takes it as a no small part of its mission to kindle hope and awaken courage, and to foster in the heart of all good men a divine audacity of purpose in our great world-reforming task. Bad as the world is—and the newspaper is apt enough to see the worst—the philosophy of pessimism, in every form of it, is abhorrent to true Christian Journalism. The prophetic word, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins, to him be the glory and the mastery forever," is ever ringing in its ear, and giving tone and the key-note to its utterances.

Christian Journalism, it must be admitted, has not been early in coming to its kingdom. Surprising as its development has appeared to be during the last half century, it is still groping if haply it may find its exact place. It has nothing of the temper of (Milton's) Satan, who would reign alone or not at all. It is characteristic of it to be content to be—yea, to be ambitious to become, joint-ruler with other anointed forces in Christ's kingdom. If it has sometimes seemed to be slightly given to self-assertion, in demanding popular recognition of its legitimate prerogatives, in spite of any professional prejudices which there may have been against the up-start claims of a *novus homo*, it can not be said that it has been disinclined to accord due recognition and honor to the other coördinate functions of an aggressive Christianity. On the contrary, the journal never magnifies its own office so much as when rejoicing in its opportunity and facilities for magnifying every other office for good, and doing somewhat to give it wider publicity, a larger scope, a cumulative force, a perpetually self-multiplying efficiency.

Christian Journalism is not mere ecclesiastical Journalism. It understands better than that comes to what is meant by Peter's vision, when he was bidden, "Count nothing common or unclean."

There are in the world about 15,000 newspapers. Some of these are wholly secular, others are wholly ecclesiastical; some are believed to be satanic; nor are those of this sort wholly limited to the "secular" class of journals. Then, there is another kind—though I dare not undertake to say just where you will find them, nor would I admit that the number of such is small,—which are simply, comprehensively, thoroughly Christian. Anointed with wisdom and power, they go about doing good. They first of all seek to catch from the spirit of the Master himself the highest inspirations to helpful service. They snatch wisdom from a thousand sources. They light a thousand torches, or fan them into purer flame, and pass them from hand to hand, going forth every whither. They put under requisition a thousand pens of such as speak because they have something to say, and are constrained to say it. They glean from near and far. They keep in mind, not one class alone,

but all classes of readers, and these of all ages. They deem it a matter of inestimable advantage that they can engage the interest of whole households in the same periodical, thus unifying the home life, and binding it with common, endearing associations, in course of each generation making each one's "days to be bound each to each in filial piety."

These journals (when you find them), you will find that while they watch with unsleeping eye contemporary events and movements, are at the same time profoundly imbued with the "historic spirit." They have studied deeply the various predominating tendencies and influences which have operated hitherto, in shaping the developments of human history. They have noted carefully what sort of historic jointures the successive epochs have made in the transition from one to another. They watch present occurrences in the light of the past, and, above all, in the light of those truths and forces that are eternal; and so they are enabled to sight well the imminent future. And thus it happens, that the continually emergent specific problems of the time are distinctly seen and understood, foreseen and prepared for.

It is Christianity, of course, which is the answer to every want, the remedy for every wrong, the solace for every sorrow, the solution of all perplexities, the supreme force upholding all right endeavor.

But, how to get Christianity *applied* to the want, is the question. Every thoughtful person has times when he stands with tremulous solicitude in presence of certain emergencies of the time. From many quarters falsehoods and wrongs, with face of brass and look of scorn, snap the finger of defiance and fling out the taunt: what are you going to do about it? We can not escape it; we must take up the challenge. In some way, our power must overmatch their craft.

Preaching, the foremost agency of all though it is, fails to meet the exigency of the time. Education in the schools is desultory and thin. Christian example is a sorry mixture of good and bad. Journalism alone, however perfect in its ideal, is puny. And yet, distinct as these several strands of influence are, held firmly in the hand of the Almighty, they may be braided into a power that can not be broken!

The question as to how these mutually supplementary agencies can best do their work, implies this other question: How can they best work together? As for antagonism, there is none; as for jealousies, there should not be any.

The Christian sermon and the Christian newspaper aim at essentially the same thing, though in different ways. It is the task of Christian Journalism to stimulate the public conscience, to educate the public judgment, to concentrate, form, and formulate the public opinion. It is, then, its business to go to work and bring all wrongs before the bar of this popular judgment, and to enforce all reforms by the majestic sanctions of this public opinion. Journalism is a sort of "board of commission," endowed with unlimited power to investigate and report. But what a range and sweep of investigation, observation, suggestion constantly open before it!

Its commission never expires. All methods of search are its own. There is scarcely anything which it is not pertinent for it to inquire into. It is perpetually resolving itself into a "committee of the whole." It is a parliament that is never prorogued; it is a congress where "motions" are always in order, except the motion to adjourn; it is an "advisory council" which never waits on "letters-missive" from the churches; it is a "regularly recurring national council," which meets, not triennially, but once a week. Without making any pretensions to being "the court of our Lord Jesus Christ," it is a Christian court, which never rises, before which testimony is perpetually being received,



where witnesses may at any time be questioned or cross-questioned, before which "grand juries" are all the while presenting fresh indictments, and where there are no "final appeals" short of the "law and the testimony."

It is the grand meeting-place for all earnest souls, men and women, whose moral sense has been touched with emotion, whose devotion to the Master has caught something of his own enthusiasm of humanity, who discern somewhat the spirit of the time or who have felt deeply the subtle momentum of that tremendous stream of tendency that sweeps down from the past upon the present evermore, and for the right direction of which they feel themselves to be, both individually and jointly, responsible.

There is nothing more characteristic of it than its universal intrusiveness. Like the camel, it has protruded its inquisitive, sagacious head into every miller's shop, and withdrawn it from none. There is not any profession or other department of modern enterprise into which it has not gently, resistlessly, pushed its way, profoundly, in many cases completely, modifying their methods, and almost wholly changing the instruments used. There are other schoolmasters abroad than those who sit mending quills or handling ferules. There are other jurists than those who occupy the "wool-sack" or look wise in silk gowns, or who sit sleepily in high-backed chairs while the barristers busy themselves, as Domitian did, catching flies—the "wicked fleas" of sheer technicalities. There are other pulpits than those put up in meeting-houses. And the largest audiences are not those gathered in any church. The relation between the priest and his people has ceased to be just what it used to be. The gold-headed cane awes no more, and he who would make of himself a Pontifex Maximus now, is fortunate if he escape making himself ridiculous. And even that august pontifical pretender who sits over there in the chair of St. Peter has grown to feel his impotence without the rallying support of his fittingly-acknowledged "new army of the press."

Has the Christian ministry lost its divine call to be, because of the rise and extension of Christian journalism? Not in the least. Is it likely that it ever will? Never. Has it lost any of its unique prerogatives? It has experienced certain changes, but has suffered no loss.

The very structure of human society will always furnish a vocation for the spiritual counselor, the religious leader, the personally present organizer. While the mere teacher may sit in his chair, or the journalist trace his thought with a pencil, the preacher must be upon his feet to waken and help the hearts of the people in worship, to stir the thought of the congregation, and seal conviction with actual and instant persuasion. The preacher still has a call to be a man discerning with clearest penetration, the character, the tendencies, and the counter-tendencies, of not only the world that has been, but also of the passing hour which bears all things on its infinite bosom; able to descry danger as it approaches, to suggest, organize and direct effort precisely as it is needed, being himself preëminently and contagiously strong, nurtured by constant association with eternal verities and the everlasting facts, and ever carrying into his personal ministrations, especially in the sermon, the "divine sense of victory and success." But, he must be content to leave for the journal and other educational and other influential agencies, much that once pertained to the ministry, with a sacred contemporaneity of humility and exultation, accept it as his business, chiefly, to charge knowledge with influence, and to change truth into character, touching with consecrated fire the common thought and several wills of the waiting congregation. Leaving to the newspaper—hoping it is the purest and wisest of Christian journals—all the rest of the week, the sermon claims its own hour; but then it is for it to strike, as the lightning does!

Doubtless the modern preacher ought to be as familiar as

possible with all that the men of his time know, especially with the beliefs and misbeliefs, convictions and doubts, which most thinking persons about him are wrestling with; and should thus know just where and how to find his hearers, in respect of their deepest and most vital longings and necessities. But, when it comes to the sermon, it should never be as if he had forgotten that the Christian newspaper is coöperating with him in the same field. Or, as if—he had not already done so—it were not a grand part of his ministerial wisdom to do his utmost to get the most suitable Christian family paper into every home within his parish. For, it is the newspaper, not the sermon, whose calling it now is to scout, and skirmish, and forage here and there, and maintain its system of pickets and advance guards on every side, in defence of truth and conquest over error. The sermon has no time for all that, but must stay at the front and charge right onward.

John Milton, as you remember, in his most eloquent plea in defence of a free press, wrote: "It is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books [had he lived in our time he would of course have said newspapers] do demean themselves as well as men; and (if found bad) thereafter to confine, imprison and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men; and yet, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kill the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured, on purpose to a life beyond life!"

If, now, all that may be said of good books, how much more might it be said of the true Christian newspaper.

The ideal Christian journal has not yet appeared! They could not find an editor! And he could not find the right contributors, nor a public worthy of it. And even if published, within a year, half-a-thousand people, all the way between Dan and Beersheba, impatient that their hobby had not been ridden, or had been upset, would be writing in exclaiming, "Stop my paper!" And several of these would, likely enough, be ministers. And though it might venture for awhile to be, and like Moses from Mount Nebo, receive glorious glimpses of the Promised Land, it would, perhaps, presently find itself ready for the kiss of God and the grace of translation!

However, when such an idealized Christian journal does come, and come to stay, it will find enough to do, and will tend to make things lively all around. It will find a wonderful world spread out before it. It will feel itself to be at the focal center of the world, touched by the vehement impact of all its influences and streams of tendency, both of those that are concurrent and of those that conflict. The sight of what this vast being called humanity is, and is doing, and ought to be doing, will be at once oppressive and animating. The thought that, if not even now a *massa perditionis*, its millions can escape the imminent perdition in only one way, will strike hard the deepest chords of compassion. The thought that, nevertheless, this is the world which God so loved, will make it love the world too—the whole world, and to glory in what is destined to be the total outcome of its history. And it will covet for its own supreme gift, first of all, that "anointing of the Holy One which teacheth all things."



This coming journalism will not be an old fog; it will not be a new fog; it will not be any "fog" at all. But it will carry a cool and level head, and bear, beneath its balanced, strong shoulders, a heart hot and steadfast as are the anthracite furnace-flames where ores are purged of their dross, and from which the precious metal flows molten and pure into the mint, perpetually issuing in coin, clear-ringing and solid, with bright face and sharp edges, stamped with the master's own superscription, and ready for the thought-currency of the world!

And when it comes along (as perhaps, after all, it may some day come!) it will be more chivalric than any plumed knight; more possessed by a great purpose than any crusader; gentle and sweet tempered as is any child; heroic as ever was any champion of oppressed innocence, or other hapless wight whom cruel hands were ready to thrust down lower yet. Its face will blanch and cower before no foe. It will pause to palter in no idle disputations. It will carry a free lance, always held at rest, and, for its steed, will ride the wings of the lightning.

The ideal Christian journal will probably belong to "our denomination;" that is to say, it will have its own pretty well defined convictions and rational preferences. At the same time, nothing will be more noticeable about this, than the way it will manage to make its spirit of delightful inter-denominational, as well as *intra*-denominational, comity and sweet charity toward all that is best in all the denominations, shine as a kind of aureole about the crown of its firm loyalty to its own. It will have an especial love for ministers. And this it will frequently attest in ways that shall prove to them "an excellent oil." There will be no brave clear-seeing reformer, with his more than Herculean task before him, who will think to venture on it without this supporting championship. There will be no great missionary undertaking, but it will put to its lips this silver trumpet and through it call to the people and talk with the nations.

If it happens, as sometimes it may, that heresies, multitudinous and foul—incipient or over-grown—both occult and open, seemingly infinitely persistent, religious, social, political, economic, or industrial heresies, and they are seen pushing their way into every city and town, infesting, as plagues, every home, and every apartment and utensil of the home life and character—the uplifted rod of Jehovah staying the plague and healing that that has been defiled will be seen held in the hand of this Christian journalism. Nor will any man of creative genius, born to organize and rule, to originate vast and far-reaching schemes, to marshal multitudes of men and means and forces, to unify and utilize innumerable helpers in the carrying on of his comprehensive purposes, especially if these plans, in their wide verge and scope, contemplate the giving of a new momentum to the total educational movement, in Christian ways, to an entire continent, think for a moment of compassing his aims without the help of a whole *Flood* of journalistic coadjutors.

And then there will be no home so rich or cultured, no Christian home so poor, but this measurelessly knowing and benignant friend, full of news, chat and cheer, breezy with the breath of the world's most fervid life, instinct with the best which the latest books contain, fresh from all the on-going revivals, venerable and strong with the aspect of that divine philosophy which is not "harsh and crabbed as dull facts suppose, but musical as is Apollo's lute." There will be no home, I say, but there he can make himself wholly at home, and ever increasingly welcome. The child will leap with delight to greet his coming and help him off with his wraps and mufflers. The holy grandmother, who had been sitting lost in the deep reverie of prayer, that soon the Kingdom may come, her eye will gleam

with wondrous far-away depths of joy, as she replaces the spectacles and looks over page after page to see how the glorious gospel-work goes forward. At nightfall, when father comes in, wearied, worried it may be, and depressed with the day's toil and strife, supper over and seated at the fireside, inexpressible is the soothing restfulness that steals upon him, as, quit of personal carking cares, he looks forth to see what his fellow toilers have meanwhile been doing in all the various shapes of sanctified industry and lines of Christian endeavor. And then, the "tea things" having been set in order for the night, when mother joins the circle at the hearthstone, and listens to what her sisters have, here and there in this and other lands, been doing to create happy homes for women the world over, it is "good as a meeting" to watch how a face, however "doubled up with care" it may have been, unwrinkles into smoothness, and gleams with strangely expanded love and the freshened light of hope, that the Day—the Day so dear to hearts that hope—is coming and already reddening the face of the morning. And so it goes on, with snatches of song and sermon, news and notes, intelligence from our churches and tidings from all churches, all so arranged and composed as to constitute a sort of poem of providence, a symphony of unfolding prophecy, or oratorio of the church breathing forth in both deeds and words its ardent prayers and conjubilant hopes. And so luminous and fresh, so joyous and large does this ideal friend make the home life to be, when this ideal of Christian journalism is at home, that the next time he comes, though there be scarcely a week between his visits, you shall observe such a lightening of footsteps, such a brightening of faces and genial multiplication of reasonable delights, that you might, at first, imagine that the family were about to receive a Thanksgiving visit from all their sisters and their cousins at once!

### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood,  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

### A DIRGE.

Calm on the bosom of thy God  
Fair spirit, rest thee now!  
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod  
His seal was on thy brow.  
Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul, to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die.

## LAVENGRO.

A DREAM OR DRAMA; OR, A SCHOLAR, A GYPSY,  
A PRIEST.

## CHAPTER XI.

It might be some six months after the events last recorded, that two individuals were seated together in a certain room, in a certain street of the old town which I have had occasion to mention in the preceding pages; one of them was an elderly, and the other a very young man, and they sat on either side of the fire-place, beside a table, on which were fruit and wine; the room was a small one, and in its furniture exhibited nothing remarkable. Over the mantel-piece, however, hung a small picture with naked figures in the foreground, and with much foliage behind. It might not have struck every beholder, for it looked old and smoke-dried; but a connoisseur, on inspecting it closely, would have pronounced it to be a Judgment of Paris, and a masterpiece of the Flemish school.

The forehead of the elder individual was high, and perhaps appeared more so than it really was, from the hair being carefully brushed back, as if for the purpose of displaying to the best advantage that part of the cranium; his eyes were large and full, and of a light brown, and might have been called heavy and dull, had they not been occasionally lighted up by a sudden gleam—not so brilliant however as that which at every inhalation shone from the bowl of the long clay pipe he was smoking, but which, from a certain sucking sound, which about this time began to be heard from the bottom, appeared to be giving notice that it would soon require replenishment from a certain canister, which, together with a lighted taper, stood upon the table beside him.

"You do not smoke?" said he, at length, laying down his pipe, and directing his glance to his companion.

Now there was at least one thing singular connected with this last, the color of his hair, which, notwithstanding his extreme youth, appeared to be rapidly becoming grey. He had very long limbs, and was apparently tall of stature, in which he differed from his elderly companion, who must have been somewhat below the usual height.

"No, I can't smoke," said the youth in reply to the observation of the other. "I have often tried, but could never succeed to my satisfaction."

"Is it possible to become a good German without smoking?" said the senior, half speaking to himself.

"I dare say not," said the youth; "but I shan't break my heart on that account."

"As for breaking your heart, of course you would never think of such a thing; he is a fool who breaks his heart on any account; but it is good to be a German, the Germans are the most philosophic people in the world, and the greatest smokers: now I trace their philosophy to their smoking."

"I have heard say their philosophy is all smoke—is that your opinion?"

"Why, no; but smoking has a sedative effect upon the nerves, and enables a man to bear the sorrows of this life (of which every one has his share) not only decently, but dignifiedly. Suicide is not a national habit in Germany, as it is in England."

"But that poor creature, Werther, who committed suicide, was a German."

"Werther is a fictitious character, and by no means a felicitous one; I am no admirer either of Werther or his author. But I should say that, if there was a Werther in Germany, he did not smoke. Werther, as you very justly observe, was a poor creature."

"And a very sinful one; I have heard my parents say that suicide is a great crime."

"Broadly, and without qualification, to say that suicide is a crime, is speaking somewhat unphilosophically. No doubt suicide, under many circumstances, is a crime, a very heinous one. When the father of a family, for example, to escape from certain difficulties, commits suicide, he commits a crime; there are those around him who look to him for support, by the law of nature, and he has no right to withdraw himself from those who have a claim upon his exertions; he is a person who decamps with other people's goods as well as his own. Indeed, there can be no crime which is not founded upon the depriving others of something which belongs to them. A man is hanged for setting fire to his house in a crowded city, for he burns at the same time or damages those of other peo-

ple; but if a man who has a house on a heath sets fire to it, he is not hanged, for he has not damaged or endangered any other individual's property, and the principle of revenge, upon which all punishment is founded, has not been aroused. Similar to such a case is that of the man who, without any family ties, commits suicide; for example, were I to do the thing this evening, who would have a right to call me to account? I am alone in the world, have no family to support, and, so far from damaging any one, should even benefit my heir by my accelerated death. However, I am no advocate for suicide under any circumstances; there is something undignified in it, unheroic, un-Germanic. But if you must commit suicide—and there is no knowing to what people may be brought—always contrive to do it as decorously as possible; the decencies, whether of life or of death, should never be lost sight of. I remember a female Quaker who committed suicide by cutting her throat, but she did it decorously and decently: kneeling down over a pail, so that not one drop fell upon the floor; thus exhibiting in her last act that nice sense of neatness for which Quakers are distinguished. I have always had a respect for that woman's memory."

And here, filling his pipe from the canister, and lighting it at the taper, he recommenced smoking calmly and sedately.

"But is not suicide forbidden in the Bible?" the youth demanded.

"Why, no; but what though it were!—the Bible is a respectable book, but I should hardly call it one whose philosophy is of the soundest. I have said that it is a respectable book; I mean respectable from its antiquity, and from containing, as Herder says, 'the earliest records of the human race'; those records are far from being dispassionately written, on which account they are of less value than they otherwise might have been. There is too much passion in the Bible, too much violence; now, to come to all truth, especially historic truth, requires cool dispassionate investigation, for which the Jews do not appear to have ever been famous. We are ourselves not famous for it, for we are a passionate people; the Germans are not—they are not a passionate people—a people celebrated for their oaths: we are. The Germans have many excellent historic writers, we—'tis true we have Gibbon. You have been reading Gibbon—what do you think of him?"

"I think him a very wonderful writer."

"He is a wonderful writer—one *sui generis*—uniting the perspicuity of the English—for we are perspicuous—with the cool dispassionate reasoning of the Germans. Gibbon sought after the truth, found it, and made it clear."

"Then you think Gibbon a truthful writer?"

"Why, yes; who shall convict Gibbon of falsehood? Many people have endeavored to convict Gibbon of falsehood; they have followed him in his researches, and have never found him once tripping. Oh, he's a wonderful writer! his power of condensation is admirable; the lore of the whole world is to be found in his pages. Sometimes in a single note he has given us the result of the study of years; or, to speak metaphorically, 'he has ransacked a thousand Gulistans, and has condensed all his fragrant booty into a single drop of otto.'"

"But was not Gibbon an enemy to the Christian faith?"

"Why, no; he was rather an enemy to priestcraft, so am I; and when I say the philosophy of the Bible is in many respects unsound, I always wish to make an exception in favor of that part of it in which it contains the life and sayings of Jesus of Bethlehem, to which I must always concede my unqualified admiration—of Jesus, mind you; for with his followers and their dogmas I have nothing to do. Of all historic characters, Jesus is the most beautiful and the most heroic. I have always been a friend to hero-worship, it is the only rational one, and has always been in use amongst civilized people—the worship of spirits is synonymous with barbarism—it is mere fetish; the savages of West Africa are all spirit worshippers. But there is something philosophic in the worship of the heroes of the human race, and the true hero is the benefactor. Brahma, Jupiter, Bacchus, were all benefactors, and, therefore, entitled to the worship of their respective peoples. The Celts worshipped Hesus, who taught them to plough, a highly useful art. We, who have attained a much higher state of civilization than the Celts ever did, worship Jesus, the first who endeavored to teach men to behave decently and decorously under all circumstances; who was the foe of vengeance, in which there is something highly indecorous; who had first the courage to lift his voice against that violent dogma, 'an eye for an eye'; who shouted conquer, but conquer with kindness; who said put up the sword, a violent unphilosophic weapon; and who finally died calmly and decorously in defense of his philosophy. He must be a savage who denies worship to the hero of Golgotha."



"But he was something more than a hero: he was the son of God, wasn't he?"

The elderly individual made no immediate answer; but, after a few more whiffs from the pipe, exclaimed, "Come, fill your glass! How do you advance with your translation of Tell?"

"It is nearly finished; but I do not think I shall proceed with it; I begin to think the original somewhat dull."

"There you are wrong; it is the masterpiece of Schiller, the first of German poets."

"It may be so," said the youth. "But, pray excuse me, I do not think very highly of German poetry. I have lately been reading Shakspeare, and, when I turn from him to the Germans—even the best of them—they appear mere pigmies. You will pardon the liberty I perhaps take in saying so."

"I like that every one should have an opinion of his own," said the elderly individual; "and what is more, declare it. Nothing displeases me more than to see people assenting to everything that they hear said; I at once come to the conclusion that they are either hypocrites, or there is nothing in them. But, with respect to Shakspeare, whom I have not read for thirty years, is he not rather given to bombast, 'crackling bombast,' as I think I have said in one of my essays?"

"I dare say he is," said the youth; "but I can't help thinking him the greatest of all poets, not even excepting Homer. I would sooner have written that series of plays, founded on the fortunes of the House of Lancaster, than the Iliad itself. The events described are as lofty as those sung by Homer in his great work, and the characters brought upon the stage still more interesting. I think Hotspur as much of a hero as Hector, and young Henry more of a man than Achilles; and then there is the fat knight, the quintessence of fun, wit, and rascality. Falstaff is a creation beyond the genius even of Homer."

"You almost tempt me to read Shakspeare again—but the Germans?"

"I don't admire the German," said the youth, somewhat excited. "I don't admire them in any point of view. I have heard my father say that, though good sharpshooters, they can't be much depended upon as soldiers; and that old Sergeant Meredith told him that Minden would never have been won but for the two English regiments, who charged the French with fixed bayonets, and sent them to the right-about in double-quick time. With respect to poetry, setting Shakspeare and the English altogether aside, I think there is another Gothic nation, at least, entitled to dispute with them the palm. Indeed, to my mind, there is more genuine poetry contained in the old Danish book which I came so strangely by, than has been produced in Germany from the period of the Niebelungen lay to the present."

"Ah, the *Kømpe Viser*?" said the elderly individual, breathing forth an immense volume of smoke, which he had been collecting during the declamation of his young companion. "There are singular things in that book, I must confess; and thank you for showing it to me, or rather your attempt at translation. I was struck with that ballad of Orm Ungarswayne, who goes by night to the grave-hill of his father to seek for counsel. And then, again, that strange melancholy Swayne Vonved, who roams about the world propounding people riddles; slaying those who can not answer, and rewarding those who can with golden bracelets. Were it not for the violence, I should say that ballad has a philosophic tendency. I thank you for making me acquainted with the book, and I thank the Jew Mousha for making me acquainted with you."

"That Mousha was a strange customer," said the youth, collecting himself.

"He was a strange customer," said the elder individual, breathing forth a gentle cloud. "I love to exercise hospitality to wandering strangers, especially foreigners; and when he came to this place, pretending to teach German and Hebrew, I asked him to dinner. After the first dinner, he asked me to lend him five pounds; I did lend him five pounds. After the fifth dinner, he asked me to lend him fifty pounds; I did not lend him the fifty pounds."

"He was as ignorant of German as of Hebrew," said the youth; "on which account he was soon glad, I suppose, to transfer his pupil to some one else."

"He told me," said the elderly individual, "that he intended to leave a town where he did not find sufficient encouragement; and, at the same time, expressed regret at being obliged to abandon a certain extraordinary pupil, for whom he had a particular regard. Now I, who have taught many people German from the love which I bear to it, and the desire which I feel that it should be generally diffused, instantly said, that I should be happy to take his pupil off his hands,

and afford him what instruction I could in German, for, as to Hebrew, I have never taken much interest in it. Such was the origin of our acquaintance. You have been an apt scholar. Of late, however, I have seen little of you—what is the reason?"

The youth made no answer.

"You think, probably, that you have learned all I can teach you? Well, perhaps you are right."

"Not so, not so," said the young man eagerly; "before I knew you I knew nothing, and am still very ignorant; but of late my father's health has been very much broken, and he requires attention; his spirits also have become low, which, to tell you the truth, he attributes to my misconduct. He says that I have imbibed all kinds of strange notions and doctrines, which will, in all probability, prove my ruin, both here and hereafter; which—which—"

"Ah! I understand," said the elder, with another calm whiff. "I have always had a kind of respect for your father, for there is something remarkable in his appearance, something heroic, and I would fain have cultivated his acquaintance; the feeling, however, has not been reciprocated. I met him the other day up the road, with his cane and dog, and saluted him; he did not return my salutation."

"He has certain opinions of his own," said the youth, "which are widely different from those which he has heard that you profess."

"I respect a man for entertaining an opinion of his own," said the elderly individual. "I hold certain opinions; but I should not respect an individual the more for adopting them. All I wish for is tolerance, which I myself endeavor to practice. I have always loved the truth, and sought it; if I have not found it, the greater my misfortune."

"Are you happy?" said the young man.

"Why, no! And between ourselves, it is that which induces me to doubt sometimes the truth of my opinions. My life, upon the whole, I consider a failure; on which account, I would not counsel you, or any one, to follow my example too closely. It is getting late, and you had better be going, especially as your father, you say, is anxious about you. But, as we may never meet again, I think there are three things which I may safely venture to press upon you. The first is, that the decencies and gentlenesses should never be lost sight of, as the practice of the decencies and gentlenesses is at all times compatible with independence of thought and action. The second thing which I would wish to impress upon you is, that there is always some eye upon us; and that it is impossible to keep anything we do from the world, as it will assuredly be divulged by somebody as soon as it is his interest to do so. The third thing which I wish to press upon you—"

"Yes," said the youth, eagerly bending forward.

"Is—" and here the elderly individual laid down his pipe upon the table—"that it will be as well to go on improving yourself in German!"

## CHAPTER XII.

"Holloa, master! can you tell us where the fight is likely to be?"

Such were the words shouted out to me by a short thick fellow, in brown top-boots, and bare-headed, who stood, with his hands in his pockets, at the door of a country alehouse as I was passing by.

Now, as I knew nothing about the fight, and as the appearance of the man did not tempt me greatly to enter into conversation with him, I merely answered in the negative, and continued my way.

It was a fine lovely morning in May, the sun shone out bright above, and the birds were carolling in the hedgerows. I was wont to be cheerful at such seasons, for, from my earliest recollection sunshine and the song of birds have been dear to me; yet, about that period I was not cheerful, my mind was not at rest; I was debating within myself, and the debate was dreary and unsatisfactory enough. I sighed, and turning my eyes upward, ejaculated, "What is truth?" But suddenly, by a violent effort breaking away from my meditations, I hastened forward. One mile, two miles, three miles, were speedily left behind; and now I came to a grove of birch and other trees, and opening a gate I passed up a kind of avenue, and soon arriving before a large brick house, of rather antique appearance, knocked at the door.

In this house lived a gentleman with whom I had business. He was said to be a genuine old English gentleman, and a man of considerable property; at this time, however, he wanted a thousand pounds, as gentlemen of considerable property every now and then do. I had brought him a thousand pounds in my pocket, for it is astonishing how many eager helpers the rich find, and with what compassion



people look upon their distresses. He was said to have good wine in his cellar.

"Is your master at home?" said I, to the servant who appeared at the door.

"His worship is at home, young man," said the servant, as he looked at my shoes, which bore evidence that I had come walking. "I beg your pardon, sir," he added, as he looked me in the face.

"Ay, ay, servants," thought I, as I followed the man into the house, "always look people in the face when you open the door, and do so before you look at their shoes, or you may mistake the heir of a prime minister for a shop-keeper's son."

I found his worship a jolly red-faced gentleman, of about fifty-five; he was dressed in a green coat, white corduroy breeches, and drab gaiters, and sat on an old-fashioned leather sofa, with two small, thorough-bred English terriers, one on each side of him. He had all the appearance of a genuine old English gentleman who kept good wine in his cellar.

"Sir," said I, "I have brought you a thousand pounds;" and I said this after the servant had retired, and the two terriers had ceased their barking, which is natural to all such dogs at the sight of a stranger.

And when the magistrate had received the money, and signed and returned a certain paper which I handed to him, he rubbed his hands and looking very benignantly at me, exclaimed:

"And now, young gentleman, that our business is over, perhaps you can tell me where the fight is to take place?"

"I am sorry, sir," said I, "that I can't inform you, but everybody seems to be anxious about it;" and then I told him what had occurred to me on the road with the alehouse keeper.

"I know him," said his worship; "he's a tenant of mine, and a good fellow, somewhat too much in my debt, though. But how is this, young gentleman, you look as if you had been walking; you did not come on foot?"

"Yes, sir, I came on foot."

"On foot! why, it is sixteen miles."

"I shan't be tired when I have walked back."

"You can't ride, I suppose?"

"Better than I can walk."

"Then why do you walk?"

"I have frequently to make journeys connected with my profession; sometime I walk, and sometimes I ride, just as the whim takes me."

"Will you take a glass of wine?"

[The custom twenty-five years ago was for all people to drink wine.—Ed.]

"Yes."

"That's right; what shall it be?"

"Madeira."

The magistrate gave a violent slap on his knee; "I like your taste," said he "I am fond of a glass of Madeira myself, and can give you such a one as you will not drink every day; sit down, young gentleman, you shall have a glass of Madeira, and the best I have."

Thereupon he got up, and, followed by his two terriers, walked slowly out of the room.

I looked round the room, and, seeing nothing which promised me much amusement, sat down, and fell into my former train of thought.

"What is truth?" said I.

"Here it is," said the magistrate, returning at the end of a quarter of an hour, followed by the servant with a tray; "here's the true thing, or I am no judge, far less a justice. It has been thirty years in my cellar last Christmas. There," said he to the servant, "put it down, and leave my young friend and me to ourselves. Now, what do you think of it?"

"It is very good," said I.

"Did you ever taste better Madeira?"

"I never before tasted Madeira."

"Then you ask for a wine without knowing what it is?"

"I ask for it, sir, that I may know what it is."

"Well, there is logic in that, as Parr would say; you have heard of Parr?"

"Old Parr?"

"Yes, old Parr, but not that Parr; you mean the English, I the Greek Parr, as people call him."

"I don't know him,"

"Perhaps not—rather too young for that, but were you of age, you might have cause to know him, coming from where you do. He kept school there, I was his first scholar; he flogged Greek into me till I loved him—and he loved me. He came to see me last year, and sat

in that chair; I honor Parr, he knows much, and is a sound man."

"Does he know the truth?"

"Know the truth? he knows what's good, from an oyster to an ostrich—he's not only sound, but round."

"Suppose we drink his health?"

"Thank you, boy: here's Parr's health, and Whiter's."

"Who is Whiter?"

"Don't you know Whiter? I thought everybody knew Reverend Whiter, the philologist, though I suppose you scarcely know what that means. A man fond of tongues and languages, quite out of your way—he understands some twenty; what do you say to that?"

"Is he a sound man?"

"Why, as to that, I scarcely know what to say: he has got queer notions in his head—wrote a book to prove that all words came originally from the earth—who knows? Words have roots, and roots live in the earth; but, upon the whole, I should not call him altogether a sound man, though he can talk Greek nearly as fast as Parr."

"Is he a round man?"

"Ay, boy, rounder than Parr; I'll sing you song, if you like, which will let you into his character:

"Give me the haunch of a buck to eat, and to drink Madeira old,  
And a gentle wife to rest with, and in my arms to fold,  
An Arabic book to study, a Norfolk cob to ride,  
And a house to live in shaded with trees, and near to a river side;  
With such good things around me, and blessed with good health  
I will.

Though I should live for a hundred years, for death I would not call."

Here's to Whiter's health—so you know nothing about the fight?"

"No, sir; the truth is, that of late I have been very much occupied with various matters, otherwise I should, perhaps, have been able to afford you some information—boxing is a noble art."

"Can you box?"

"A little."

"I tell you what, my boy; I honor you, and, provided your education had been a little less limited, I should have been glad to see you here in company with Parr and Whiter; both can box. Boxing is, as you say, a noble art—a truly English art; may I never see the day when Englishmen shall feel ashamed of it, or blacklegs and blackguards bring it into disgrace! I am a magistrate, and, of course, can not patronize the thing very openly, yet I sometimes see a prize-fight: I saw the Game Chicken beat Gulley."

"Did you ever see Big Ben?"

"No, why do you ask?" But here we heard a noise, like that of a gig driving up to the door, which was immediately succeeded by a violent knocking and ringing, and after a little time, the servant who had admitted me made his appearance in the room.

"Sir," said he, with a certain eagerness of manner, "here are two gentlemen waiting to speak to you."

"Gentlemen waiting to speak to me! who are they?"

"I don't know, sir," said the servant; "but they look like sporting gentlemen, and—and"—here he hesitated; "from a word or two they dropped, I almost think they come about the fight."

"About the fight," said the magistrate. "No! that can hardly be; however, you had better show them in."

Heavy steps were now heard ascending the stairs, and the servant ushered two men into the apartment. Again there was a barking, but louder than that which had been directed against myself, for here were two intruders; both of them very remarkable looking men, but to the foremost of them the most particular notice may well be accorded: he was a man somewhat under thirty, and nearly six feet in height. He was dressed in a blue coat, white corduroy breeches, fastened below the knee with small golden buttons; on his legs he wore white lamb's-wool stockings, and on his feet shoes reaching to the ankles; round his neck was a handkerchief of the blue and bird's eye pattern; he wore neither whiskers nor mustaches, and appeared not to delight in hair, that of his head, which was of a light brown, being closely cropped; the forehead was rather high, but somewhat narrow; the face neither broad nor sharp, perhaps rather sharp than broad; the nose was almost delicate; the eyes were grey, with an expression in which there was sternness blended with something approaching to feline; his complexion was exceedingly pale, relieved, however, by certain pock-marks, which here and there studded his countenance; his form was athletic, but lean; his arms long. In the whole appearance of the man there was a blending of the bluff and the sharp. You might have supposed him a bruiser; his dress was that of one in all its minutiae; something was wanting, however, in his manner—the quietness of the profes-

sional man; he rather looked like one performing the part—well—very well—but still performing a part. His companion!—there, indeed, was the bruiser—no mistake about him: a tall massive man, with a broad countenance and a flattened nose; dressed like a bruiser, but not like a bruiser going into the ring; he wore white topped boots, and a loose brown jockey coat.

As the first advanced towards the table, behind which the magistrate sat, he doffed a white castor from his head, and made rather a genteel bow; looking at me, who sat somewhat on one side, he gave a kind of nod of recognition.

"May I request to know who you are, gentlemen?" said the magistrate.

"Sir," said the man in a deep, but not unpleasant voice, "allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. —, the celebrated pugilist;" and he motioned with his hand toward the massive man with the flattened nose.

"And your own name, sir?" said the magistrate.

"My name is no matter," said the man; "were I to mention it to you, it would awaken within you no feeling of interest. It is neither Kean nor Belcher, and I have as yet done nothing to distinguish myself like either of those individuals, or even like my friend here. However, a time may come—we are not yet buried; and whensoever my hour arrives, I hope I shall prove myself equal to my destiny, however high—

'Like a bird that's bred among the Helicons.'"

And here a smile half theatrical passed over his features.

"In what can I oblige you, sir?" said the magistrate.

"Well, sir; the soul of wit is brevity; we want a place for an approaching combat between my friend here and a brave from town. Passing by your broad acres this fine morning we saw a pightle, which we deemed would suit. Lend us that pightle, and receive our thanks; 'twould be a favor, though not much to grant: we neither ask for Stonehenge nor for Tempe."

My friend looked somewhat perplexed; after a moment, however, he said with a firm but gentlemanly air, "Sir, I am sorry that I can not comply with your request."

"Not comply," said the man, his brow becoming dark as midnight; and with a hoarse and savage tone, "Not comply! why not?"

"It is impossible, sir, utterly impossible!"

"Why so?"

"I am not compelled to give my reasons to you, sir, nor to any man."

"Let me beg of you to alter your decision," said the man, in a tone of profound respect.

"Utterly impossible, sir; I am a magistrate."

"Magistrate! then fare ye well, for a green coated buffer and a Harmanbeck."

"Sir!" said the magistrate, springing up with a face fiery with wrath.

But, with a surly nod to me, the man left the apartment; and in a moment more the heavy footsteps of himself and his companion were heard descending the staircase.

"Who is that man?" said my friend, turning toward me.

"A sporting gentleman, well-known in the place from which I come."

"He appeared to know you."

"I have occasionally put on the gloves with him."

"What is his name?"

### CHAPTER XIII.

There was one question which I was continually asking myself at this period, and which has more than once met the eyes of the reader who has followed me through the last chapter, "What is truth?" I had involved myself imperceptibly in a dreary labyrinth of doubt, and, whichever way I turned, no reasonable prospect of extricating myself appeared. The means by which I had brought myself into this situation may be briefly told: I had inquired into many matters, in order that I might become wise, and had read and pondered over the words of the wise, so called, till I had made myself master of the sum of human wisdom; namely, that everything is enigmatical and that man is an enigma to himself; thence the cry of "What is truth?" I had ceased to believe in the truth of that in which I had hitherto trusted, and yet could find nothing in which I could put any fixed or deliberate belief. I was, indeed, in a labyrinth! In what did I not doubt? With respect to crime and virtue was in doubt; I doubted that the one was blamable and the other

praiseworthy. Are not all things subjected to the laws of necessity? Assuredly; time and chance govern all things; yet how can this be? alas!

Then there was myself; for what was I born? Are not all things born to be forgotten? That's incomprehensible: yet is it not so? Those butterflies fall and are forgotten. In what is man better than a butterfly? All then is born to be forgotten. Ah! that was a pang indeed; 'tis at such a moment that a man wishes to die. The wise king of Jerusalem, who sat in his shady arbors beside his sunny fishpools, saying so many fine things, wished to die, when he saw that not only all was vanity, but that he himself was vanity. Will a time come when all will be forgotten that is now beneath the sun? If so, of what profit is life?

In truth, it was a sore vexation of spirit to me when I saw, as the wise man saw of old, that whatever I could hope to perform must necessarily be of temporary duration; and if so, why do it? I said to myself, whatever name I can acquire, will it endure for eternity? Scarcely so. A thousand years? Let me see! What have I done already? I have learnt Welsh, and have translated the songs of Ab Gwilym, some ten thousand lines, into English rhyme; I have also learnt Danish, and have rendered the old book of ballads cast by the tempest upon the beach into corresponding English metre. Good! have I done enough already to secure myself a reputation of a thousand years? No, no! certainly not; I have not the slightest ground for hoping that my translations from the Welsh and Danish will be read at the end of a thousand years. Well, but I am only eighteen, and have not stated all that I have done; I have learnt many other tongues, and have acquired some knowledge even of Hebrew and Arabic. Should I go on in this way till I am forty, I must then be very learned; and perhaps, among other things, may have translated the Talmud, and some of the great works of the Arabians. Pooh! all this is mere learning and translation, and such will never secure immortality. Translation is at best an echo, and it must be a wonderful echo to be heard after the lapse of a thousand years. No! all I have already done, and all I may yet do in the same way, I may reckon as nothing—mere pastime; something else must be done. I must either write some grand original work, or conquer an empire; the one just as easy as the other. But am I competent to do either? Yes, I think I am, under favorable circumstances. Yes, I think I may promise myself a reputation of a thousand years, if I do but give myself the necessary trouble. Well! but what's a thousand years after all, or twice a thousand years? Woe is me! I may just as well sit still.

"Would I had never been born!" I said to myself; and a thought would occasionally intrude. But was I ever born? Is not all I see a lie—a deceitful phantom? Is there a world, and earth, and sky? Berkeley's doctrine—Spinoza's doctrine! Dear reader, I had at that time never read either Berkeley or Spinoza. I have still never read them; who are they, men of yesterday? "All is a lie—all a deceitful phantom," are old cries; they come naturally from the mouths of those who, casting aside that choicest shield against madness, simplicity, would fain be wise as God, and can only know that they are naked. This doubting in the "universal all" is almost coeval with the human race: wisdom, so-called, was early sought after. All is a lie—a deceitful phantom—was said when the world was yet young; its surface, save a scanty portion, yet untrodden by human foot, and when the great tortoise yet crawled about. All is a lie, was the doctrine of Buddha; and Buddha lived thirty centuries before the wise king of Jerusalem, who sat in his arbors, beside his sunny fishpools, saying many fine things, and, amongst others, "There is nothing new under the sun!"

One day, whilst I bent my way to the heath of which I have spoken on a former occasion, at the foot of the hills which formed it, I came to a place where a wagon was standing, but without horses, the shafts resting on the ground; there was a crowd about it which extended half-way up the side of the neighboring hill. The wagon was occupied by some half-a-dozen men; some sitting, others standing—they were dressed in sober-colored habiliments of black or brown, cut in a plain and rather uncouth fashion, and partially white with dust; their hair was short, and seemed to have been smoothed down by the application of the hand; all were bare-headed—sitting or standing, all were bare-headed. One of them, a tall man, was speaking as I arrived: ere, however, I could distinguish what he was saying, he left off, and then there was a cry for a hymn "to the glory of God"—that was the word. It was a strange sounding hymn, as well it might be, for everybody joined in it: there were voices of all kinds, of men, of women, and of children—of these



who could sing and of those who could not—a thousand voices all joined, and all joined heartily; no voice of all the multitude was silent save mine. The crowd consisted entirely of the lower classes, laborers and mechanics, and their wives and children—dusty people, unwashed people, people of no account whatever, and yet they did not look a mob. And when that hymn was over—and here let me observe that, strange as it sounded, I have recalled that hymn to mind, and it has seemed to tingle in my ears on occasions when all that pomp and art could do to enhance religious solemnity was being done—in the Sistine Chapel, what time the papal band was in full play, and the choicest choristers of Italy poured forth their melodious tones in presence of Batuschka and his cardinals—on the ice of the Neva, what time the long train of stately priests, with their noble beards and their flowing robes of crimson and gold, with their ebony and ivory staves, stalked along, chanting their Slavonian litanies in advance of the mighty Emperor of the North and his Priberjensky guard of giants, toward the orifice through which the river, running below in its swiftness, is to receive the baptismal lymph:—when the hymn was over, another man in the wagon proceeded to address the people; he was a much younger man than the last speaker; somewhat square built and about the middle height; his face was rather broad, but expressive of much intelligence, and with a peculiar calm and serious look; the accent in which he spoke indicated that he was not of these parts, but from some distant district. The subject of his address was faith, and how it could remove mountains. It was a plain address, without any attempt at ornament, and delivered in a tone which was neither loud or vehement. The speaker was evidently not a practised one—once or twice he hesitated as if for words to express his meaning, but still he held on, talking of faith, and how it could remove mountains: “It is the only thing we want, brethren, in this world; if we have that, we are indeed rich, as it will enable us to do our duty under all circumstances, and to bear our lot, however hard it may be—and the lot of all mankind is hard—the lot of the poor is hard, brethren—and who knows more of the poor than I?—a poor man myself, and the son of a poor man: but are the rich better off? not so, brethren, for God is just. The rich have their trials too: I am not rich myself, but I have seen the rich with careworn countenances; I have also seen them in mad-houses; from which you may learn, brethren, that the lot of all mankind is hard; that is, till we lay hold of faith, which makes us comfortable under all circumstances; whether we ride in gilded chariots or walk bare-footed in quest of bread; whether we be ignorant, whether we be wise—for riches and poverty, ignorance and wisdom, brethren, each brings with it its peculiar temptations. Well, under all these troubles, the thing which I would recommend to you is one and the same—faith; faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, who made us and allotted to each his station. Each has something to do, brethren. Do it, therefore, but always in faith; without faith we shall find ourselves sometimes at fault; but with faith never—for faith can remove the difficulty. It will teach us to love life, brethren, when life is becoming bitter, and to prize the blessings around us; for as every man has his cares, brethren, so has each man his blessings. It will likewise teach us not to love life over much, seeing that we must one day part with it. It will teach us to face death with resignation, and will preserve us from sinking amidst the swelling of the river Jordan.”

And when he had concluded his address, he said, “Let us sing a hymn, one composed by Master Charles Wesley—he was my countryman, brethren.

‘Jesus, I cast my soul on thee,  
Mighty and merciful to save;  
Thou shalt to death go down with me,  
And lay me gently in the grave.

This body then shall rest in hope,  
This body which the worms destroy;  
For thou shalt surely raise me up,  
To glorious life and endless joy.”

Farewell, preacher with the plain coat, and the calm serious look! I saw thee once again, and that was lately—only the other day. It was near a fishing hamlet by the sea-side, that I saw the preacher again. He stood on the top of a steep monticle, used by pilots as a lookout for vessels approaching that coast, a dangerous one, abounding in rocks and quicksands. There he stood on the monticle, preaching to weather-worn fishermen and mariners gathered below upon the sand. “Who is he?” said I to an old fisherman who stood beside me with a book of hymns in his hand; but the old man put his hand to his lips, and that was the only answer I received. Not a sound was heard but the voice of the preacher and the roaring of the

waves; but the voice was heard loud above the roaring of the sea, for the preacher now spoke with power, and his voice was not that of one who hesitates. There he stood—no longer a young man, for his black locks were become gray, even like my own; but there was the intelligent face, and the calm serious look which had struck me of yore. There stood the preacher, one of those men—and, thank God, their number is not few—who, animated by the spirit of Christ, amidst much poverty, and, alas! much contempt, persist in carrying the light of the Gospel amidst the dark parishes of what, but for their instrumentality, would scarcely be Christian England. I would have waited till he had concluded, in order that I might speak to him and endeavor to bring back the ancient scene to his recollection, but suddenly a man came hurrying toward the monticle, mounted on a speedy horse, and holding by the bridle one yet more speedy, and he whispered to me, “Why loiterest thou here?—knowest thou not all that is to be done before midnight?” and he flung me the bridle; and I mounted on the horse of great speed, and followed the other, who had already galloped off. And as I departed, waved my hand to him on the monticle, and shouted, “Farewell, brother! the seed came up at last, after a long period!” and then gave the speedy horse his way, and leaning over the shoulder of the galloping horse, said, “Would that my life had been like his—even like that man’s!”

I now wandered along the heath, till I came to a place where, beside a thick furze, sat a man, his eyes fixed intently on the red ball of the setting sun.

“That’s not you, Jasper?”

“Indeed, brother!”

“I’ve not seen you for years.”

“How should you, brother?”

“What brings you here?”

“The fight, brother.”

“Where are the tents?”

“On the old spot, brother.”

“Any news since we parted?”

“Two deaths, brother.”

“Who are dead, brother?”

“Father and mother, brother.”

“Where did they die?”

“Where they were sent, brother.”

“And Mrs. Herne?”

“She’s alive, brother.”

“Where is she now?”

“In Yorkshire, brother.”

“What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro!” said I, as I sat down beside him.

“My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grandam sing—

‘Cana marel o manus chivios andé puv,  
Ta rovel pa leste o chavo ta romi,

When a man dies he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter.”

“And do you think that is the end of man?”

“There’s an end of him, brother, more’s the pity.”

“Why do you say so?”

“Life is sweet, brother.”

“Do you think so?”

“Think so!—There’s night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there’s likewise a wind on the heath. Life is sweet, brother; who would wish to die?”

“I would wish to die—”

“You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Rommany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed!—A Rommany Chal would wish to live for ever!”

“In sickness, Jasper?”

“There’s the sun and stars, brother.”

“In blindness, Jasper?”

“There’s the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. Dosta, we’ll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I’ll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!”

#### CHAPTER XIV.

My father, as I have already informed the reader, had been endowed by nature with great corporeal strength; indeed, I have been

assured that, at the period of his prime, his figure had denoted the possession of almost Herculean powers. The strongest forms, however, do not always endure the longest, the very excess of the noble and generous juices which they contain being the cause of their premature decay. But, be that as it may, the health of my father, some few years after his retirement from the service to the quiet of domestic life, underwent a considerable change; his constitution appeared to be breaking up; and he was subject to severe attacks from various disorders, with which, till then, he had been utterly unacquainted. He was, however, wont to rally, more or less, after his illnesses, and might still occasionally be seen taking his walk, with his cane in his hand, and accompanied by his dog, who sympathized entirely with him, pining as he pined, improving as he improved, and never leaving the house save in his company; and in this manner matters went on for a considerable time, no very great apprehension with respect to my father's state being raised either in my mother's breast or my own. But, about six months after the period at which I have arrived in my last chapter, it came to pass that my father experienced a severer attack than on any previous occasion.

He had the best medical advice; but it was easy to see, from the looks of his doctors, that they entertained but slight hopes of his recovery. His sufferings were great, yet he invariably bore them with unshaken fortitude. There was one thing remarkable connected with his illness; notwithstanding its severity, it never confined him to his bed. He was wont to sit in his little parlor, in his easy chair, dressed in a faded regimental coat, his dog at his feet, who would occasionally lift his head from the hearth-rug on which he lay, and look his master wistfully in the face. And thus my father spent the greater part of his time, sometimes in prayer, sometimes in meditation, and sometimes in reading the Scriptures. I frequently sat with him, though, as I entertained a great awe for my father, I used to feel rather ill at ease, when, as sometimes happened, I found myself alone with him.

"I wish to ask you a few questions," said he to me, one day, after my mother had left the room.

"I will answer anything you may please to ask me, my dear father."

"What have you been about lately?"

"I have been occupied as usual, attending at the office at the appointed hours."

"And what do you do there?"

"Whatever I am ordered."

"And nothing else?"

"Oh, yes! sometimes I read a book."

"Connected with your profession?"

"Not always; I have been lately reading Armenian . . ."

"What's that?"

"The language of a people whose country is a region on the other side of Asia Minor."

"Well!"

"A region abounding with mountains."

"Well!"

"Amongst which is Mount Ararat."

"Well!"

"Upon which, as the Bible informs us, the ark rested."

"Well!"

"It is the language of the people of those regions."

"So you told me."

"And I have been reading the Bible in their language."

"Well!"

"Or rather, I should say, in the ancient language of these people; from which I am told the modern Armenian differs considerably."

"Well!"

"As much as the Italian from the Latin."

"Well!"

"So I have been reading the Bible in ancient Armenian."

"You told me so before."

"I found it a highly difficult language."

"Yes."

"Differing widely from the languages in general with which I am acquainted."

"Yes."

"Exhibiting, however, some features in common with them."

"Yes."

"And sometimes agreeing remarkably in words with a certain strange wild speech with which I became acquainted—"

"Irish?"

"No father, not Irish—with which I became acquainted by the greatest chance in the world."

"Yes."

"But of which I need say nothing further at present, and which I should not have mentioned but for that fact."

"Well!"

"Which I consider remarkable."

"Yes."

"The Armenian is copious."

"Is it?"

"With an alphabet of thirty-nine letters, but it is harsh and guttural."

"Yes."

"Like the language of most mountainous people—the Armenians call it Haik."

"Do they?"

"And themselves Haik also; they are a remarkable people, and, though their original habitation is the Mountain of Ararat, they are to be found, like the Jews, all over the world."

"Well!"

"Well, father, that's all I can tell you about Haiks, or Armenians."

"And what does it all amount to?"

"Very little, father; indeed, there is very little known about the Armenians; their early history, in particular, is involved in considerable mystery."

"And, if you knew all that it was possible to know about them, to what would it amount? to what earthly purpose could you turn it? have you acquired any knowledge of your profession?"

"Very little, father."

"Very little! Have you acquired all in power?"

"I can't say that I have, father."

"And yet it was your duty to have done so. But I see how it is, you have shamefully misused your opportunities; you are like one, who, sent into the field to labor, passes his time in flinging stones at the birds of heaven."

"I would scorn to fling a stone at a bird, father."

"You know what I mean, and all too well, and this attempt to evade deserved reproof by feigned simplicity is quite in character with your general behavior. I have ever observed about you a want of frankness which has distressed me; you never speak of what you are about, your hopes, or your projects, but cover yourself with mystery. I never knew till the present moment that you were acquainted with Armenian."

"Because you never asked me, father; there's nothing to conceal in the matter—I will tell you in a moment how I came to learn Armenian. A lady whom I met at one of Mrs. —'s parties took a fancy to me, and has done me the honor to allow me to go and see her sometimes. She is the widow of a rich clergyman, and on her husband's death came to this place to live, bringing her husband's library with her: I soon found my way to it, and examined every book. Her husband must have been a learned man, for amongst much Greek and Hebrew I found several volumes in Armenian, or relating to the language."

"And why did you not tell me of this before?"

"Because you never questioned me; but I repeat there is nothing to conceal in the matter. The lady took a fancy to me, and, being fond of the arts, drew my portrait; she said the expression of my countenance put her in mind of Alfieri's Saul."

"And do you still visit her?"

"No, she soon grew tired of me, and told people that she found me very stupid; she gave me the Armenian books, however."

"Saul," said my father, musingly, "Saul; I am afraid she was only too right there; he disobeyed the commands of his master. And brought down on his head the vengeance of heaven—he became a maniac, prophesied, and flung weapons about him."

"He was an awful character—I hope I shan't turn out like him."

"God forbid!" said my father, solemnly; "but in many respects you are headstrong and disobedient like him. I placed you in a profession, and besought you to make yourself master of it, by giving it your undivided attention. This, however, you did not do, you know nothing of it, but tell me you are acquainted with Armenian; but what I dislike most is your want of candor—you are my son, but I know little of your real history, you may know fifty things for what I am aware: you may know how to shoe a horse, for what I am aware."

"Not only to shoe a horse, father, but to make horse-shoes."

"Perhaps so," said my father; "and it only serves to prove what I am just saying, that I know little about you."



"But you easily may, my dear father; I will tell you anything that you may wish to know—shall I inform you how I learnt to make horse-shoes?"

"No," said my father; "as you kept it a secret so long, it may as well continue so still. Had you been a frank, open-hearted boy, like one I could name, you would have told me all about it of your own accord. But I now wish to ask you a serious question—what do you propose to do?"

"To do, father?"

"Yes! the time for which you were articulated to your profession will soon be expired, and I shall be no more."

"Do not talk so my dear father, I have no doubt that you will soon be better."

"Do not flatter yourself; I feel that my days are numbered, I am soon going to my rest, and have need of rest, for I am weary. There, there, don't weep! Tears will help me as little as they will you, you have not yet answered my question. Tell me what you intend to do?"

"I really do not know what I shall do."

"The military pension which I now enjoy will cease with my life. The property which I shall leave behind me will be barely sufficient for the maintenance of your mother respectably. I again ask you what you intend to do. Do you think you can support yourself by your Armenian or your other acquisitions?"

"Alas! I think little at all about it: but I suppose I must push into the world, and make a good fight, as becomes the son of him who fought Big Ben; if I can't succeed, and am driven to the worst, it is but dying—"

"What do you mean by dying?"

"Leaving the world; my loss would scarcely be felt. I have never held life in much value, and every one has a right to dispose as he thinks best of that which is his own."

"Ah! now I understand you; and well I know how and where you imbibed that horrible doctrine, and many similar ones which I have heard from your own mouth; but I wish not to reproach you—I view in your conduct a punishment for my own sins, and I bow to the will of God. Few and evil have been my days upon the earth; little have I done to which I can look back with satisfaction. It is true I have served my king fifty years, and I have fought with—Heaven forgive me, what was I about to say!—but you mentioned the man's name, and our minds willingly recall our ancient follies. Few and evil have been my days upon earth, I may say with Jacob of old, though I do not mean to say that my case is so hard as his; he had many undutiful children, whilst I have only —; but I will not reproach you. I have also like him a son to whom I can look with hope, who may yet preserve my name when I am gone, so let me be thankful; perhaps, after all, I have not lived in vain. Boy, when I am gone look up to your brother, and may God bless you both. There, don't weep, but take the Bible and read me something about the old man and his children."

My brother had now been absent for the space of three years. At first his letters had been frequent, and from them it appeared that he had been following his profession in London with industry; they then became rather rare, and my father did not always communicate their contents. His last letter, however, had filled him and our whole family with joy; it was dated from Paris, and the writer was evidently in high spirits. After describing in eloquent terms the beauties and gayeties of the French capital, he informed us how he had plenty of money, having copied a celebrated picture of one of the Italian masters for a Hungarian nobleman, for which he had received a large sum. "He wishes me to go with him to Italy," added he, "but I am fond of independence; and, if ever I visit old Rome, I will have no patrons near me to distract my attention." But six months had now elapsed from the date of this letter, and we had heard no further intelligence of my brother. My father's complaint increased; the gout, his principal enemy, occasionally mounted high up in his system, and we had considerable difficulty in keeping it from the stomach, where it generally proves fatal. I now devoted almost the whole of my time to my father, on whom his faithful partner also lavished every attention and care. I read the Bible to him, which was his chief delight; and also occasionally such other books as I thought might prove entertaining to him. His spirits were generally rather depressed. The absence of my brother seemed to prey upon his mind. "I wish he were here," he would frequently exclaim, "I can't imagine what has become of him; I trust, however, he will arrive in time." He still sometimes rallied, and I took advantage of those moments of comparative ease to question him upon the events of his early life. My attentions to him had not passed unnoticed, and he was kind, fatherly, and unreserved. I had

never known my father so entertaining as at these moments, when his life was but too evidently drawing to a close. I had no idea that he knew and had seen so much; my respect for him increased, and I looked upon him almost with admiration. His anecdotes were in general highly curious; some of them related to people in the highest stations, and to men whose names were closely connected with some of the brightest glories of our native land. He had frequently conversed—almost on terms of familiarity—with good old George. He had known the conqueror of Tipoo Saib; and was the friend of Townshend, who, when Wolfe fell, led the British grenadiers against the shrinking regiments of Montcalm. "Pity," he added, "that when old—old as I am now—he should have driven his own son mad by robbing him of his plighted bride; but so it was; he married his son's bride. I saw him lead her to the altar; if ever there was an angelic countenance, it was that girl's; she was almost too fair to be one of the daughters of women. Is there anything, boy, that you would wish to ask me? now is the time."

"Yes, father, there is one about whom I would fain question you."

"Who is it? shall I tell you about Elliot?"

"No, father, not about Elliot; but pray don't be angry; I should like to know something about Big Ben."

"You are a strange lad," said my father; "and, though of late I have begun to entertain a more favorable opinion than heretofore, there is still much about you that I do not understand. Why do you bring up that name? Don't you know that it is one of my temptations: you wish to know something about him. Well! I will oblige you this once, and then farewell to such vanities—something about him. I will tell you—his—skin when he flung off his clothes—and he had a particular knack in doing so—his skin, when he bared his mighty chest and back for combat—and when he fought he stood, so—if I remember right—his skin, I say, was brown and dusky as that of a toad. Oh me! I wish my elder son was here."

#### CHAPTER XV.

At last my brother arrived; he looked pale and unwell; I met him at the door. "You have been long absent," said I.

"Yes," said he, "perhaps too long; but how is my father?"

"Very poorly," said I, "he has had a fresh attack; but where have you been of late?"

"Far and wide," said my brother; "but I can't tell you anything now, I must go to my father. It was only by chance that I heard of his illness."

"Stay a moment," said I. "Is the world such a fine place as you supposed it to be before you went away?"

"Not quite," said my brother, "not quite; indeed I wish—but ask me no questions now, I must hasten to my father."

There was another question on my tongue, but I forbore; for the eyes of the young man were full of tears. I pointed with my finger, and the young man hastened past me to the arms of his father.

I forbore to ask my brother whether he had been to old Rome.

What passed between my father and brother I do not know; the interview, no doubt, was tender enough, for they tenderly loved each other; but my brother's arrival did not produce the beneficial effect upon my father which I at first hoped it would; it did not even appear to have raised his spirits. He was composed enough, however: "I ought to be grateful," said he; "I wished to see my son, and God has granted me my wish; what more have I to do now than to bless my little family and go?"

My father's end was evidently at hand.

And did I shed no tears? did I breathe no sighs? did I never wring my hands at this period? the reader will perhaps be asking. Whatever I did and thought is best known to God and myself; but it will be as well to observe, that it is possible to feel deeply, and yet make no outward sign.

And now for the closing scene.

At the dead hour of night, it might be about two, I was awakened from sleep by a cry which sounded from the room immediately below that in which I slept. I knew the cry, it was the cry of my mother; and I also knew its import, yet I made no effort to rise, for I was for the moment paralyzed. Again the cry sounded, yet still I lay motionless—the stupidity of horror was upon me. A third time, and it was then that, by a violent effort, bursting the spell which appeared to bind me, I sprang from the bed and rushed down stairs. My mother was running wildly about the room; she had awoke and found my father senseless in the bed by her side. I essayed to raise him, and after a few efforts supported him in the bed in a sitting posture. My brother now rushed in, and, snatching up a light that

was burning, he held it to my father's face. "The surgeon, the surgeon!" he cried; then dropping the light, he ran out of the room followed by my mother; I remained alone, supporting the senseless form of my father; the light had been extinguished by the fall, and an almost total darkness reigned in the room. The form pressed heavily against my bosom—at last methought it moved. Yes, I was right, there was a heaving of the breast, and then a gasping. Were those words which I heard! Yes, they were words, low and indistinct at first, and then audible. The mind of the dying man was reverting to former scenes. I heard him mention names which I had often heard him mention before. It was an awful moment; I felt stupefied, but I still contrived to support my dying father. There was a pause, again my father spoke: I heard him speak of Minden, and of Meredith, the old Minden sergeant, and then he uttered another name, which at one period of his life was much in his lips, the name of—but this is a solemn moment! There was a deep gasp: I shook and thought all was over; but was mistaken—my father moved, and revived for a moment: he supported himself in bed without my assistance. I make no doubt that for a moment he was perfectly sensible, and it was then that, clasping his hands, he uttered another name clearly, distinctly—it was the name of Christ. With that name upon his lips, the brave old soldier sank back upon my bosom, and, with his hands still clasped, yielded up his soul.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

"One-and-ninence, sir, or the things which you have brought with you will be taken away from you!"

Such were the first words which greeted my ears, one damp misty morning in March, as I dismounted from the top of a coach in the yard of a London inn.

I turned round, for I felt that the words were addressed to myself. Plenty of people were in the yard—porters, passengers, coachmen, ostlers, and others, who appeared to be intent on anything but myself, with the exception of one individual, whose business appeared to lie with me, and who now confronted me to the distance of about two yards.

I looked hard at the man—and a queer kind of individual he was to look at—a rakish figure, about thirty, and of the middle size, dressed in a coat smartly cut, but threadbare, very tight pantaloons of blue stuff, tied at the ankles, dirty white stockings, and thin shoes, like those of a dancing-master; his features were not ugly, but rather haggard, and he appeared to owe his complexion less to nature than carmine; in fact, in every respect, a very queer figure.

"One-and-ninence, sir, or your things will be taken away from you!" he said, in a kind of lisping tone, coming yet nearer to me.

I still remained staring fixedly at him, but never a word answered. Our eyes met; whereupon he suddenly lost the easy impudent air which he before wore. He glanced, for a moment, at my fist, which I had by this time clenched, and his features became yet more haggard; he faltered; a fresh "one-and-ninence," which he was about to utter, died on his lips; he shrank back, disappeared behind a coach, and I saw no more of him.

"One-and-ninence, or my things will be taken away from me!" said I to myself, musingly, as I followed the porter to whom I had delivered my scanty baggage; "am I to expect many of these greetings in the big world? Well, never mind! I think I know the counter-sign!" And I clenched my fist yet harder than before.

So I followed the porter, through the streets of London, to a lodging which had been prepared for me by an acquaintance. The morning, as I have before said, was gloomy, and the streets through which I passed were dark and filthy; the people, also, looked dank and filthy; and so, probably, did I, for the night had been rainy, and I had come upwards of a hundred miles on top of a coach; my heart had sunk within me, by the time we reached a dark narrow street, in which was the lodging.

"Cheer up, young man," said the porter, "we shall have a fine afternoon."

And presently I found myself in the lodging which had been prepared for me. It consisted of a small room, up two pair of stairs, in which I was to sit, and another still smaller above it, in which I was to sleep. I remember that I sat down, and looked disconsolately about me—everything seemed so cold and dingy. Yet how little is required to make a situation—however cheerless at first sight—cheerful and comfortable. The people of the house, who looked kindly upon me, lighted a fire in the dingy grate; and, then, what a change!—the dingy room seemed dingy no more! Oh, the luxury of

a cheerful fire after a chill night's journey! I drew near to the blazing grate, rubbed my hands and felt glad.

And, when I had warmed myself, I turned to the table, on which by this time, the people of the house had placed my breakfast; and I ate and drank; and as I ate and drank, I mused within myself, and my eyes were frequently directed to a small green box, which constituted part of my luggage, and which, with the rest of my things, stood in one corner of the room, till at last, leaving my breakfast unfinished, I rose, and going to the box, unlocked it, and took out two or three bundles of papers tied with red tape, and, placing them on the table, I resumed my seat and my breakfast, my eyes intently fixed upon the bundles of papers all the time.

And when I had drained the last cup of tea out of a dingy teapot, and ate the last slice of the dingy loaf, I untied one of the bundles, and proceeded to look over the papers, which were closely written over in a singular hand, and I read for some time, till at last I said to myself, "It will do." And then I looked at the other bundle for some time, without untying it; and at last I said, "It will do also." And then I turned to the fire, and, putting my feet against the sides of the grate, I leaned back on my chair, and, with my eyes upon the fire, I fell into deep thought.

And there I continued in thought before the fire, until my eyes closed, and I fell asleep; which was not to be wondered at after the fatigue and cold which I had lately undergone on the coach-top; and, in my sleep, I imagined myself still there, amidst darkness and rain, hurrying now over wild heaths, and now along roads overhung with thick and umbrageous trees, and sometimes methought I heard the horn of the guard, and sometimes the voice of the coachman, now chiding, now encouraging his horses, as they toiled through the deep and miry ways. At length a tremendous crack of a whip saluted the tympanum of my ear, and I started up broad awake, nearly oversetting the chair on which I reclined—and lo! I was in the dingy room before the fire, which was by this time half extinguished. In my dream I had confounded the noise of the street with those of my night-journey; the crack which had aroused me I soon found proceeded from the whip of a carter, who, with many oaths, was flogging his team below the window.

Looking at a clock which stood upon the mantel-piece, I perceived that it was past eleven; whereupon I said to myself, "I am wasting my time foolishly and unprofitably, forgetting that I am now in the big world, without anything to depend upon save my own exertions;" and then I adjusted my dress, and, locking up the bundle of papers which I had not read, I tied up the other, and, taking it under my arm, I went down stairs; and, after asking a question or two of the people of the house, I sallied forth into the street with a determined look, though at heart I felt somewhat timorous at the idea of venturing out alone into the mazes of the mighty city, of which I had heard much, but of which, of my own knowledge, I knew nothing.

I had, however, no great cause for anxiety in the present instance; I easily found my way to the place which I was in quest of—one of the many new squares on the northern side of the metropolis, and which was scarcely ten minutes' walk from the street in which I had taken up my abode. Arriving before the door of a tolerably large house which bore a certain number, I stood still for a moment in a kind of trepidation, looking anxiously at the door; I then slowly passed on till I came to the end of the square, where I stood still and pondered for awhile. Suddenly, however, like one who has formed a resolution, I clenched my right hand, flinging my hat somewhat on one side, and, turning back with haste to the door before which I had stopped, sprang up the steps, and gave a loud rapping at the same time the bell of the area. After the lapse of a minute the door was opened by a maid-servant of no very cleanly or prepossessing appearance, of whom I demanded, in a tone of some hauteur, whether the master of the house was at home. Glancing for a moment at the white paper bundle beneath my arm, the handmaid made no reply in words, but, with a kind of toss of her head, flung the door open, standing on one side as if to let me enter. I did enter; and the handmaid, having opened another door on the right hand, went in, and said something which I could not hear: after a considerable pause, however, I heard the voice of a man say, "Let him come in;" whereupon the handmaid, coming out, motioned me to enter, and, on my obeying, instantly closed the door behind me.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

There were two individuals in the room in which I now found myself; it was a small study, surrounded with bookcases, the win-



dow looking out upon the square. Of these individuals he who appeared to be the principal stood with his back to the fireplace. He was a tall stout man, about sixty, dressed in a loose morning gown. The expression of his countenance would have been bluff but for a certain sinister glance, and his complexion might have been called rufous but for a considerable tinge of bilious yellow. He eyed me askance as I entered. The other, a pale, shrivelled-looking person, sat at a table apparently engaged with an account-book; he took no manner of notice of me, never once lifting his eyes from the page before him.

"Well, sir, what is your pleasure?" said the big man, in a rough tone, as I stood there, looking at him wistfully—as well I might—for upon that man, at the time of which I am speaking, my principal, I may say my only hopes, rested.

"Sir," said I, "my name is so-and-so, and I am the bearer of a letter to you from Mr. so-and-so, an old friend and correspondent of yours."

The countenance of the big man instantly lost the suspicious and lowering expression which it had hitherto exhibited; he strode forward and, seizing me by the hand, gave me a violent squeeze.

"My dear sir," said he, "I am rejoiced to see you in London. I have been long anxious for the pleasure—we are old friends, though we have never before met. Taggart," said he to the man who sat at the desk, "this is our excellent correspondent, the friend and pupil of our other excellent correspondent."

The pale, shrivelled-looking man slowly and deliberately raised his head from the account-book, and surveyed me for a moment or two; not the slightest emotion was observable in his countenance. It appeared to me, however, that I could detect a droll twinkle in his eye; his curiosity, if he had any, was soon gratified; he made me a kind of bow, pulled out a snuff-box, took a pinch of snuff, and again bent his head over the page.

"And now, my dear sir," said the big man, "pray sit down, and tell me the cause of your visit. I hope you intend to remain here a day or two."

"More than that," said I, "I am come to take up my abode in London."

"Glad to hear it; and what have you been about of late? got anything which will suit me? Sir, I admire your style of writing, and your manner of thinking; and I am much obliged to my good friend and correspondent for sending me some of your productions. I inserted them all, and wished there had been more of them—quite original, sir, quite: took with the public, especially the essay about the non-existence of anything. I don't exactly agree with you, though; I have my own peculiar ideas about matter—as you know, of course, from the book I have published. Nevertheless, a very pretty piece of speculative philosophy—no such thing as matter—impossible, that there should be—*ex nihilo*—what is the Greek? I have forgot—very pretty, indeed; very original."

"I am afraid, sir, it was very wrong to write such trash, and yet more to allow it to be published."

"Trash! not at all; a very pretty piece of speculative philosophy; of course you were wrong in saying there is no world. The world must exist, to have the shape of a pear; and that the world is shaped like a pear, and not like an apple, as the fools of Oxford say, I have satisfactorily proved in my book. Now, if there were no world, what would become of my system? But what do you propose to do in London?"

"Here is the letter, sir," said I, "of our good friend, which I have not yet given to you; I believe it will explain to you the circumstances under which I come."

He took the letter and perused it with attention. "Hem!" said he, with a somewhat altered manner, "my friend tells me that you are come up to London with a view of turning your literary talents to account, and desires me to assist you in my capacity of publisher in bringing forth two or three works which you have prepared. My good friend is perhaps not aware that for some time past I have given up publishing—was obliged to do so—had many severe losses—do nothing at present in that line, save sending out the magazine once a month; and, between ourselves, am thinking of disposing of that—wish to retire—high time at my age—so you see—"

"I am very sorry, sir, to hear that you can not assist me" (and I remember that I felt very nervous); "I had hoped—"

"A losing trade, I assure you, sir; literature is a drug. Taggart, what o'clock is it?"

"Well, sir!" said I, rising, "as you can not assist me, I will now take my leave; I thank you sincerely for your kind reception, and will trouble you no longer."

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"Oh, don't go. I wish to have some further conversation with you; and perhaps I may hit upon some plan to benefit you. I honor merit, and always make a point to encourage it when I can; but,—Taggart, go to the bank and tell them to dishonor the bill twelve months after date for thirty pounds which becomes due to-morrow. I am dissatisfied with that fellow who wrote the fairy tales, and intend to give him all the trouble in my power. Make haste."

Taggart did not appear to be in any particular haste. First of all, he took a pinch of snuff, then, rising from his chair, slowly and deliberately drew his wig, for he wore a wig of a brown color, rather more over his forehead than it had previously been, buttoned his coat, and, taking his hat and an umbrella which stood in a corner, made me a low bow and quitted the room.

"Well, sir, where were we? Oh, I remember, we were talking about merit. Sir, I always wish to encourage merit, especially when it comes so highly recommended as in the present instance. Sir, my good friend and correspondent speaks of you in the highest terms. Sir, I honor my good friend, and have the highest respect for his opinion in all matters connected with literature—rather eccentric, though. Sir, my good friend has done my periodical more good and more harm than all the rest of my correspondents. Sir, I shall never forget the sensation caused by the appearance of his article about a certain personage whom he proved—and I think satisfactorily—to have been a legionary soldier—rather startling, was it not? The S— of the world a common soldier, in a marching regiment—original, but startling; sir, I honor my good friend."

"So you have renounced publishing, sir," said I, "with the exception of the magazine?"

"Why, yes; except now and then, under the rose; the old coachman, you know, likes to hear the whip. Indeed, at the present moment I am thinking of starting a review on an entirely new and original principle; and it just struck me that you might be of high utility in the undertaking—what do you think of the matter?"

"I should be happy, sir, to render you any assistance, but I am afraid the employment you propose requires other qualifications than I possess; however, I can make the essay. My chief intention in coming to London was to lay before the world what I had prepared; and I had hoped by your assistance—"

"Ah! I see, ambition. Ambition is a very pretty thing; but, sir, we must walk before we run, according to the old saying—what is that you have got under your arm?"

"One of the works to which I am alluding; the one, indeed, which I am the most anxious to lay before the world, as I hope to derive from it both profit and reputation."

"Indeed! what do you call it?"

"Ancient Songs of Denmark, Heroic and Romantic, translated by myself; with notes philological, critical, and historical."

"Then, sir, I assure you that your time and labor have been entirely flung away; nobody would read your ballads, if you were to give them to the world to-morrow."

"I am sure, sir, that you would say otherwise if you would permit me to read one to you;" and, without waiting for the big man, nor indeed so much as looking at him, to see whether he was inclined or not to hear me, I undid my manuscript, and with a voice trembling with eagerness, read to the following effect:

Buckshank bold and Elfinstone,  
And many other fellows tall,  
Together built so stout a ship,  
To Iceland which would bear them all.

They launched the ship upon the main,  
Which like a hungry monster roared;  
Whelmed by the laudly ocean Trold,  
The good ship sunk with all on board.

Down to the bottom sank young Roland,  
And round about he groped awhile;  
Until he found the path which led  
Unto the bower of Ellenlyle.

"Stop!" said the publisher; "very pretty indeed, and very original; beats Scott hollow, and Percy too; but, sir, the day for these things is gone by; nobody at present cares for Percy, nor for Scott, either, save as a novelist; sorry to discourage merit, sir, but what can I do! What else have you got?"

"The songs of Ab Gwilym, the Welsh bard, also translated by myself, with notes critical, philological, and historical."

"Pass on—what else?"

"Nothing else," said I, folding up my manuscript with a sigh, "unless it be a romance in the German style; on which, I confess, I set very little value."

"Wild?"

"Yes, sir, very wild."

"Like the Miller of the Black Valley."

"Yes, sir, very much like the Miller of the Black Valley."

"Well, that's better," said the publisher; "and yet I don't know, I question whether any one at present cares for the miller himself. No, sir, the time for those things is gone by; German, at the present, is a drug; and, between ourselves, nobody has contributed to make it so more than my good friend and correspondent;—but, sir, I see you are a young gentleman of infinite merit, and I always wish to encourage merit. Don't you think you could write a series of evangelical tales?"

"Evangelical tales, sir?"

"Yes, sir, evangelical novels."

"Something in the style of Herder?"

"Herder is a drug, sir; nobody cares for Herder—thanks to my good friend. Sir, I have in yon drawer a hundred pages about Herder, which I dare not insert in my periodical; it would sink it, sir. No, sir, something in the style of the 'Dairyman's Daughter.'"

"I never heard of the work till the present moment."

"Then, sir, procure it by all means. Sir, I could afford as much as ten pounds for a well-written tale in the style of the 'Dairyman's Daughter;' that is the kind of literature, sir, that sells at the present day! It is not the Miller of the Black Valley—no, sir, nor Herder either, that will suit the present taste; the evangelical body is becoming very strong, sir; the canting scoundrels—"

"But, sir, surely you would not pander to a scoundrelly taste?"

"Then, sir, I must give up business altogether. Sir, I have a great respect for the goddess Reason—an infinite respect, sir; indeed, in my time, I have made a great many sacrifices for her; but, sir, I can not altogether ruin myself for the goddess Reason. Sir, I am a friend to liberty, as is well known; but I must also be a friend to my own family. It is with the view of providing for a son of mine that I am about to start the review of which I am speaking. He has taken it into his head to marry, sir, and I must do something for him, for he can do but little for himself. Well, sir, I am a friend to Liberty, as I said before, and likewise a friend to Reason; but I tell you frankly that the review which I intend to get up under the rose, and present him with when it is established, will be conducted on Oxford principles."

"Orthodox principles, I suppose you mean, sir?"

"I do, sir; I am no linguist, but I believe the words are synonymous."

Much more conversation passed between us, and it was agreed that I should become a contributor to the *Oxford Review*. I stipulated, however, that, as I knew little of politics, and cared less, no other articles should be required from me than such as were connected with belles-lettres and philology; to this the big man readily assented. "Nothing will be required from you," said he, "but what you mentioned; and now and then, perhaps, a paper on metaphysics. You understand German, and perhaps it would be desirable that you should review Kant; and in a review of Kant, sir, you could introduce to advantage your peculiar notions about *ex nihilo*." He then reverted to the subject of the "Dairyman's Daughter," which I promised to take into consideration. As I was going away, he invited me to dine with him on the ensuing Sunday.

"That's a strange man!" said I to myself, after I had left the house; "he is evidently very clever; but I cannot say that I like him much, with his *Oxford Reviews* and 'Dairyman's Daughters.' But what can I do? I am almost without a friend in the world. I wish I could find some one who would publish my ballads, or my songs of Ab Gwilym. In spite of what the big man says, I am convinced that, once published, they would bring me much fame and profit. But how is this?—what a beautiful sun!—the porter was right in saying that the day would clear up—I will now go to my dingy lodging, lock up my manuscripts, and then take a stroll about the big city."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Memory, hither come,  
And tune your merry notes;  
And while upon the wind  
Your music floats,  
I'll pore upon the stream  
Where sighing lovers dream,  
And fish for fancies as they pass  
Within the watery glass.

## TEMPERANCE AMONG THE MODOCS.

"Home again, home again from a foreign shore" for my last "outing" has been thorough—extending outside the United States. We Yankees are so far behind the times as not to know it, at least I didn't, but the five nations, Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw and Seminole, are a law unto themselves, having their own chiefs and statutes, and no man can by any means acquire a title to ground within their boundaries except by marriage with an Indian woman, nor can any such alien and foreigner do business there except by special license. To give the slightest idea of all I learned in this wonderfully interesting land, of which the five nations form a part, would require more space than you can spare. My visit to the Modocs was the greatest "eye opener" of a lifetime. Our national vice president, Mrs. E. H. Tuttle, and her noble husband "Asa," (for they are Quakers, and this is their manner of speech "thee knows,") had these "heathen given to them for an inheritance," and these "uttermost parts of the earth for a possession" seven years ago.

The world knows that bloody history of the war in the "lava beds;" of Captain Jack and his tribe; of General Canby, Dr. Thomas and Colonel Meacham, the first two slain and scalped and the last left for dead. But the world does not know that Mrs. Tuttle, who is the greatest friend to the Indians whom I have ever seen, fervently prayed to God that these wild people might be given to her to teach. She did not ask for them; she turned to no human power; already for years a teacher among the Quapaws in the northeastern corner of the Territory, she was fully occupied, and had no reason to think these captive Modocs would be brought to her one small corner of a territory four hundred miles long, but lo and behold, one day some old cars rolled into the wayside station and then and there were literally "dumped" the captive Modocs, a couple of hundred or more, among them "Shack nasta Jim," "Bogus Charlie," "Scar Faced Charlie," "Steamboat Frank," Captain Jack's sister, called "Princess Mary," his two wives, and scores of "lesser lights." These people were without a religion, except a general belief in the "Great Spirit and the Happy Hunting Grounds." They practiced polygamy, burned their dead, were full of sorceries and incantations, rings in noses, paint on faces of some, knew nothing of industry or home making, much less of Christianity.

Seven years have passed; the Modocs have become members of the society of Friends. They are a well-dressed, well-mannered, and most religious people. They have nice farms, they sing gospel hymns, they wear the blue ribbon, they believe in "Teacher," and take her advice as law and gospel, and they look upon "Asa Tuttle" as a new edition of the Apostle John. Their neat church had been decorated in honor of my visit, with our motto in evergreen: "For God and Home and Native Land," each point of which was explained by brother Tuttle and received with high appreciation by his swarthy-faced audience. They all belong to the W. C. T. U., be it well understood, and have been thoroughly indoctrinated by Sister Tuttle in our history and aims. I talked to them on Sabbath morning after a most interesting Bible lesson by the Tuttles, exhibiting to them Sister Henry's experiment with water and alcohol, to find out which is which. They listened most attentively, and when I had finished all of their leading men came forward and spoke briefly, referring to what had been said and shaking hands at the close. Women also spoke, for the absurd notion that those who in large numbers make up Christ's church should not be among his public witnesses, has not, of course, found place in this enlightened neighborhood. Indeed, the Indian preacher, "Steamboat Frank," often says his wife is far ahead of him in gifts—and all the people say amen.



It was intended to have the little boys present our helpful Anna Gordon with bows and arrows, but as she did not accompany me, I took them from Vinta, a bright Cherokee lady, who is postmistress there, Mrs. Arnold, and she made a nice little speech, telling them she "was glad they meant to make the Modoc blood respected, even as the Cherokees were proud of theirs, and had made it honorable." Then, to my entire surprise, four bright-eyed Modoc girls came forward, and holding a pretty bead basket trimmed with ribbon, they made, in perfect English and admirable concert, the following speech (written out for me by them):

DEAR MISS WILLARD—We feel thankful to our Heavenly Father that we have been permitted to look into your face and listen to the good words you have spoken, and hope that they will do us and our people good. We are poor little Indian children, and have nothing very nice that we can give you, but will you please accept this little basket as a token of our love, and when you look upon it remember the little Modoc girls. And now may the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

Well, when those fresh young voices ceased, it was very quiet in the little church, for I tried in vain to speak, and we all cried together. Somehow it was so blessed and so wonderful—the change in these "Modocs of the lava beds," and the dear gospel temperance cause which had brought us face to face, had renewed so many ruined lives of those who sat about me, that I wished in vain "that my tongue might utter the thoughts that arose in me."

After which I told them that I had been welcomed by noble people in many different States; by Governor St. John, of Kansas, and Colquett, of Georgia, in words most brotherly; I had also talked with the great chief at the White House, and sat down at his table, but never until these little Modocs spoke had my heart been so deeply touched by human words that I had vainly tried to make reply.

In the afternoon we rode six miles across a lovely country, to the Wyandotte Mission, where Dr. Kirk, a Friend from Indiana, has a thriving school. Here we saw Chief Cotter, who went with Fremont on his expedition, a noble, kindly looking man, whose gray hairs and fair complexion contrast strongly with the unmixed blood of the Modocs, many of whom came to this meeting, and whose dark countenances and immensely tall heads tell of a will power greater than any "cast" can show in the famous phrenological collection of Fowler and Wells.

It was a day most memorable, and a fit crown to my long trip, with its circuit of all the Southern States save West Virginia, its priceless friendships and the forty new W. C. T. Unions, in which dear Georgia Hulse McLeod and I have so gratefully rejoiced.

Next day Colonel D. B. Dyer, Indian Agent, drove me twenty-five miles to take the cars at Baxter Springs, for the De Kalb convention. Colonel Dyer is a thorough temperance man, and keeps a police force of forty Indians on the alert, enforcing the prohibitory and other laws in his large agency, which includes two hundred thousand acres of land, with fifteen hundred Indians belonging to eight different tribes. The entire Territory includes eighty-seven thousand Indians, thirty-seven tribes and thirty-two languages.

I ought to have said that Mrs. Dyer, an Illinois lady, by the way, did the driving of the two spirited horses that careered with us across the bright and fragrant prairie, and I wish to add that she told me she had often taken that long drive alone and without weapons. We must revise our ignorant ideas of the Indian Territory by the fact that it is full of churches, school houses, and homes, and that it is minus tramps and saloons—two prevailing accompaniments of the white man's civilization.

Yours, for the day when all cities may be as reputable and as safe.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

## A MISSING SCIENCE.

The science in question is a science of human action. This, however, is a very ambiguous phrase: we require far stricter language. A science of human action, in some sense or other, has been often declared possible; but never, to my knowledge, in the sense I am about to attach to it. It has been declared possible in kindred senses; but never in the same sense: and though the likeness here implied is important, it is important mainly because it will help us to see the difference. I shall be best able, perhaps, to explain my own sense, by referring to the writer who has, I think, come most near to it. The writer is Buckle. Let us briefly reconsider his position, his aim, and methods.

The science Buckle sought to establish, he called the Science of History; and that such a science was at least conceivably possible, must, he argued, be plain to every one who assented to the following propositions:—"That when we perform an action, we perform it in consequence of some motive or motives; that those motives are the result of some antecedents; and that therefore if we are acquainted with the whole of the antecedents and with all the laws of their movements, we could, with unerring certainty, predict the whole of their immediate results." If we believe thus much, he urged, we must see that the science is possible conceivably: if we turn to the materials to our hand, we shall see that it is possible actually, and that we shall be able in the end—the following are his own words—"to discover the principles which govern the character and the destiny of nations." The materials in question he discusses at great length; and they are many in kind and character: but there is one class on which he dwells especially; and which alone gives meaning to the others. This is the class of material supplied to us by statistics. Statistics, he points out, afford a new kind of evidence; and they put us in possession of a new order of facts. They have completely revolutionized our conception of human conduct. They have shown us what we might else have dreamt about, but could never have hoped to prove—the sameness of human conduct, when under the same circumstances. This holds good apparently of even the smallest matters. Thus there is a startling regularity, every year, in the number of letters posted without any direction. Marriages and murders recur in the same way; so does the proportion between male and female births. There is another example more striking still. "Among public and registered crimes," writes Buckle, "there is none which seems so completely dependent on the individual as suicide. . . . It may therefore very naturally be thought impracticable to refer suicide to general principles, or to detect anything like regularity in an offence which is so eccentric, so solitary, so impossible to control by legislation, and which the most vigilant police can do nothing to diminish. . . . These being the peculiarities of this singular crime, it is surely an astonishing fact that all the evidence we possess respecting it, points to one great conclusion . . . that suicide is merely the product of the general condition of society. . . . In a given state of society, a certain number of persons must put an end to their own life. This is the general law; and the special question as to who shall commit the crime, depends, of course, upon special laws; which, however, in their total action, must obey the larger social law to which they are all subordinate."

Such was the method of observation, and such was the first great inference, on which Buckle sought to base the study of the science of history. Statistics of human actions were, of course, not to be our only materials. We were to study them in connection with numerous other conditions, such as climate, culture, and politics. That, however, we

may take for granted: it is not to the point here. What is to the point is his treatment of the actions themselves, and his celebrated contention as to the scientific way of observing them. This, as we have seen, amounts to the following doctrine: that nothing is to be done by observing individual cases, whether of events or of a mental process. Such a method he calls the "metaphysical," and hardly any conclusion, he says, has ever been arrived at by it, that is not either trivial, or else uncertain. Nor is the reason of this, he thinks, far to seek. "Everything," he writes, "we at present know, has been ascertained by studying phenomena, from which all casual disturbances having been removed, the law remains as a conspicuous residue. And this can only be done by observations so numerous as to eliminate the disturbances, or else by experiments so delicate as to isolate the phenomena. One of these conditions is essential to all inductive science; but neither of them does the metaphysician obey: . . . so that while he, on the one hand, is unable to isolate his observations from disturbances, he, on the other hand, refuses to adopt the only remaining precaution—he refuses so to enlarge his survey as to eliminate the disturbances by which his observations are troubled."

Buckle applies these words, in the place from which I quote them, to metaphysical studies commonly so called; but he uses such studies as a passing illustration only: he is really aiming at the study of action and of history. What he urges comes to this: just as the philosopher makes no solid discoveries by merely studying a single mind, so the student of history makes no solid discoveries by merely studying single lives, single events, or even single periods.

Such is the outline of the argument in Buckle's opening chapters; and I venture here to remind the reader of it, not that I may criticize the method which it advocates, but that I may point out a want in the materials, and, above all, in the subject matter, to which that method is to be applied. The science of history, Buckle says, is based upon many other sciences; they alone make it possible. What I shall try to make clear is, that of those other sciences, there is one that has been completely missed by him. He has grazed it, he has touched it, but he has never laid his hands upon it. It is still to the world as much a missing science, as was political economy at the beginning of the last century. The best name I can give to this science is, I think, *the science of human character*.

I will explain my meaning further. Let us return to the passage just quoted, in which Buckle speaks of suicide. There is no act, he says, "which seems so completely dependent on the individual." That, however, is only *seeming*: what it is really dependent on, is "the general condition of society;" and, consequently, what the man of science must study, is not the private history of any individual suicide, but the number of such men in recurring periods, and the relation of this number to general social conditions. Now here, it seems to me, we have a piece of slovenly thinking, which underlies and vitiates the whole of Buckle's system. It may be quite true, or at least we may suppose it to be, that between the particular act, and the general social conditions, there does exist the strict relation that he says there does. But if this be so, why is it? The relation exists in virtue of a chain of events or facts, the last link in which is the private character of the individual; and were this character different, the act would be different also. Given a bold man instead of a timid one, a sanguine man instead of a phlegmatic one, we might see resulting from the very same external causes, not suicide, but a fresh start in life. Indeed, Buckle himself has pointed out at length what a complex internal process, on the part of the agent, is involved in the commission of the act—what a nice balancing of motion, what a conflict of thoughts

and passions: and the same is the case with any act whatever. Surely then one would think that this internal process—this process in the consciousness of the individual, was a thing requiring study. It may be wholly dependent on external causes, certainly: but still, in producing their result, the external causes depend equally upon it. Buckle, however, has failed to note this. He has overlooked a truth, whilst busy in exposing fallacy. We shall never, he says, understand an act by the most careful study possible of the character of the man committing it. And in this he is quite right; but he leaps from this truth to a most strangely illogical conclusion. Because we shall never understand an act by studying only its immediate antecedents or conditions, therefore, he says, these antecedents or conditions are not to be studied at all. His contention, as we have seen, is, that when dealing with biographical details, such as a man's own conscious emotions on any given occasion, we can not, as he says, "isolate the phenomena," or rise from our observations to any scientific generalization. And of course this is true; there can be no science of any single character, just as there can be no science of any single mind. But it is surely strange that Buckle, with all his materials before him, did not rise from this truth to another, which is next door to it:—that though there can be no science of any character in particular there can be a science of human character in general.

Let us take, for instance, the case of a vast mob of enthusiasts, inspired like one man, with a single purpose, such as the destruction of the Bastille, we will say, or the condemning the arrest of Mr. Parnell. Now, it is plain that no member of either of the mobs in question, could completely explain his presence in it, by any personal confessions of his own. The Bastille fell from causes which its direct destroyers were unconscious of. Mr. Gladstone is cheered or hissed under exactly the same conditions. Events and circumstances are involved in each case, which may perhaps be traced out by the scientific historian, but which are utterly invisible and unknown to the actors. Indeed, these last, in their joint action, may be exemplifying a recondite law, whose very existence is yet undreamed of. But though in looking at such events in a broad scientific light, the confession of a single mobman would be of very little use to us, there are two points to remember.

A mob collects and acts, we say, owing to certain remote causes, and in obedience to a certain law. Let us admit that. But in the first place, be the law never so general, and the causes never so minute, the law exists, and the effect follows the causes, only in virtue of each mobman being a man of certain character. In a mob of twenty thousand men, there are twenty thousand characters, twenty thousand sets of motives working; and the conduct of the mob is the exact resultant of these. We are accustomed, it is true, to ignore this fact in language. We speak of a mob as though it were really a single animal. We say that it got excited, that it was appeased, or that it did this or that. But we speak thus for the sake of convenience only. What we mean is, that twenty thousand men got excited at the same moment, that they were appeased at the same moment, or that they did this or that in concert; and they acted in such a way because they were severally of such and such characters, and because each man, owing to certain causes, was glad or angry, or hopeful or despairing.

Now, here comes the grand point to remember: no two men have the same history; no two men have the same moral character, and the character is therefore different of each of our twenty thousand mobmen. In spite, however, of such differences in character, we have a complete unanimity of action. Now, to what can this be due? It must be due to the fact that our supposed twenty thousand characters have, in spite of their differences, certain points



on which they all agree; indeed, it is only in virtue of such agreement that their joint action is possible. Let us consider the point further. Of all these thousands of men each man has his own separate temperament, his own separate interests. The passions that direct him as a mobman may be quite dormant in private life; and any two out of the number, under ordinary circumstances, might seem contrasted rather than similar characters; they might indeed be so. But when they all act together for one common purpose, all other countless differences disappear for the time being; they cancel out, as it were, leaving nothing but points of agreement; and the mob becomes virtually a single organism, whose strength or weakness is as some multiple of its parts.

Now, here are the exact conditions required for scientific observation. What is before us is the action, not of any special characters, but of average human character, when formed and excited by certain antecedents and circumstances. As Buckle says, "all casual disturbances have been eliminated," and "the law remained a conspicuous residue;" or at least the facts remain out of which a law may be formulated.

I have mentioned the case of a mob merely because it is a familiar example, and may help to introduce the conception that I wish to make familiar, the conception of a science of character; but I have got to state explicitly the first broad fact which such a conception presupposes, namely, that just as in a mob, men for the time being are influenced by the same motives, and have virtually the same character, so in all human society a similar thing holds good. In other words, despite the infinite idiosyncrasies of men, there is a character common to all of them. Under every difference there is a residue of entire sameness; there is such a thing, in short, as the *common human character*, which is as proper a subject for scientific study as are the mental processes which are the subject-matter of logic. Just as logic is the science of the laws of thought, so is the science I speak of the science of the laws of action. Of course this *common character* is an abstraction, in a way in which the *common mind* is not. We all think alike; we do not all act alike. We shall all add up with the same result the figures in a tailor's bill; we shall not all add up with the same result the inducements to incur or pay it. And for this there is an obvious reason. The action of the mind is entirely independent of circumstances, while the action of character is, within limits, entirely at their mercy. This fact, however, does not in the least make against what I am urging, for all the numberless varieties in question come from quantitative varieties of the same collection of elements.

Let us pause here for a moment; and for the sake of complete clearness, let us consider what we mean by *character*. We may express this in either of two ways: we may say that we mean by it *susceptibility to motive*, or we may say that we mean by it *the development and the organization of impulse*. We mean by a man's character, the proportion of force exerted on him by indolence or activity, by ambition or pride or envy, by selfishness or by sympathy, and so on; and what I am now insisting on is, that though this proportion is different in each man, yet it varies according to certain laws and only within certain limits; that is so far as the events of history are like each other, the same forces of character have gone to causing them; and that the connection between the two can be established on a scientific basis. For instance, whenever a nation has emerged from barbarism into civilization, when wealth has been accumulated or distributed, when aristocracies have gained power, or when the masses have tried to deprive them of it, all these events are the product of the action of human character; in so far as they repeat themselves, they are the product of the same action, and the laws of this action are

ascertainable. Let us take the following proposition, for instance: *All progress is due to the ambition or the covetousness of a minority*. Now, this proposition, or something very like it, has been often proposed and often quarreled over already. But the way in which it has been thus dealt with has been essentially an unscientific way. It has been dealt with as a matter of opinion—as a subject for sagacity, or shrewdness, or general wisdom; not as a question for strict scientific inquiry, which conceivably, at least, is capable of being decided absolutely. I am not here discussing whether the above proposition be true. I am merely insisting that, supposing it to be true, it can be established as a truth of science, and that all the larger phenomena of human progress can be connected with character in an equally rigid way.

If any inference is to be drawn from the facts brought before us by statisticians—by such facts as those that Buckle dwells upon—surely the above inference is inevitable; or rather we may say that it is not an inference from such facts at all, but only the reverse side of them. Character repeats itself in the same way, and in the same degree, that acts repeat themselves. The former is implied by the latter.

That the truth of this has not been realized hitherto is due partly to its being such a very obvious truth. That some sort of sameness exists in human character, is one of the first assumptions on which all conduct is based. We assume it whenever we offer a cabman some extra payment in order that he may drive us quicker; and we could at any moment multiply such instances indefinitely. The instance of the cabman, however, is enough here; let us glance for a moment at that. Out of the mass of city cabmen, we might, of course, find individuals who would not drive us quicker for any extra payment. Ill-temper, or drunkenness, might stand in the way; or the horse might be so lame that it could do no more than hobble; or so fresh that it would naturally go its quickest. But, taking the cabmen as a body, and eliminating all casual disturbances, the following law "remains as a conspicuous residue," that their speed, beyond a certain limit, is proportionate to their expectation of payment. Now, common sense and common experience tell us this; and we reach the conclusion so readily, that we overlook the fact that it is a genuine scientific generalization. Such, however, it undoubtedly is, though to understand it fully, it must be taken with many others; and in the same way, in our more trivial thoughts and actions, we are arguing from generalizations of an equally scientific nature. In other words, the science of human character is, to some extent, unconsciously mastered by all of us; we unconsciously ascribe to its truths a general and scientific validity. If this be so, it may be asked, "Why go through the ceremony of studying it? Has not common sense instructed us in it already?" And to this comes the old answer, that science is common sense organized, and our common sense on these matters has to be organized still. We know much about human conduct; but there is much about which we are still ignorant; and our ignorance is daily betraying itself in the most momentous questions that are before us. Take, for example, the question of moral conduct. What a number of theories rival schools are maintaining! The theologian takes one view of the matter, the positivist takes another; and each of these views implies, in its last analysis, certain conflicting generalizations as to the action of human character. In the domain of politics, this is still more apparent. The socialist and the defender of property, the advocate of equality and the advocate of inequality, all rest their views on certain implied propositions as to the action of human impulses, and the degree to which they are capable of being modified. But these propositions, so far from having been verified, have never even been formu-

lated and placed together. They remain hidden in the fog of semi-conscious implication. Buckle himself remarks this in a note, though he never follows up the train of thought suggested by it. "A man," he says, "after reading everything that has been written on moral conduct and philosophy, will find himself nearly as much in the dark as when his studies first began. The most accurate investigators of the human mind have hitherto been the poets, particularly Homer and Shakspeare; but these extraordinary observers mainly occupied themselves with the concrete phenomena of life; and if they analyzed, as they probably did, they have concealed the steps of the process, so that now we can only verify their conclusions empirically." And it will be found, I think, that the ignorance here mentioned is one of the chief causes of the present social ferment. To a very great extent all parties are fighting in the dark—radical and conservative equally. Neither can account scientifically for whatever faith is in them. The radical attacks the conservative, assuming that equality is desirable. The conservative attacks the socialist, assuming that property is sacred. But each side assumes the very thing that it ought to prove. It assumes certain propositions with regard to human character and human capability; and it never seeks to verify these propositions by any method that has ever been known to science. Such an initial study is of equal importance to every side. On this common ground, not of opinion, but of fact and evidence, every side might meet, and go together for at least a part of their journey. Numberless differences, by which politicians and social reformers are now divided, would then be impossible. They would be laid to rest by the compelling power of demonstration; and a change would be produced in the world of practical politics, analogous to that produced by the study of political economy. It would be the same in kind, and far greater in degree.

One of the causes why the science of character has been overlooked, has been the fact, as I have said already, that many of its truths are so obvious. But there is another cause also, which I shall now proceed to mention. Law, it is said, arises because of transgression. A crime is not prohibited until it has been committed by some one. The same thing is true in theology. The church does not define its truths till some heretic definitely denies them. In the same way, too, the science of character has been hitherto neglected, because, in so far as its general truths are concerned, nearly all the civilized world has, till lately, been in agreement. It has been needless to formulate what was never doubted. But during the present century all this has been changing. The conception of human progress has been growing more vivid, if not distinct; and countless schemes for improving the structure of society have been exciting and dividing men throughout the whole of Europe. Social phenomena, which are as old as the oldest civilization, which have always reproduced themselves wherever men rose from savagery, and which were once, though not hailed as blessings, at all events accepted as necessities, are now in some quarters declared to be quite removable, and the blind passions of the ignorant are being industriously excited against them. This statement does not apply only to the extreme section of Nihilists, or German Socialists. The same unsettled views as to the possibilities of human nature, are to be found in a less degree amongst our English radicals; nor when we recollect that the chief of the phenomena in question is inequality, will the remark be unintelligible. The question, therefore, now is being daily brought before us, how far are certain things removable, which a certain set of men are clamoring to have removed? How far, for instance, can we remove social inequality? and, if we remove it, what else must we remove with it? Now, to a man like Buckle, these were not practical ques-

tions at all; and the way he touches on them is very significant. Thus the following passage is a case in point. "In every country," he says, "as soon as the accumulation of wealth has reached a certain point, the produce of each man's labor becomes more than sufficient for his own support: it is therefore no longer necessary that all should work, and there is formed a separate class, the members of which pass their lives for the most part in the pursuit of pleasure; a very few, however, in the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge." Now this passage—and there are several, though not more than several like it—is introduced by him as though it were almost a parenthesis. It is introduced as a connecting link between his discussions of two subjects, and he aims in it, not at informing the reader of doubtful matter, but merely as reminding him of something that was not only well known, but completely understood already. Why a "separate class is formed, the members of which pass their lives for the most part in the pursuit of pleasure," or why such a class, though always a small minority, has always existed in every civilized community, this Buckle never inquires—it never even seems to have occurred to him that it was a possible subject for inquiry; and thus it is that he has overlooked the necessity for a science of character. Had he lived in the present day he would have seen things differently. He would have seen that a mass of propositions, which to him seemed so undoubted that there was no need even to analyze them, were being unconsciously ignored in many places, and being openly denied in others; and the promise or the danger implied in these views would have forced him to apply himself to a scientific study of them. Instead of accepting the patent historical fact that all civilizations hitherto have been based on social inequality, he would have inquired carefully into the exact causes of it, and have tried to ascertain how far these causes could be modified.

Had it occurred to him to do this, the materials he has already collected would have brought him, not to the science of character, but at all events to the threshold of it; they would have brought him, that is, to the first general proposition which the believer in the science is required to assent to, and which at once explains its scope, and shows its possibility. That proposition is this: the structure of society is the outcome of the structure of human character. Let a society be what it will, let wealth and power be distributed in it as they may, its structure at any given period is dependent on, or is rather the expression of, the character of the men comprising it. Let this fact once be fully realized, and a significant rebuke is conveyed to a number of modern theorists. Let us take the celebrated saying, for instance, "that inequality is the source of all social misery, and that our aim must be, therefore, to do away with inequality." Now, this doctrine may be true, or it may not be true; but the men who begin with maintaining it, begin at the wrong place. The scientific way of beginning is as follows:—whatever exists in society, or whatever has existed, has been the outcome, has been the expression of human character. Whatever features in society have been most permanent, or have most constantly reproduced themselves, have expressed the most permanent features in human character. Of such social features one of the most permanent has been inequality; therefore inequality is the effect, or the expression of something that has been most permanent in human character itself; and thus the complete statement of the great radical thesis would be, not that the source of all social misery is inequality, but that the source of all social misery is the human character, or at least certain elements in it. And the full statement of this radical programme of progress is, not that inequality must be done away with, but that human character must be altered.

The value or the fatuity of any great scheme of progress



will never be understood until it is clearly recognized that this, in the long run, is what is involved in all of them. They all depend on our powers of altering the human character—of eliminating or reducing some motives, and of strengthening others; of creating a new balance of impulse within the average man.

Now in supposing such a change possible, there is no *prima-facie* absurdity. Although the first thing that we assume in action is the uniformity of human character, the first thing that strikes us in observation is its diversity. We see it not only diverse in different people, but in different nations, and at different epochs. We see changes in the average character, in which whole nations and epochs share. One of the best-marked examples of this is the change that has been either caused or expressed by Christianity, and which has been co-extensive with the entire civilized world. This of itself will be quite enough to remind us how greatly human nature is capable of being modified, and how naturally the hope may suggest itself that it may be modified yet further. The scientific thinker, however, should not be content with natural hopes. He must know that many things are impossible that at first sight seem almost inevitable, and that some plausible expectations are often the most misleading. This is especially the case in a question like the present, where the point at issue is, not whether a certain thing can be done or not done, but whether it can be done or not done to a certain or given extent. Human nature can be modified; we all know that. What we want to know is how far can the process be carried; and this is a point which none of the philosophers of progress has ever yet investigated in any scientific way. The whole inquiry, let me once again repeat it, is still a missing science, and the more clearly we realize the questions that the science will deal with, the more clearly shall we realize that they have never been dealt with hitherto.—*The Contemporary Review*.

## THE SACREDNESS OF THE SECULAR CALLING.

One of the most wonderful phenomena in the history of civilization is the conservative and constructive power which Christianity exerted from the time of its first proclamation, while it contained revolutionary matter enough to burst in pieces the social structure of the world. It came as a doctrine of liberty into a world which slavery was steadily destroying; it came as a doctrine of equality into a world in which the classes were sundered by an impassable chasm, and cursed each other with the most furious hate; it came as a doctrine of fraternity into a world in which the nations regarded each other as natural enemies, and in which war was magnified as the noblest activity of mankind. And it preached its doctrines with no uncertain emphasis or trembling tone. Boldly, clearly, persistently, as men who knew that the authority of heaven was behind them to sustain their words, its preachers proclaimed, in face of bonds and wounds, and death itself, that in Christ "there is neither Greek nor Jew, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for we are all one in Christ Jesus." "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."

This was their message, and they rang it out with heaven-born energy in the ears of an enslaved, envenomed, and wrangling world. And the word wrought mightily. It was no formula of a philosopher, or vision of a poet; the world had these in abundance, and was fairly weary of them; and it was content to leave them to the sophists or the dreamers, the easy, cultured, luxurious children of fortune, who seemed born "to lie reclined, on the hills as gods together, careless of mankind." No! these preachers of the gospel

went into the streets and into the market-places, into the workshops and the dens of sin, misery, and crime, and made the world listen to them. It heard them gladly as it heard their Master, and for the same reason. It could not help it. They laid their finger on its sore; they touched the seat of all its weakness and pain. Though they spake of invisible heavenly things, men felt somehow that they were things with which every man's life had very directly to do, and which lay as near to the wise conduct of this world's business as vital air and daily bread. And they spake with authority, with the ring of Divine truth in their tones, and with the momentum of a Divine force in their words. And so the world listened to them. It was stirred to the depths of its nature; there was such movement, such pressure, such budding and swelling as had never been known upon earth since the Spirit of the living God moved upon the face of the primeval Chaos, and Cosmos began to bloom under his quickening breath. They had not long been preaching before their enemies, those who dreaded the light, the liberty, and the life of their gospel, charged them with having "turned the world upside down," which, as it had been wrong side up since sin entered into it and marred its divine order, precisely expressed its need. But that is not the point here. The important matter is that it was not an esoteric and inoperative doctrine. It was for the great world, and it wrought on and in the great world mightily. But there was no revolution, or any approach to revolution. Despots tyrannized and subjects submitted; masters commanded and slaves obeyed; women still lived under the yoke, workmen still toiled in the workshops, and peasants in the fields, for a beggar's subsistence; war raged as of old, and classes struggled for mastery, as in the ages before the gospel of liberty and brotherhood was preached unto men. Whatever this "turning the world upside down" might mean, and it meant something very real indeed, it manifestly did not mean the subversion of the visible order and the dissolution of the organic structure of society. To the eye all went on as of old, as far as appeared on the surface. No universal revolt of slaves, no demand for the emancipation of women, no strike of the oppressed and afflicted children of toil, signalized the advent of the Redeemer, who came to the world with this promise on his lips, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath appointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

And the reason of this is plain. The gospel came purely as a spiritual force to work on and in the spiritual nature of men. It aimed at, and would have, no mere reconstruction of society; it cared much more for its renewing. Its one instrument of regeneration was the influence which Christ could establish and the power which he could wield over individual consciences and hearts. All remained the same to the eye in the visible order of society. But to those who could pierce through the veil to the inner springs and processes of life, a wonderful transforming power was seen to be at work. Men were learning in their innermost souls lessons of truth, justice, and charity, which, first reaching their own hearts and homes, would work outwards and regenerate society. But, like all purely spiritual forces, it wrought inwardly and silently, and guarded and saved while it restored. If the first message of the gospel had run thus: "The constitution of society is wrong from the foundations; God's commandment is—level all thrones, break all yokes, abolish all class distinctions, and all will go well," then, with the enormous force which the powers of the invisible world which the gospel unveiled could bring to bear on men, it would have torn society in pieces.

But its message was from the first—"There is something far more profoundly important to be attended to than the reconstruction of society; there is an evil within far more deadly than all the tyrannies and wrongs which afflict the earth. Deny thyself, and take up thy cross and follow in the Master's footsteps, and then all will begin to go well in thy world." This was its first imperative mandate. Reformers who begin the reformation within never fail to work in a very self-controlled and reverent fashion, and will save far more than they can destroy.

The great revelation of Christianity was the revelation of life and immortality. The Resurrection made man a citizen of a spiritual and eternal state. The Church was built on this truth as its corner-stone. The apostles preached "Jesus and the Resurrection." The resurrection and reign of the man Christ Jesus, the Lord of Glory, was the truth, faith in which re-made the world. It changed at once the whole of man's relations and surroundings. It seemed to dwarf this world utterly in comparison with the eternal state which it revealed. The curtains of sense were lifted all round him, and man found himself in the midst of a great universe of spiritual being, with which his life had profound and pregnant relations, and in which he was destined to live on, bearing the glorious burden of his freedom, and reaping the harvest of his deeds through eternity. The entrance of the risen man Christ Jesus into that unseen world, which was the fundamental article of the Christian creed, and his reign on its throne, lent to it a vivid reality, an absorbing interest, an overmastering importance, which threatened to dwarf the interests, occupations, and relations of this life to nothingness, and to concentrate all man's energies on the interior workings of his spiritual nature; on which he was taught to believe his destinies for eternity were absolutely dependent; by which he would be raised to celestial bliss and splendor, or doomed to everlasting misery and shame. We are hardly in a position to measure the force of the impact of that revelation on man. To us the thought of the celestial world, and our relations to it as immortal spirits, is as familiar as the visible objects of the creation around us. We are born, we are nurtured, and grow up into life, knowing that we are immortal beings, and that our destinies reach on through eternity. We breathe, we live in the atmosphere of the world of spirits; the whole system of things into which we are born and in which we live takes for granted man's responsibility before the Eternal Judge, and the eternal issues which wait upon the decisions of his will. Our daily speech, our higher literature, our legislation, to say nothing of our hymns and our prayers, recognize that the powers of the unseen world are brought to bear upon our lives. But *then* it was a new and transcendently wonderful world, which the gospel revealed. Men were ravished with its beauty, and fairly intoxicated with its joy. The splendid visions unveiled in the Apocalypse, painting out in full form the reticent suggestion of St. Paul, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him;" these glorious unveilings of the sphere to whose citizenship man's life in Christ was lifted, and in which his lot was cast for ever, flashed out in startling contrast to the toil, the squalor, the wretchedness, in which on earth the heir of everlasting glory seemed doomed to spend his weary days. Why these tedious tasks, these squalid surroundings, this ceaseless toiling, mulling, and wrangling about things that perish, when we have but to close our eyes and our ears to the squalors and wallings around us, to rise by faith into empyrean regions, to catch some vision of celestial splendors, and hear some echo of the everlasting hymn, which, musical as the voice of many waters, and mighty as the voice of many thunders, pealed around the eternal throne?

Students of Elizabethan literature will recall the inspiration of joy and hope which the discovery of the new world kindled in the old world's somewhat worn and weary heart. The tales which were brought home of the exquisite beauty and the lavish bounty of the new-found regions seized on man's imagination, and filled him with a boundless sense of power and a glorious kindling of hope. The peerless imaginative literature of that time is its fruit. Man walked with a firmer step, with a freer port, with a bolder outlook, when he found how large and splendid was his world. But this is only a faint image of the kindling inspiration which fired man's spirit when the revelation of life and immortality made his world as wide as heaven. "Who would fardels bear," he was tempted to cry. "and grunt and sweat under this load of life, when this invisible world of radiant glory is unveiled to my vision, and will soon be open to my steps?" A king's son, the heir of all things, and bound to toil, and sweat, and groan over tasks which seem fitter for the beasts! There is something wrong at heart, he was tempted to say, in the whole system of things which presents such anomalies; let us strike work and claim our royal share of all the gifts and advantages which this life will yield to us; or let us hurry through it, that we may the sooner claim our inheritance in heaven.

These words indicate two very great dangers to the order, to the very structure, of society, which arose out of the promulgation of the gospel of life and immortality. Men were tempted to despise the tasks and toils of their daily callings, and all the petty beggarly interests, as they seemed, with which they had to do; and men of a loftier strain were tempted to despise life itself, and to cast it away eagerly, that the joys and glories of the heavenly life might be the more swiftly their own. That the first temptation began to work even in the apostle's days we have many significant indications, such as 2 Thess. iii. 6-16. And the second temptation is hinted at in a passage from the apostle's own experience, Phil. i. 21-25. We can easily estimate how that would work in minds less firmly balanced and surely established than his own. Accordingly it was not long before the passion for martyrdom became so strong, even in boys and girls, that it had to be met by stern enactments, and was with grievous difficulty restrained. But of the real gravity of the danger the history of the monastic orders is the strongest witness.

At the root of the monastic life lie the two principles already indicated. The monk said to himself, This ceaseless toil for bread, shelter, and clothes, is a beggarly occupation for an immortal spirit; I leave it to the children of this world, it suits their ideas and hopes; I will cling to the living bread, the robe of righteousness, the home in heaven; and the more I can macerate and enfeeble this accursed flesh, which has the devil's mark upon it, and the taint of sin in all its blood, the sooner I shall be there. And the passion for the monastic life became so dominant that there was a very real danger in some regions of the overthrow of the whole order of society. Men set themselves in throngs to reduce to a minimum their earthly needs and activities, and to wear down the flesh by austerities and mortifications; careless wholly what became of the world and all its mundane interests, scorning them too much to care if they perished. Nor is this an old world question. Always there is this startling contrast between their condition and calling present with men. Always, like Peter, when they realize their sonship, the powers and prerogative of their calling of God in Christ, they want to walk on the water, and to emancipate themselves from the material conditions of their present. They are tempted to rage at the limitations of their condition, the narrow round, the common task, the petty cares, amid which they are doomed to spend their weary days. Always, until they open their minds and hearts to take in



the doctrine of the spiritual sacredness of the secular calling, and to hear the word by which the great apostle, with far-sighted prescience of the way in which things were tending, settled both the spiritual and the secular life of men on firm foundations, "Brethren, let every man wherein he is called, therein abide with God."

The apostle, in these words, with wonderful wisdom and foresight, lays down a principle which, rightly understood and seized in all its bearings, secures the higher development of the social and political life of mankind. It is, as has been pointed out already, the principle of order; we shall find that is the principle of progress too.

But what are the underlying truths; on what bases does it rest?

Fundamentally it rests on the incarnation. Philosophy has struggled with the problem of evil, and has been well-nigh maddened by it. Is the root of it in the flesh, in the world, or in the earthly needs and occupations of man's life? And it has always been tempted to proscribe the world and the flesh, and to prescribe an ascetic discipline as the only way of holiness to mankind. The Lord of glory taking upon him the flesh of our humanity, and living not outside but *in* our world, not in the deserts but in the streets and the market places, answered the question and answered it for ever. The body is of God, the needs and occupations of this earthly life are of God, the domestic, social, and political life of man is of God; there is but one thing that is not of God in the world, and that is the heart which is set on worldly things, and which brings into the world death and all its attendant woes. The Lord lent no shadow of a countenance to the notion that things, places and callings had in them the essence of evil. Wherever a good man lives and works there is a shrine as holy as a sanctuary, though he feed on crusts and work in rags; wherever a bad man lives and works there is a sty foul as Hinnom and profane as Tophet, though he speak from a pulpit, bless from an altar, or rule from a throne. The Lord's forerunner, John the Baptist, "came, neither eating nor drinking." He was a man of distinctly ascetic temper and habit; and had his teaching been all that was to guide it, the world might easily have been led astray. But Christ came in striking contrast, a contrast to which he himself calls our attention and thought, "eating and drinking," and mixing himself freely with the busy life of his times. While John was in the deserts, he was in the workshop, acquainting himself by experience with all the toils and burdens of a workman's lot. When he came out into the world it is at marriage feasts, at Pharisees' banquets, in the throng of the temple, in fishermen's boats, in country villages and in broad high-ways, that we find him; not frowning upon but blessing the manifold, worldly activity of mankind. He not only took upon him our nature and hallowed it, but he took on him our lot, with all its petty cares, and mechanical occupation, and earthly needs. By his daily life among us he consecrated our daily lives, and wrote on the very bells of the horses that carry on the traffic of our world, "Holiness to the Lord." His presence everywhere, where man had interest and occupation, hallowed our whole sphere of man's secular callings, and lifted the whole level of man's daily working life into the region in which he shares the tasks and tastes the joy of the angels, who abide with God in their ministry and are blest.

For all this daily round of duty, these small occupations, these common tasks, are part of God's great scheme of the order of this human world. Christ calls them holy, because he made them; he ordains their conditions, he watches their progress; they are a part, and a vital part, of the divine order of the world. It may be said with truth that sin has created much of the condition under which we are living, and that it has jarred all the relations of life and poisoned

all its springs. Sin has got mixed up with the whole round of our earthly duties and our daily fellowships, and it may seem at the first glance as though we must throw them, as a plague-tainted garment, away. But that is not the Lord's counsel. He perpetuates our race with all its sinful proclivities, and he perpetuates the conditions under which we live and work. He sees in all this busy life of ours, with all its degrading temptations and harassing cares, the working out of a great plan of development, the plan on which, in the beginning, he made the worlds. From the first his delights were not in the deserts of creation, but with the sons of men in their crowded, struggling, seething life. All these callings, this various play of human faculty, this manifold production, this eager, intense, and destructive struggle for life, is part of his counsel, his plan for the full development of our freedom, and it works into the great harmony of the universal progress, whose perfect form is the kingdom of heaven.

And he hallows and blesses these manifold callings, because, poor and dull as many of them are, and mixed up with sin, they are his means of delivering us from sin, of teaching us to conquer it, and to trample it under our feet for ever. He sends us to our worldly tasks, all the daily round of dull, monotonous toil, by which the world's work is done, not to degrade us, but to redeem us; not to punish us by setting us tasks which, mechanical as they are, and worthy of the beasts, are yet all that we are worthy to handle, but to train us, to begin a holy culture and discipline of our fallen nature on the lowest forms of duty, so as to prepare us in time for the higher lessons of the heavenly schools. Man was sentenced to toil in mercy, and the patient, resolute, persistent fulfillment of appointed tasks, is a noble education, where the spiritual nature is growing under the hand of Christ, for the nobler tasks of eternity. But still, man says, the tasks are poor and mean, and they fret and gall, and cramp the soul! What good can come to a spiritual being, a citizen of the heavenly state, with God and the whole spiritual world within reach of his apprehension, in measuring tape, or writing copy, or minding spindles, or stitching clothes, or cobbling shoes, the long day through? It is a miserably bungled and ill-managed world, he is tempted to say, which sets him to do it. No wonder if he rages against the necessity, and extricates himself from it as far as he can. Nay, "Brethren, let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God." Let the draper measure, and the clerk copy, and the tailor stitch, and the weaver weave, and the cobbler cobbler, and the shoeblack polish, as the Lord's servant, feeling that the task has been set to him to do thoroughly, that the Lord's eye is on him to watch him, that the Lord's hand is outstretched to help him, and that the Lord's "Well done" will at last reward him, and they have no nobler work, and worthier of a spirit, up there among the stars. From a spirit's point of view the work is nothing; the mind, the aim, is all. Slave or free, it matters little; the mind to obey the unseen Master, makes the slave the workmate of the angels and of the elect spirits before the throne.

To abide with God in a calling is to have supreme regard to his commandment; to accept the task of his appointment, and to know that God, as well as man, has an end to gain in its being bravely and thoroughly done. Abide with God. That means, take all the burden, all the weariness, and all the pain to him and be refreshed by his sympathy, invigorated by his strength, and inspired by his love. If we abide with God, the surroundings, the accidents of the work, vanish. It may be poor, mean, tiresome, by human judgment; there is but one feature there to heavenly judgments—a child of the Highest, a son of God, a brother of Christ, hearkening to the voice of the Lord who rules on the everlasting throne. Here, then, is the principle of the order

which Christianity has assured in the world of human society—an order which is instinct with the spirit of progress; which, while it would save society from dread cataclysms on the one hand, so leads its onward and upward movement on the other, as to give sure promise of the time when Christ's kingdom shall come, and Christ's will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

But we may see here the principle of order, the conservative principle, but fail to see the principle of progress. We may be tempted to ask, Is not this the principle of stagnation? Are not these patient, submissive virtues which Christianity enjoins, and which the life of our Lord so grandly illustrates, fatal to that eager, restless longing for progress, that noble ambition, by which human society grows? If a man abides with God in his calling, will he not be likely to grow too content with it, and to hold himself back in patient submission from higher and more worthy tasks? No; because this is a principle of culture. The man who abides with God in his calling, while he is delivered from all restless desire of change, will strain his faculty to the utmost; exercise of faculty develops power; and as sure as water finds its level, power will find its sphere. Cultivate a man's power, enlarge his nature, mature his judgment, and he must rise perforce. It is no restless ambition, but an imperative mandate which at last says to him, "Come up to a higher room." And here is the broad reason why the most godly races are the most cultivated, the most industrious, the most progressive peoples of the world.

And here, too, is the broad distinction between the Romanist and the Protestant views of life and of society. The Roman Church has always rebelled at heart against this sentence of St. Paul. Always to the Romanist the secular life is earthly and profane; when he talks of "religion" he means the cowl, the cell, and selfish, faithless isolation from all the interests, relationships, and activities of God's great human world. The Reformers stood forth and said, "That is false to the heart's core; the religious life is the life lived in a religious spirit, be it kept by a priest at the altar, a shoeblack in the street, a prince on the throne." The Reformation sanctified once more the work-a-day life of men. It honored the body, it consecrated marriage, it reinstated the home at the head of the human order, it blessed from God the homeliest toils and tasks of mankind. It proclaimed afresh—and the proclamation rang like a battle march through Christendom, stirring the Protestant peoples to a nobler life and activity, whereby they have continually grown richer and stronger, while the Latin nations are torn by intestine conflict or go down to wreck—that to prince and peasant, to master and servant, to clerk, shopman, ploughman, and hodman, who abides with God in his calling, the word of the King of kings will be spoken with equal emphasis at last—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful in the few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Good Words*.

### ASPIRATION.

O thou great arbiter of life and death,  
Nature's immortal, unmaterial sun,  
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth  
From darkness, teeming darkness where I lay,  
The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath  
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,  
To drink the spirit of the golden day,  
And triumph in existence; and could know  
No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd  
A rise in blessing, with the patriarch's joy,  
Thy call I follow to the land unknown.  
I trust in thee and know in whom I trust;  
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs;  
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

### ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

FROM THE HISTORICAL WRITINGS OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF GRECIAN LITERATURE TO THE CLOSE OF ROMAN LITERATURE.

1. Q. When was Grecian prose brought to its maturity? A. In the century following the Persian wars.
2. Q. Who were the three most prominent Grecian historians of the golden age of Grecian literature? A. Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon.
3. Q. What title has been bestowed upon Herodotus? A. He is called the "Father of History."
4. Q. How did Herodotus spend the best twenty years of his life? A. In travelling over the greater part of the then known world, studying the history, geography, and customs of the countries he visited.
5. Q. What is the main subject of the great work of his life? A. The Græco-Persian war, and the triumph of his country.
6. Q. What is the great work of Thucydides on whom it is said the mantle of Herodotus descended? A. The history of the Peloponnesian war.
7. Q. What first attempts do we find in this history? A. The first attempts to treat the philosophy of history, to trace events to their ultimate causes, and to adduce from the facts lessons for the future.
8. Q. What are the two principal historical works of Xenophon? A. "The Hellenica," continuing the story of the Peloponnesian war left unfinished by Thucydides, and the "Anabasis," giving an account of the retreat of ten thousand Greeks from Asia to Greece.
9. Q. Name two other works written by Xenophon. A. The Cyropædia, or Education of Cyrus, and the Memorabilia, or Memoirs of Socrates.
10. Q. What were the first two philosophical schools of Greece to the founders of whom the various systems of philosophy may all be traced? A. The Ionic school of Thales, recognized as the founder of Greek philosophy, and the Italic school, founded by Pythagoras.
11. Q. What successor to the leadership of the Ionic school was the first to make the study of philosophy fashionable at Athens? A. Anaxagoras.
12. Q. What three sects sprang from the Italic school? A. The Eleatic, the Epicurean, and the Skeptic.
13. Q. What doctrine did Xenophanes, the founder of the Eleatic school, assert that was soon perverted by his followers? A. The unity of the Deity.
14. Q. What was the fundamental doctrine of the Epicurean school? A. That pleasure is the chief end of life.
15. Q. What was the leading doctrine of the Skeptic school? A. That there is no standard of truth appreciable by the human mind; nothing therefore can be asserted as true.
16. Q. What noted philosopher of the Golden Age of Athens denounced the atheistical philosophy of his predecessors? A. Socrates.
17. Q. What are some of the leading doctrines he taught? A. The unity of God, the soul's immortality, and the moral responsibility of man.
18. Q. What were the principal schools that originated in the Socratic? A. The Academic, the Peripatetic, the Cynic, and the Stoic.
19. Q. What are some of the leading doctrines of Plato, the pupil of Socrates, and the founder of the Academic school? A. A personal and eternal God, the immortality of the soul, future rewards and punishments, man's highest duty consists in searching out God, and imitating the perfection of the Almighty as his rule of conduct.



20. Q. What are some of the leading doctrines of the philosophy of Aristotle, the pupil of Plato and founder of the Peripatetic school? A. He inclined to materialism or pantheism, making reason divine and omnipresent; he doubted his own immortality, holding that the soul could not exist apart from the body, and that there is nothing good or bad beyond the dead.

21. Q. What is said of the influence of the Peripatetic school? A. It can not be estimated; for eighteen hundred years, up to the revival of letters in modern times, its author was recognized as the supreme authority on every subject, whether by Moslem or Christian.

22. Q. Who was the founder of the Stoic school, and who of the Cynic school? A. Zeno of the Stole, and Antisthenes of the Cynic.

23. Q. Among the orators of the golden age of Greece, who stands alone in the power of his eloquence? A. Demosthenes.

24. Q. What are the most famous of the orations of Demosthenes? A. The twelve "Philippics," delivered against Philip of Macedon.

25. Q. Who was the great rival orator of Demosthenes? A. Æschines.

26. Q. Over what time does the Alexandrian period of Greek literature extend? A. From the death of Alexander the Great, 323 B. C., to the conquest of Egypt by the Romans, 30 B. C., about three hundred years.

27. Q. What is said of the literary productions of the Alexandrian age? A. The age produced no grand masterpieces.

28. Q. What is said of the new school of comedy of the Alexandrian age? A. It dealt with the follies and vices of society at large, and not with individuals.

29. Q. Of the sixty-four poets, associated by the ancients with the new comedy, what two were the greatest? A. Menander and Philemon.

30. Q. In whose hands was Idyllic poetry matured and elevated into a new department of composition in the Alexandrian period? A. Theocritus the Sicilian.

31. Q. What is said of him as a delineator of natural scenery? A. He has no superior among ancient or modern poets.

32. Q. During this period what brilliant center of letters was the first university in the world? A. The Museum, or Temple of the Muses, at Alexandria, begun by the first Ptolemy, and finished by his son Philadelphus.

33. Q. Of what famous library was the Museum the seat? A. The Alexandrian library.

34. Q. How many volumes did this library contain at the time of its largest extent? A. Seven thousand volumes.

35. Q. What two poets' names were the greatest associated with the Museum? A. Callimachus and Apollonius Rhodius.

36. Q. What two celebrated mathematicians are numbered among the ornaments of the Alexandrian University? A. Euclid and Archimedes.

37. Q. Who was the chief historian of the Alexandrian age? A. Polybius.

38. Q. For what version of the Old Testament do we owe the Museum? A. The Septuagint, or Greek version, made by learned Jews employed by Ptolemy.

39. Q. By what is the long period of later Greek literature, following the Alexandrian age, marked? A. By a further decline, and the ultimate extinction of letters.

40. Q. What are the prominent figures in the group of geographical and historical writers gathered about the Christian era? A. Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

41. Q. Give the title of the most prominent work of each.

A. Strabo, Geography; Diodorus, Historical Library; Dionysius, Roman Antiquities.

42. Q. Who are some of the writers in Greek that the first century after Christ presents to us? A. The authors of the New Testament; Clement of Rome, an eminent authority with the early Christians; and Josephus, the Jewish historian.

43. Q. What are the two great works of Josephus? A. "History of the Jewish War," and "Jewish Antiquities."

44. Q. What great biographer of antiquity lived during the latter half of the first century and the first part of the second century after Christ? A. Plutarch.

45. Q. What is Plutarch's greatest work? A. Parallel Lives.

46. Q. What are three prominent names in Greek literature during the second century? A. Lucian, the author of the Dialogues; Pausanias, the Lydian geographer, who wrote the Itinerary of Greece; and Ptolemy, the astronomer, whose theory of the universe was received as authority for fourteen hundred years.

47. Q. Who were three eminent Christian writers of the second century? A. Justin Martyr, Polycarp, and Irenæus.

48. Q. What eclectic school of philosophy became prominent in the third century, and remained popular among the learned until the time of Constantine? A. The Neo-Platonic school, a medley of Plato's and Aristotle's tenets harmonized with the leading doctrines of Christianity.

49. Q. Who during the third century was the greatest critic and most learned philosopher of the age? A. Longinus.

50. Q. What is the Anthology? A. A collection of more than four thousand short pithy poems from the pens of about three hundred Greek writers.

51. Q. When Rome was founded, 753 B. C., as what were the predominant Italian races distinguished? A. As Latin and Umbrian; their languages were closely related, and have been called Italic.

52. Q. When was the Latin language, in its most ancient form, spoken by the people of Latium? A. Probably at least twelve hundred years before the Christian era.

53. Q. To what extent was the Latin language finally spoken? A. In greater or less purity throughout the Roman empire at the time of its widest limits.

54. Q. What is the rough simple verse in which the ballads and heroic poems of the first Latin bards are supposed to have been written called? A. Saturnian verse.

55. Q. From whom did Italy receive her first lessons in reading and writing, in law-making, in art, and draw her first inspiration in polite literature? A. From Greece.

56. Q. What did the sixth and seventh centuries of Rome see in literature? A. The birth of the regular drama and its decline; the earliest attempts at epic and satiric poetry, and the rise of a vigorous prose.

57. Q. Who was the author of the first regular Roman drama, and what was the occasion of its production? A. Livius Andronicus, a Greek slave, who may be called the father of Roman classical literature, was the author; the grand celebration over the downfall of Carthage, 240 B. C., was the occasion.

58. Q. What two writers of tragedies followed Andronicus? A. Nævius and Ennius.

59. Q. Who were two of the greatest comic poets of the Roman drama? A. Plautus and Terence.

60. Q. What two poets already named are famous as writers of epics? A. Nævius, called "The last of the Native Minstrels," and Ennius, recognized as "The Father of Latin Song."

61. Q. What are the most noted epics of each? A. Of Nævius, "The Punic War," and of Ennius, "The Annals."

62. Q. What class of poetry was native-born in this period of Roman literature? A. Satiric poetry.
63. Q. Who was the greatest writer of satirical poetry during this era? A. Lucilius.
64. Q. Give the names of some of the most eminent prose writers of this period? A. Cato the Censor, Lælius and Scipio, the Gracchus brothers, Crassus and Antonius, and Hortensius.
65. Q. What period is distinguished as the golden age of Roman literature? A. From B. C. 80 to A. D. 14, less than one hundred years.
66. Q. Into what two periods is this age divided? A. The Ciceronian period, from 80 to 43 B. C., and the Augustan period, from 43 B. C. to 14 A. D.
67. Q. What class of Roman literature reached its highest development during the Ciceronian period? A. Prose writing.
68. Q. Who were the five most distinguished prose writers of the Ciceronian period? A. Cicero, Varro, Julius Caesar, Sallust, and Nepos.
69. Q. Who was the great central sun in this period of literature? A. Cicero.
70. Q. How many books did Varro write? A. Over six hundred on different subjects.
71. Q. What are the greatest of Caesar's works? A. His commentaries on the Gallic and the civil war.
72. Q. What are three of the prominent works of Sallust? A. "The Conspiracy of Catiline," "The Jugurthine War," and a history of Rome.
73. Q. What is the only extant work of Nepos? A. "Lives of Eminent Commanders."
74. Q. What two poets of high rank did Italy produce during the Ciceronian period? A. Lucretius and Catullus.
75. Q. What is said of Catullus? A. He was the first great Roman lyricist.
76. Q. For what class of literature was the Augustan period, particularly the golden age, noted? A. Poetry.
77. Q. Who were the three most eminent poets of the Augustan period? A. Virgil, Horace, and Ovid.
78. Q. Which of the three is called Rome's greatest poet? A. Virgil.
79. Q. What are the titles of the most important works of Virgil? A. "The Eclogues," "The Georgics," and "The Æneid."
80. Q. What is Horace called? A. The great lyric poet of Rome.
81. Q. To what does Horace owe his renown? A. To his "Odes."
82. Q. What are the names of three other poets of the Augustan age? A. Varius, Tibullus, and Propertius.
83. Q. Who was the last literary ornament of the Augustan era? A. The historian Livy.
84. Q. What is Livy's great work? A. "The Annals," a history of Rome.
85. Q. What is the period following the golden age of Roman literature called? A. The silver age of Roman letters.
86. Q. What three writers were most prominent during the reign of Tiberius, the successor of Augustus? A. Vel-  
leius, the court historian; Celsus, the scientist; and Phædrus, the poet.
87. Q. Who were the three great literary ornaments of Nero's reign? A. Persius, the satirist; Seneca, the philosopher, and his nephew, Lucan.
88. Q. What is the only poem that we now possess of Lucan's? A. The epic, "Pharsalia," its subject being the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey.
89. Q. What eminent naturalist was an intimate friend of the Emperor Vespasian? A. Pliny the Elder.
90. Q. What is the only work we have left from his pen? A. His "Natural History."
91. Q. Who was the chief poet of Domitian's reign? A. Martial, master of the Latin epigram.
92. Q. What Roman lyric poetess was the Sappho of Domitian's age? A. Sulpitia.
93. Q. What noted rhetorician flourished during Domitian's reign? A. Quintilian.
94. Q. Who was the only great poet of the age of Trajan and the Antonines? A. Juvenal, the satirist.
95. Q. Who was foremost among the prose writers of this later period of Roman literature? A. Tacitus, by some considered the greatest of Roman historians.
96. Q. What contemporary of Tacitus wrote the "Lives of the Twelve Cæsars?" A. Suetonius.
97. Q. Who, during this period, was distinguished as a letter writer? A. Pliny the Younger.
98. Q. Who was the last of the writers of this age? A. Puleius.
99. Q. Who were the four great Latin fathers that wrote during the last three centuries of the Roman empire? A. St. Augustine, Ambrose, St. Jerome, and St. Gregory.
100. Q. What Roman noble, who outlived the fall of his country, wrote the famous moral treatise "on the Consolation of Philosophy?" A. Boëthius.

## C. L. S. C. NOTES AND LETTERS.

There are two Memorial Days in February. The first is Special Sunday, February 12th, and the second is the new Longfellow's Day, Monday, February 27th. If any are in doubt as to how to best commemorate them, they should not fail to consult Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 7, Memorial Days, and also refer to what has been said on the subject in previous numbers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

A member writes from Ohio: "My daughter is studying the C. L. S. C. course, and being an invalid is unable to either read or write herself, but, having a good memory, by my assistance is making excellent progress."

One of the class of 1883 asks: "Do you know where engravings, photographs, or prints of the paintings and sculptures in the Capitol are to be had? It seems to me that if they were even as good as the prints on advertisements that are thrown about, there are many of the C. L. S. C. that would be pleased to have them, as probably it is the few who may see them personally, while the many should be posted on the works of art in their own country." Can any one in the wide C. L. S. C. family furnish the information desired?

A lady member, whose letter is accompanied with exceedingly well-written and clear answers to "Questions for Further Study," says: "This is my first effort at real study for some time, and I succeed slowly. I have no helps in the form of books, and there is no local circle within ten miles. I work all day, so I have only night time for study and writing, hence the hurried appearance of the manuscript enclosed."

No further answers to "Questions for Further Study," or essays suggested in the programmes for local circles in the October and November numbers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, need be sent to the General Secretary. A large number of correct answers have been received, and as the answers either have or will be published in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, members can compare the results of their investigations with those printed. We again state that the standing of



members will not be affected in the slightest degree by a failure to forward written replies to the questions.

In the report of the Round-Table meeting printed in the January number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, page 229, an attempt is made to give Pope's paraphrase of Hadrian's address to his soul. The substitution of the word "see'st" for "seem'st," however, spoils the sense of the latter part of the verse. The correct reading will be found in a foot note on page 409 of Quackenbos' *Ancient Literature*, one of the required books in the course for January and February.

A member of the class of 1883 writes: "I am happy to state that the difficulty I first experienced in fixing my attention satisfactorily upon the required reading has, in a great measure, been overcome, and that I can now enjoy the C. L. S. C., notwithstanding the long years of careless reading for amusement only. Since I commenced this course of reading the hand of our Father has been laid heavily upon me by taking away from our home our only little daughter, but we can say, 'Thy will be done,' and thank him for sparing to us our little son. If I had not pledged myself to the C. L. S. C. I should have given up the reading in my deep sorrow and despair, but I feel now that it was better for me not to do so; consequently I have nearly made up all lost time."

That the after-school idea of the C. L. S. C. is a practical feature, has already been frequently illustrated by the letters printed from the members. Several before us are so directly to this point that we quote from them. One writes: "I left school before I ought, and was married, and although I have been too happy in my married life to regret it, still I have felt more and more as the time passed that I should have been a better wife, a better mother, a better member of society, and better company for myself, if I had been well enough educated to know how to study alone." A lady member of the class of 1882, says: "I can never tell you how much brightness you have thrown into my life by the organization of the C. L. S. C. From my earliest childhood I have thirsted for knowledge. Though the privilege of attending a high school has been mine, yet I was obliged to stop far short of graduation. For three years I tried to do home duties cheerfully, though tears would often fall, and I fear I became envious of my more fortunate friends. Then I read of the C. L. S. C., and resolved to become a member of the Circle." Another member writes: "I find the C. L. S. C. studies just what I need and desire. I was obliged to leave school at the age of sixteen on account of home duties, consequently my education was never finished. I have been unable to settle myself down to a course of study of my own choosing, but now, when I think there are hundreds and thousands of others going over the same ground with myself, it gives me fresh cheer and courage to work on and 'never be discouraged,' knowing that with hope and life I shall succeed."

Persons who undertake the C. L. S. C. course for the purpose of benefiting others find a double profit to themselves. They not only receive the reward that follows the doing of good to others, but likewise the compensation that flows from an advantageous use of their own powers. Says a member of the class of 1883: "I am pursuing my studies this year with greater interest and enthusiasm than ever, and have succeeded in interesting several of my friends in it. My oldest boy, aged five, is greatly pleased with the illustrations in the *History of Art*, and also such portions of our studies as are adapted to his understanding. It is for his sake and his brother's that I have undertaken this course, hoping it will be a benefit to them in the future."

Another member writes: "I live with an uncle who has not been able to see to read for a great many years on account of weak eyes, and I have to read to him. I became so tired of reading the secular papers that when I heard of your course of reading I said to myself, 'That is what I want.' I commenced reading aloud to my uncle. I have read the course so far to him, and we have both enjoyed it more than you can tell. I find there is a great deal in the daily papers one can skip, if they have other reading that is interesting. My uncle is nearly eighty, and it is wonderful how much he has enjoyed it."

### LOCAL CIRCLES.\*

Burlington, Iowa, has a flourishing local circle of forty-five members, with the prospect of additional numbers. The officers are, President, Mrs. E. S. Huston; Secretary, Mr. W. J. Samson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss L. V. Ray; Programme Committee, Mrs. E. S. Huston, Mrs. Downs, Miss Acres. The exercises at the meetings consist of papers on subjects connected with the course of study and discussions.

On the 19th of November last a local circle was organized at Kansas City, Mo., with the following named officers: President, J. W. Adams; Vice President, Anna C. Webster; Secretary, W. A. Harnsberger. At a subsequent meeting the name "Excelsior C. L. S. C., of Kansas City, Mo.," was chosen. Although organized a month after the commencement of the reading year the members have been enabled to catch up with the current reading, and an interesting winter's work is anticipated.

For the month of February the required reading is the latter half of Quackenbos' *History of Ancient Literature*, from *History in the Golden Age of Grecian Literature*, page 221 to the end of the volume; and in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, *Mosaics of History*, *Christianity in Art*, readings about *Mental Science*, and *Health at Home*. One hundred questions and answers are elsewhere printed in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, based on the required reading in *History of Ancient Literature*. As heretofore, we make a suggestive division of the work for the month into four parts, one for each week:

FIRST WEEK.—1. Ancient Literature, from page 221 to page 262—*History, Philosophy, and Oratory in the golden age of Grecian Literature*.

2. Questions and Answers on *History of Ancient Literature*, from No. 1 to No. 25, inclusive.

3. *Mosaics of History*, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

SECOND WEEK.—1. Ancient Literature, from page 262 to 302—the *Alexandrian Period*, and later Greek Literature.

2. Questions and Answers on *History of Ancient Literature*, from No. 26 to No. 50, inclusive.

3. *Christianity in Art*, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

4. *Art of Conversation*, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

THIRD WEEK.—1. Ancient Literature, from page 303 to page 354—*Latin and its Oldest Monuments, Dawn of Roman Literature*, and the *Ciceronian Period* of the golden age of Roman Literature.

2. Questions and Answers on *History of Ancient Literature*, from No. 51 to No. 75, inclusive.

3. Readings about *Mental Science*, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

FOURTH WEEK.—1. Ancient Literature, from page 354 to end of volume—the *Augustan Age*, and the silver age of Roman Literature.

\*All communications from local circles intended for *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* should be addressed to Albert M. Martin, General Secretary of the C. L. S. C., Pittsburgh, Pa.

2. Questions and Answers on History of Ancient Literature, from No. 76 to No. 100, inclusive.

3. Readings about Health at Home, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

A local circle organized at St. Louis, Mo., numbers about fifty members. The officers are: President, Miss Helen E. Peabody; Vice President, D. W. Haydock; Secretary, Miss Jessie Brownell; Treasurer, Herbert Wright. The meetings are held on Monday evenings, once in two weeks. The program is planned by a committee of two. "Nearly every member has something to do each night," so writes the president. "Papers are read on the various subjects in the course, and then discussed by the members. The number is increasing, and a great deal of interest is taken. Private parlors failing to accommodate our growing numbers, Dr. Goodell, who is very enthusiastic in the work, has offered us the pleasant parlors of his church free of expense." Another member of the circle writes: "Quite a number of us hope to enjoy the privileges of Chautauqua itself next summer. The name and the face of Dr. Vincent are to many of us as those of a personal friend, and we feel very grateful to him and his able counselors who have provided for us this source of pleasure and, we trust, great profit."

The West Side C. L. S. C., of Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the most successful organizations of the kind in that city. The winter season of the circle was inaugurated by a reception tendered to the members at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ingham. The guests were received by Dr. J. C. White, president, and Mr. A. J. Marvin, vice president of the circle, and the host and hostess. The evening was devoted to those social amenities that precede a season of hard, earnest work. An excellent musical programme was rendered, at the conclusion of which all were invited to supper. At the close of the supper hour the guests repaired to the parlor and library, where the evening was spent amidst the charms of books and the delights of conversation. One of the city newspapers speaks of this local circle as follows: "Founded upon a broad intellectual basis, it has attracted its members as much by its literature and art life as the elevating influence of the association, and has inspired all with the new wine of a free creative thought, vital, flexible and expressive. The association this winter will renew with increased vigor those efforts which are having such a marked influence upon the social and intellectual status of the people of the West Side."

At one of the recent weekly meetings of the Ladies' Art Class at Milwaukee, Wis., College, they were favored with an object lesson on Architecture, by Prof. Farrar. By skillfully manipulating a few pine sticks he explained several principles in construction essential to an understanding of the Gothic style. A flat lintel from pillar to pillar is Grecian, a round arch Norman or Romanesque, and a pointed arch Gothic. There is no architectural contrast more striking than that between a Romanesque and a Gothic building. In the former we see thick, solid walls of stone; in the latter, walls that appear to be of stained glass divided by slender mullions. To use a homely illustration: Take a barrel with the staves in the usual position; then hang the staves on pivots and turn them so they will radiate from the center—the first stave of the barrel would represent the Romanesque, the last the Gothic style. Or a blind, with the slats closed, would represent the Romanesque wall, but with the slats open, the Gothic. This wonderful change, by which for the first time in the history of architecture light could stream freely and abundantly into a building, was accomplished by the use of the pointed arch, and particularly by the system of buttressing. The Gothic archi-

teets sliced up the old Romanesque wall, took away whole sections of it, but by the use of the buttress gained equal strength with less material. The average Gothic cathedral has only one-tenth of its area occupied by solid walls, while churches or temples belonging to other recognized orders have from one-half to one-fourth.

The Carlinville, Ill., local circle was organized last year, and at present numbers sixteen names—eight married women and eight single. The secretary makes the following report: "All take THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and we read in turn in the circle all the required reading, and more, in it. Some member asks the questions for the week, and special questions, and each answers in turn as though a class in school. Those not having the books of the course read up as best they can, and all furnish such information as they are able to obtain. We have a critic for each month, who consults Webster, and corrects mispronunciation, etc. We meet at the houses of the members, one month at each place. At each meeting two members of the class furnish papers on the subjects suggested in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. On Bryant's Memorial Day we read the selections in turn, answered the questions, and one young lady read a paper on Bryant as an author. All seem enthusiastic in praise of the course. The attendance is regular, no one liking to be absent for a single day if it is possible to avoid it. Our meetings are held every Monday afternoon. We were all so sorry to miss the special questions in the November number, and hope we will have them again. We are much pleased with the division into week's lessons, as when a member is absent she knows just where the class is, and it is a great convenience every way."

In the January number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN reference was made to the course of free lectures, under the auspices of the C. L. S. C., given at Cincinnati, Ohio, this winter. The second lecture of the course was delivered on the evening of December 13th, at St. Paul's M. E. Church, by Prof. G. W. Harper, principal of the Woodward High School, his subject being Geology. We are indebted to Miss Eleanor C. O'Connell for the following synopsis: In opening, the speaker called attention to the fact that a few years ago such a thing as lectures in churches, on scientific subjects, was almost unheard of; and that now these subjects, especially Geology, are being studied by Christian people, proves that scientific research and Bible study can go hand in hand, each helping the other to get nearer the Creator. The Mosaic account of the creation was considered, and the agreement of the latest geological discoveries with it. He commended the articles on Geology in THE CHAUTAUQUAN as presenting a very fair idea of the subject as a whole. The various geological periods were reviewed, and the changes that have taken place in the earth's crust. Attention was called to the geological movements now in progress; among them the gradual receding of the water from the northern to the southern hemisphere, where it is slowly but surely forming a continent of ice. The waters are gradually leaving New York harbor, and some future year will find New York an inland city. The reason for this and other changes was explained by means of black-board diagrams. He dwelt for some time on the geology of North America, referring especially to that of Ohio, using an elaborate geological map of the State. The old Silurian island, near the center of which the Queen City is situated, was interestingly discussed. The lecturer showed clearly that he who does not see God in the rocks as well as in the stars, is studying blindly this open book, every page of which points to a great designer who during the ages was preparing a habitation for the noblest of his creatures—man.



Dr. Vincent made his first visit to the C. L. S. C. of Milwaukee, Wis., a few weeks since, and the reception tendered him at the Summerfield church is an event long to be remembered in the history of the local circle of that city. The *Republican and News* devotes over a column to an account of the reception, and the lecture of Dr. Vincent. We condense from it the following: "A very large company assembled in the parlors of the church to extend a hearty greeting and welcome. The supper tables, under the auspices of the members of the local circle of the C. L. S. C., were prepared for some seventy-five or eighty, in the rooms of the parsonage, which were all thrown open for the reception and comfort of the numerous guests. Upon the arrival of Dr. Vincent he was formally introduced to the entire company by Rev. J. E. Gilbert, and was received with the Chautauqua salute, the waving of handkerchiefs. The assembly then sat down to the supper, which was prepared under the especial superintendence of the lady members of the Chautauqua Circle, and served by a bevy of beautiful young girls belonging to the Sunday-school. Among those who were present and ably assisted toward rendering the festival so conspicuously successful, the following may be mentioned: Mrs. William Millard, President; W. T. Simmons, Vice President; S. H. Hooley, Secretary and Treasurer, and others. After the supper Dr. Vincent lectured in the audience room of the church. At the conclusion of his address an informal reception was held in the parsonage rooms adjoining the church, many of the audience wishing to say good-bye before his departure.

Rev. Dr. Bacon, of the Central Congregational Church of Toledo, Ohio, recently delivered an exceedingly interesting sermon to the members of the C. L. S. C. of that city, on the subject of Jewish art. He took for his text Exod. xxvii. 2: "And thou shalt make holy garments for Aaron, thy brother, for glory and for beauty." He commenced his sermon by quoting from the October CHAUTAUQUAN "the question and answer: "Q. What is said of painting and sculpture among the Jews? A. It was forbidden." They were not forbidden by Moses or Jehovah. What was prohibited was the making of any likeness of the Creator, or any image whatsoever to bow down to or worship. Naturally those who came after Moses extended the prohibition to painting and sculpture in general. The idolatry by which they were entirely surrounded was fascinating and seductive to the last degree to their warm, sensuous nature, and they would naturally feel they could only escape this danger by total abstinence from the chisel and the brush. But there have been historical compensations—more than poetic justice to the Jew—in that he became the religious teacher of the world. The Jews were allowed free scope in poetry and music, and are not these the finest of the fine arts? Musical genius of the highest order has been common among the Jews. In poetry Hebrew is unmatched and unapproachable. The field of effort in architecture lay entirely open to the Hebrew. It seems probable that the tabernacle erected in the wilderness was the lightest, most graceful structure for religious use upon which the sun then shone. It was resplendent and beautiful. At the present time the danger of falling into superstition and idolatry seems well nigh past. Science has demonstrated the divine unity. Superstition has been hunted out of every nook and corner. The imagination is that much more free to roam the universe. The history of art remains not only a pleasant but a profitable study. Though we may not hope to be artists, we can admire and love those who are able to minister to the sense of the beautiful, as also the glory and beauty they produce. The speaker expressed his surprise that in what we do for young men more is not made of pictures and statuary. The enemy of souls knows how corrupting these

may be made. We must not depend too exclusively upon books and music, or lectures. There is in the silent message of the painting or the engraving, if it be pure and clean and sweet, a subtle influence that will glide into our musings before we are aware of it. It is just this kind of influence that youth needs and will accept. God has given this artistic faculty, this shaping of glory and beauty. He means it to be used for his glory and the good of man.

On Friday evening, December 30th, the Pittsburgh, Pa., branch of the C. L. S. C. held an "Art Meeting" in the chapel of the First Presbyterian church of that city. It was a treat altogether unique in its character, and of unusual interest to art lovers. Rev. S. F. Scovel gave an interesting and instructive address on "Art in Religion." Numerous historical illustrations were used, drawn from Hebrew art, early Christian art, classic art, and art in the Reformation. The speaker endeavored to show that religion is the friend of art. It is religion's duty not to abandon art to evil impulses, but to change it and use it. Religion befriends art, because it gives heed to the fact of beauty and to the sense of beauty. Religion alone gives the true definition to the mission of the artist. Religion would make of art a force to elevate and edify men, as well as to amuse or gratify, or simply to refine them. Religion must be the friend of art, because it believes that every exact fact is a thought of God, and that therefore the faithful reproduction of the fleeting beauty which God has so lavishly strown around us is a desirable and admirable thing. Religion befriends art by encouraging both realism and idealism in it. Religion is evidently the friend of art, as it relies upon it to translate its deepest truths and teach its grandest facts through that quickest of our senses, sight. Religion encourages in art a thorough conscientiousness. Religion befriends art by dignifying its themes. Religion helps art by restraining it. It follows, as a corollary, that religion must not be either hostile to or indifferent to the ennobling function of art. Art's great mission can not be accomplished without religion, nor can religion's mission be wholly accomplished without art. Mr. John Beatty, one of Pittsburgh's artists, at the close of the address, briefly explained the classification of the one hundred and fifty photographs and autotypes of works of celebrated masters which covered the walls and tables of the room. The principal contributors to the art display were Messrs. Linford, Beatty, Woodwell, Hetzel, and Mellor, Pittsburgh artists, and Rev. Dr. Scovel, who has a large collection. Prof. O. M. Tucker, chairman of the executive committee, who superintended the arrangement of the meeting, not only displayed great energy in arranging the details, but admirable artistic taste in the selection of pictures.

### C. L. S. C. CLASS OF 1882 VIGIL.\*

The proceedings were commenced by the singing of the night song of the class of 1882, "All the Earth is Wrapped in Shadow," led by Prof. Sherwin and choir.

Prayer was next offered by Dr. Vincent, followed by the singing of the night song, "Son of My Soul."

Dr. Vincent then spoke as follows: The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is an attempt to bring youth into old age, to turn back the current of our lives, and to put us again among the joys and fellowships and hopes, and worthier purposes of other years. One of the greatest heresies that prevails in the world to-day is that which shuts off all hope in the intellectual, the physical, the social, and the

\* Meeting of the members of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1882, at the Hall of Philosophy, Chautauqua, Friday, August 12th, 1881, at 9:30 o'clock p. m., Dr. J. H. Vincent presiding.

spiritual life after one has reached what is called "maturity." Many of the failures in life are because of the conviction that failure is inevitable. A man who has strong hope and a strong will, but observes the laws of health, may retain the possibilities of life longer than most people suppose. There are too many people who are writing bitter things against themselves spiritually because of past failures and lost opportunity, who are thereby only weakening themselves for the work of to-morrow. One of the sweetest hopes I have indulged in connection with our Chautauqua movement is this: that we may be able to impress people that life is worth living for new and far-reaching enterprises as long as soul and body can be held together. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, without calling itself a university, is a university for the old, where the joys of youth may be put into the heart again, and the purposes which strengthened the school-boy be brought back again.

I suppose the real trouble with old people is the sense of guilt, and the feeling that the wrong has been done so long that the heart delights in it, and that character has become fixed by habit; but to-night I bring you here, among these shadows and flickering lights in our dear old hall, to call your attention to the way by which the simplicity and innocence of youth may be brought back to us; by which the past may be blotted out; by which the sense of Divine acceptance may be secured; by which one may look into the face of God, and say, as the child says, "My Father."

Let us as members of the Circle learn not to grow old, not to give up hope; but use what strength remains for the acquirement of knowledge and the attainment of character. If, amidst the shadows that gather about us this hour, we may be reminded of these possibilities in our lives, I shall be grateful to our Heavenly Father who brings us together.

The first three years of the C. L. S. C. have been years of experiment. It would have been a very easy thing to sit down in the tent, as Dr. Warren, Prof. Bowne and myself did, and draw out a four years' course of reading and study, which the president of the best university in America might look at and pronounce "admirable and thorough;" it would have been an easy thing to draw up a course of reading and study which, while it might not have elicited such high praise, would at least have commanded the respect of leaders in education, and led them to say that it is a very thorough and comprehensive course; but, in doing this, we should have defeated our own purposes.

Now, I confess that, as a believer in thorough work, I have sometimes felt a little ashamed to write as I have done to members of the class about details of work: "Never mind this, or never mind that, or we will accept this or that as equivalent, only keep at it." "If the work be not done thoroughly, still keep at it, and do the best you can." It would have been much more pleasant to me to write: "Stand firm to the letter of our arrangement, and read every line, and be able to pass a rigid examination before a high board of examiners, and thou shalt have thy reward." But I should thereby have sent away from our Circle many who have steadily gone on, and are to-day grateful for the encouragement and the concessions of the earlier years.

I have always desired to draw the lines a little more closely for the fourth year, to put into the work a little more will, a little more emphasis, a little more faith, a little more economy of time, a little more system, a little more courage; and after a while we shall be able to carry on our work, through the first, second, and third years with the same spirit.

To you who are members of the fourth year, a few words: I wish that you could, by some silent consecration, each with himself before God, commit himself to a little more thorough work for this last year. The song which has been

sung, and which our friend, Miss Leavitt, wrote for this night's service, is expressive of the weariness and discouragement which come to us once in a while in our lives. I have, as you know, heavy work here at Chautauqua. After the second or third day of the summer meeting, I go to my rest tired out; I go to my bed tired out; and I often think to myself as I lie down, I really care very little whether the meeting to-morrow be a success or not; but when I awake at the music of the six o'clock bell, I am as fresh and strong for the work as though I had never felt a touch of weariness. Now I want the Circle, in starting out for the year's work, to do so with strong purposes and high courage.

We have in this hall indications of the time coming when it must decay, when the columns and the roof and the floor will all be gone. In this place, I trust, a more commodious building will stand. And when you and I are very old, I hope that members of the C. L. S. C. will tread through the halls that shall then stand here, and that we who remain shall tell them about the early circles, and the early sessions of the Round-Table, and the meetings of the classes, and of the night service when the first fourth year's class organized. That good time must come.

Let us have true faith in the Father as little children before him; and true courage to do royal work this year according to our opportunity.

Let me say to you first of all, do not look ahead too much over the prescribed reading of the course for the year. It is a bad thing when one is nervous to look over in advance a pile of work. It is a discouraging thing, when one has a thousand pages to read, to turn over each page and see how much a thousand pages are. Do the work of to-day during to-day, and let the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days take care of themselves. You will always have more heart if you never entertain but the work of the present at the present.

We have before us to-night a symbol; the symbol is a column and the light upon it. I intend one of these days to have erected here such a pillar for symmetry and beauty, that as the members of the class look upon it, they will gather from it inspiration. And when my marble column stands a symbol of symmetry and strength and purity in culture, crowned with a light that shall not easily go out, but that shall burn before we come into the hall, and burn after we leave the hall, we shall read in it the mission of our Circle, and the lesson of our symbol: A foundation strong and sure and pure and beautiful; crowned with fadeless light, to bless the world, or that portion of it in which we have been placed. Carry away with you in your thoughts the column that is strong, and the light that fadeth never, and may God give to you and to me, to the counselors and the secretaries, to the leaders of local circles throughout our widely extended territory, and to all our members, strength, patience, courage, fidelity, purity, and above all that love of usefulness which will make us ask continually: "How may we be helps to others?"

In starting out in the new year's course, begin the first day of October. If that day should come on Sunday, read something out of the Word, or out of religious books assigned. If the first of October comes on a week day, begin on that day to read as much as you can of the required course. As you move on, doing more at the beginning than after a while, you will in the cool weather of October and November, and throughout the winter, have accomplished so much that when the time comes for rest—the hot summer months of June, July, and August—you will not be required to work so hard.

I know your discouragements. Some of you say: I am too old to learn now. I know how tempted I am, when duty presses in the morning, to neglect the reading of the Scripture and to kneel in prayer before God. I know when



the resolve has been formed to read ten pages a day how easy it is to put it off until afternoon, and then after a while say: I will read twenty pages to-night. And then to-morrow it is the day after that, when forty pages are demanded, and when one gets so much behind he is disheartened.

Do not be troubled about your quarterly report cards. I think we shall not send them out at all the coming year. If you have quarterly cards on hand, return them. Send back the cards and memoranda. Fill out the statement that you have read the required books, sign your name as requested. Never mind the details.

If you have difficulties, organize local circles. If you can not have thirty, perhaps you may have twenty or ten or seven or two. Resolve to get over the difficulty, and you will get over it. Remember the power of the will. Say "I will," and you will.

Sometimes your head will ache. Wait until the headache is over. When your body lashes you, wait. Do not work in physical pain unless the work be a relief. Try to find a time when your work tells most, and consecrate that time to the work.

I received from a friend yesterday a little poem. She is the author of the poem I read you the other day, "It is dead." Her life has been singularly sorrowful. In the following poem she expresses the longing of the mature life that she might still rest in the arms of the dear Father. I said, when I received this, I will read these words to the Circle that each member may be "as a little child."

#### AS A LITTLE CHILD.

*"Except ye become as a little child ye can not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."*

"As a little child, as a little child!

Then how can I enter in?

I am scarred, and hardened, and soul-defiled  
With traces of sorrow and sin.

Can I turn backward the tide of years  
And wake my dead youth at my will?"

"Nay, but thou canst, with thy grief and thy fears,  
Creep into my arms and be still."

"I know that the lambs in the heavenly fold  
Are sheltered and kept in thy heart;  
But I—I am old, and the gray from the gold  
Has bidden all brightness depart.

The gladness of youth, the faith and the truth,  
Lie withered or shrouded in dust."

"Thou'rt emptied at length of thy treacherous strength;  
Creep into my arms now—and trust."

"Is it true? can I share with the little ones there  
A child's happy rest on thy breast?"

"Ay, the tenderest care will answer thy prayer,  
My love is for thee as the rest.

It will quiet thy fears, will wipe away tears—

Thy murmurs shall soften to psalms,

Thy sorrow shall seem but a feverish dream,

In the rest—in the rest in my arms.

"Thus tenderly held, the heart that rebelled

Shall cling to my hand, though it smite,

Shall find in my rod the love of its God,

My statutes its songs in the night.

And whiter than snow shall the stained life grow,

Neath the touch of a love undefiled,

And the throngs of forgiven at the portals of heaven

Shall welcome one more little child."

#### LOOK UP LEGION.

Mr. Hale has issued the following circular to the chiefs of clubs. It proposes to them the plan agreed upon at Chautauqua last April:

Look up and not down;  
Look forward and not back;  
Look out and not in;  
Lend a hand.

BOSTON, December 7, 1881.

DEAR SIR, OR DEAR MADAM:—At the anniversary meet-

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ing of the Look Up Legion at Chautauqua, more than twenty heads of clubs met and agreed to exchange notes with each other, as to the management of clubs connected with the Look Up Legion or with the Wadsworth Club.

It is proposed that each chief of a club shall, once a year at least, and oftener if possible, send to me a note in the way of a report, explaining the methods of carrying on the club, and asking such questions of other clubs as may help forward the general purpose.

I have agreed to print as much as possible of these letters, to be sent from this center to the other clubs for their information.

Finding your name on one of the records, I take this method of asking you if you will not like to receive these circulars—which we propose to print monthly—and whether you will not write to us questions or experiences which you think may serve the common purpose.

I have supposed that in general it will be better to print the notes of different correspondents without their names, or the names of the places to which they refer. I should hope, therefore, for the freest possible statement both of failure and of successes.

So far as I know there are more than one hundred and fifty Look Up Legion Clubs or Wadsworth Clubs, under different names, in different parts of the world. As it is quite out of my power to keep up a personal correspondence with the heads of these clubs, however pleasant such a correspondence would be, the

#### WELCOME AND CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

has kindly undertaken the duty of forwarding the printed circulars and receiving the letters from correspondents.

We suppose that each monthly circular sent out by us will be eight printed pages. To meet our expenses in printing, we ask for a subscription of fifty cents a year from each correspondent.

Please address all letters to "Welcome and Correspondence Club," 39 Highland Street, Roxbury, Mass.

For the W. & C. Club,

EDWARD E. HALE.

#### CHAUTAUQUA, 1882.

**C. S. L.** (Chautauqua School of Languages), begins Saturday, July 8, and closes Thursday, August 17, 1882.

**C. T. R.** (Chautauqua Teachers' Retreat), begins Saturday, July 8, and closes Friday, July 28, 1882.

**C. F. M. I.** (Chautauqua Foreign Missionary Institute), begins Saturday, July 29, and closes Thursday, August 3, 1882.

GRAND ANNUAL OPENING, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882.

**C. S. S. A.** (Chautauqua Sunday-School Assembly), begins Tuesday, August 1, and closes Monday, August 21, 1882.

**C. L. S. C.** For information concerning the C. L. S. C. (Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle), a college for home study;

**C. S. T.** For information concerning the C. S. T. (Chautauqua School of Theology), a most helpful fraternity for young ministers;

**C. Y. F. R. U.** For information concerning the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union, a beautiful plan for promoting useful reading among little folks and growing youth, address,

DR. J. H. VINCENT,  
Plainfield, N. J.

## EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

OURS HAS has been called an utilitarian age; sometimes called by way of disparagement, and again in commendation. Compared with the past, certainly we live in a time when the word utility, as applied to knowledge, has a larger meaning than ever before. The time was, and long continued, when it was the policy of monk, priest and hermit, to monopolize whatever knowledge the world had, and jealously guard it from the masses. Things have changed. The schoolboy, now, knows more than monk or priest used to know. He may begin where Kepler, Newton, and Faraday left off.

Two chief causes have operated to produce our age of utility: one, that double revolution in Church and State which proclaimed freedom of thought and conscience; the other, the breaking away from the old-time scholastic studies, to walk the brighter paths of modern science. The tendency of scientific study is toward the practical. Its applications lead its students out into every industrial pursuit.

It is to be expected, then, that in such an age, in a country like ours, the subject of industrial education will receive a large measure of attention. A people characteristically ambitious to excel, endowed by nature with special industrial possibilities and advantages, can not ignore such a question. Mr. J. Scott Russell, speaking from the standpoint of an Englishman, has defined industrial education as "that which shall render an English soldier better than a German; an English ship builder better than an American ship builder; an English silk manufacturer better than a Lyons silk manufacturer, etc." Whilst the ambition to excel is a commendable one, it is to be hoped that the movement for education in the industrial arts and sciences in this country will have a higher motive than mere national superiority or promotion of wealth. It should keep in view, as first in importance, the intellectual, moral, and social improvement of the masses. It is not to be wondered at that this branch of education in the United States is yet in its infancy. Europe, by reason of her age, and the necessity placed upon her to educate in this direction counts her industrial schools by the hundred. Many of them, as the polytechnic schools of Paris, the industrial schools of Switzerland, and others, have almost, in their methods and results, attained to the ideal institution. Necessity has compelled the states of Europe to attain to better results in the various industries. Their schools teach the agriculturist how to make the soil yield the most and the best; the miner how to dig from the earth its mineral riches, and the metallurgist how to use them; the chemist how to combine and separate with the most useful results; the manufacturer how best to convert the raw material into the finished product. European experience, in this as in other things, has its instruction for us. It shows how, by skilled labor, the problem of a dense population upon an often ungenerous soil, can be solved. It may be that the same problem with our vast domain and resources will not very soon press itself upon our attention. Nevertheless, we have the higher problem of developing the capacities and powers of our industrial classes for the sake of the effect upon the man himself. We want skilled workmen in every field of American industry, for America's honor, for her material prosperity, but above all, for the American character. It is gratifying to know that a good beginning has been made in schools of this kind. The Boston Institute of Technology, the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, in Troy, N. Y.; the Sheffield Scientific School, the Polytechnic College of Pennsylvania, and the Harvard, Yale, and Columbia Schools of Mines, are all institutions of excellence and are doing good work. Perhaps nothing in this line is more note-

worthy than the recent enterprise under the direction of Bishop H. W. Warren, introducing the idea of the industrial school in its most practical form, that of a school of carpentry, among the freedmen of the South. But we need a score of such schools to every one in existence. It is time to recognize that every calling implies training, discipline, development. Not to provide for this kind of education is a failure to respond to the spirit of our age and institutions.

THE PLEA of insanity has been set up in our courts of justice as a defense for capital crimes with alarming frequency during the past few years. The cases of Sickles, McFarland, Cole, and others, are still fresh in the public mind, and to these is now added that of the assassin Guiteau. Of late, also, much larger latitude has been accorded to the term insanity than formerly, by the so-called medical experts who have been called upon to testify in numerous instances, so that almost every kind of eccentricity, either mental or moral, has been classified under some form of mental derangement, and is assumed to constitute sufficient ground for acquittal, when entered as a defense for the commission of crime. No one denies that real insanity is a valid plea for irresponsibility of action; but it has come to such a pass that whenever atrocious crimes are committed, especially by persons of position or wealth, it is at once assumed that they must have been insane when the crime was committed, as no one in their position could be guilty of committing such foul deeds while sane in mind. History presents a record of a multitude of the most revolting crimes being committed by persons of position and wealth from sheer cruelty and wickedness, and which were in no sense the result of insanity or madness in any form. This persistent tendency in modern times to adjudge those insane who commit capital crimes arises from a vitiated sentimentality which regards all forms of evil as symptoms of disease, and sedulously ignores the deep depravity of the human heart. Hence, what is called moral insanity is often nothing more than intensified depravity, and is not so much the result of a diseased brain as of a wicked heart.

It must be agreed by all who believe in human responsibility that any one is blameworthy who allows himself to be overcome by evil passions which he could in any way control. To acquire self-restraint is one of the first duties of all. But it must be admitted that what is often allowed to pass for an "insane and uncontrollable impulse," betokening the existence of "emotional insanity," is nothing more than the fierce outburst of passion which the individual has never sought to control. But juries are told by lawyers and "medical experts" that such outbursts constitute unmistakable evidences of emotional insanity, and as a result of such declarations the criminals are adjudged irresponsible. It is high time that such dangerous and hurtful sentiments were abandoned, and that persons who commit heinous crimes, led on by passions which they might have controlled if they would, but which they never sought to subdue, should no longer be able to elude the demands of justice by pleading the flimsy pretext of mental or moral insanity. There is a vast difference between the utter lack of self-control, occasioned by serious lesion of the brain, and the occasional but fierce ebullition of passion which is the result of the absence of any attempt at self-restraint on the part of the individual.

The idea prevails largely that in most cases where the plea of insanity has been entered in defense of criminals, the evidences of mental derangement have been wholly or almost entirely wanting, and that the instances cited have been cases of sham insanity only. As a result of this belief, public sentiment throughout the country has become justly incensed against the insanity dodge, and any such plea made in defense of criminals at once begets distrust



and indignation. There is great need that the whole matter of insanity as a defense for crime should undergo a most thorough and careful examination, and that the laws of the land should be so amended that society may be able to protect itself efficiently against both sane and insane criminals.

THE THEOLOGICAL arena, for a score or more of years, has been the scene of a severe and continued conflict. Every phase of religious thought has in turn been assailed and defended. The champions of Orthodoxy, Liberalism, and Radicalism, have each been contending for the mastery, and for the success of their cause. This prolonged conflict has been the cause of much groundless alarm among timid religionists, who, at every onset, tremble lest the "faith of their forefathers" should suffer harm at the hands of its opponents. Of one thing, however, all may rest assured, and that is, that the cause of truth is always helped, and not hindered, by such conflicts and agitations. It is only the false and meretricious that is destroyed by the refining processes of the ages, while truth, like the pure gold, remains, and shines the brighter for the fiery ordeals which it undergoes.

It is well in this connection also to remember that Christ was not the author of a creed, but of a religion, and that he never formulated a series of dogmas to be accepted by his followers as a universal rule of faith. Theological dogmas are the institutions of men, and, like all human productions, are susceptible of change or modification, and each succeeding age must formulate its own rule of faith with the eternal words of Christ as its *fons et origo*. It is an unfortunate fact that each sect or theological party considers its own special forms of faith as constituting the sum and substance of Christianity, and if any of its special tenets are assailed it at once raises the cry that its opponents are seeking for the overthrow of the Christian religion, inasmuch as they can not conceive that the least tittle of their peculiar dogmas can be unessential to the existence of a true Christianity. We would not desire to be understood as placing no stress on dogmas whatever, or as being unconcerned about their perpetuity, but we must insist that Christianity is wider than any or all creeds, and that any one of them might disappear entirely, and yet Christianity remain intact. The doctrinal essence of Christianity is found in the fundamental dogmas which all orthodox Christian bodies accept in common, and which constitute a kind of spiritual *consensus* of Christian theology.

None of these fundamental concepts of the Christian faith, which constitute the essentials of all true religion, have suffered the least harm from the prolonged agitations through which they have passed. The doctrines of the Church Universal concerning God, Christ, the Bible, the Church itself, Christian experience, and the future life, have remained unchanged amidst the changing times, and as far as they are embodied in the theology of the day, it will be permanent; for from their very nature they are eternal, and are part and parcel, not of a creed, but of the Christian religion itself. These doctrines which constitute the soul of evangelicalism, can only be destroyed by destroying Christianity, which is impossible. Yet even some of these may need restatement to put them in complete harmony with the thought of the age, as the body must change at different periods of the life in order to enable it to fulfill its functions more perfectly. Such changes, however, are not indicative of death or destruction, but rather of more abounding and vigorous life.

THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION must be pronounced to have been in every respect a complete success. Industrial exhibitions have become quite common of late, and are indicative of the business enterprise and prosperity of the

country, and frequently serve to give an increased impulse to manufacture and trade in the vicinity in which they are held. The exposition at Atlanta, though devoted chiefly to the display of the cotton production of the South, included also the agricultural, mineral, and other productions of that section. Four large buildings and a number of smaller ones were filled to repletion with the exhibits displayed in the various departments, the number and variety of which could not fail to impress the beholder with the great resources of the southern section of our country.

The exposition attracted to Atlanta crowds of visitors from all parts of the land. Representatives of the press, capitalists, business men (especially those interested in the production and manufacture of the great southern staple), commercial travelers and cotton spinners, were present in great numbers. In conjunction with the cotton exhibits there was a display of all kinds of machinery used in the manufacture of cotton goods, such as has never before been brought together in this or any other country, and which served to show to what a high degree of perfection the mechanical contrivances for the manufacture of all kinds of cotton goods have attained.

The Atlanta Exposition betokens a new era in the history of the South, and is indicative of the energy and enterprise which free and educated labor always begets in business channels. The capacity of the South for the production of cotton is practically unlimited. Last year, with only one-tenth of its area under cultivation, it produced about five million bales. With the introduction of better methods of agriculture, and the judicious use of fertilizers, within five years the cotton crop could easily be increased to eight million of bales per annum, and even this large yield could, in subsequent years, be largely augmented to meet the ever-increasing demand. The South is possessed of the finest and most extensive region for the production of cotton on the face of the globe, and in this department of industry need fear no competition. The cotton crop is one of the chief sources of profit to the South, and is now annually worth \$250,000,000. Double that amount will doubtless be yearly realized from the same source in the near future.

Not only is the South possessed of unequal advantages for the production of cotton, but it has also unsurpassed facilities for its manufacture, which will doubtless be utilized at no distant day. The present system of conveying raw material from one to three thousand miles to the factories is both expensive and wasteful, and costs the South, in the aggregate, not less than \$100,000,000 per annum. There is no reason why the South might not compete successfully with the North, and even with England, in the manufacture of cotton. The water power of the Southern States is almost without limit, labor is cheaper, and the cost of living is less than at the North. A few cotton mills are already in operation, and most of them, at least those at Atlanta, Columbus, and Augusta, are doing a successful business, and are paying handsome dividends on the capital invested. But at present only 200,000 bales are manufactured in the South. If the Atlanta Exposition only gives a new and powerful impetus to its manufacture in the South, it will amply repay all it has cost in time and money, will wonderfully advance the business interests of the Southern States, and will largely promote their future prosperity.

Dr. John Hall uttered his protest recently against designating a church by the name of its pastor. "It is not Dr. Hall's church," he said; "I hate the very name. I am a servant and not the owner of a church." This is a Boston fashion. It is common to hear of Dr. Webb's church, Dr. Gordon's church, etc. It is a good reform, but it ought to begin in Boston.

## EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

Joseph Cook was expected to reach Bombay about the first of December.

In the First Baptist Church of Indianapolis is a band of young gentlemen and ladies who are united under the title of "The Yoke-fellows," who are doing a church work much needed everywhere. They recently held their second anniversary. The object of the "Yoke-fellows" is to visit young men in the city who have no associations, are comparatively strangers or entirely so, and interest them in a religious life, invite them to attendance upon church service, to the reading of the Bible, and finally to membership. They commenced with but a very few members and workers, but now number seventy-five, and point with pride to the work they have done. Many strange young men in the city have been brought into the Sunday-school and church. It is worthy of imitation.

*Appleton's Journal* has been suspended. It was started on its career in 1869 as an illustrated weekly, and afterwards abandoned illustrations and became a monthly. It was an historical and literary magazine of great merit.

A stronger argument in favor of the Women's Silk Culture Association than any which they have yet advanced, was furnished by a dispatch from Cheyenne, Wyoming, the other day. Four Italian merchants, it stated, passed through that place in charge of 250,000 cards of silk worms' eggs, each card containing 30,000 eggs. The total value of the eggs was \$250,000. They came from Japan, and were en route for Milan. Now, the eggs raised in this country are of as good quality as those thus conveyed at such enormous outlay of trouble and money around three-quarters of the globe. If it pays the Italian middlemen to go to Japan, buy the eggs and transport them across this continent and two oceans to Italy, it would surely pay the American farmer's daughter to raise the eggs and sell them in New Jersey.

Somebody sends us this good item. We fought the Indians from 1865 to 1879 at a cost of twenty-five millions. We appropriated two millions in 1870 for the peace policy and have not exhausted it yet. Which costs the most? "Let us have peace."

There have crossed the ocean to settle in the United States during the year 1881, 432,635 persons. This is the largest influx of population from foreign countries in one year we have had in the history of the nation. Germany heads the list with 188,255; next comes Ireland with 62,406, and then England and Sweden close together, the former sending 36,552 and the latter 35,335. The migrating impulse has seized upon only one of the Latin countries, Italy, which contributes 13,209. It is feebly felt in contented and prosperous France, from which come only 3,908, and still more feebly in Spain, which is by no means prosperous and is in a state of chronic discontent, for but 1,556 of her people are on the list.

The Newcastle (Eng.) *Chronicle* says of Moody and Sankey: "In point of numbers, the present visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey has been characterized by attendances at least three times larger than those witnessed in 1873. The aggregate number of persons addressed must have exceeded the populations of both Newcastle and Gateshead put together; but as many persons attended several of the meetings, it is fair to assume that the number of different persons who heard Mr. Moody preach and Mr. Sankey sing would reach about 100,000—the largest number that has ever attended any series of services held in the district."

The *Hartford Courant* says: "Moncure D. Conway, the well-known correspondent and magazine writer, is an advanced liberal, and preaches in London. An American recently returned from Europe was asked if he heard Conway. 'Oh, yes,' he said. 'Were there many there?' 'Oh, no. Only three persons and no God.'"

From the "Bird's Nest," in Maryland, where dwell two or more of the members of the C. L. S. C., comes pleasant words: "Father (the dear old man) and myself have not only enthusiasm for the course, but a little deeper in our hearts wells up thanksgiving to our God. He surely does know that we are glad of those things, and he has sent to us after the gray hairs have come, and the school days are over, the wisdom that we lacked. If the interrogation should come to us: 'Are you loyal to the Circle?' our answer would be, 'To the heart's core.' It may be true that our course of study is but cursory, that we get, as it were, too much of the superficial, and do not go deep enough into each subject. However that may be, beside the studying we have our homes to build, and not only the houses but the hearts where the children grow up to manhood and womanhood, whence they go out to make their homes—homes that shall be pure and true, that shall help to keep our country free and a glory in all the earth. Then we have society to look after, and help churches, and Sunday-schools to aid, and, as is the case with many of us, there is small means to do all this, and we can not be true help-meets if we do not study and plan to save and aid the father and husband who shields us and fights the battles for us. Father and I will work with you as well as we can. We will get the shells, and we feel that God will give us the kernel. . . . Father and I have been over the entire course, hearing each other recite, reading our papers to each other. We have enjoyed the study thoroughly."

Mr. Whittier, in a note to *The Sword and Pen*, says that for the last two or three years the state of his health has compelled him to decline all requests for poems for public occasions. "'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Apart from this, at the age of seventy-four, the poetical machine is likely to be out of order, and the sound of the grinding is low. Dr. Holmes is an exception: he, despite his years, could do admirably what thee asks."

We have received a unique C. L. S. C. circular from the Rev. A. M. Courtenay, Secretary of the General Circle of Baltimore, M. D. It represents nine local circles, in as many different churches of the city, with their names printed, besides explaining the object and methods of the C. L. S. C., and on the back of the circular we find the course of study with the names of the books to be read. Here are three items we copy:

"The entire cost of the books will average less than two cents a day during the term of nine months."

*Think of that.* Again it says:

"We wish to urge and to aid our young men and women to make acquaintance with the best literature, to cultivate a pure taste, to improve their faculties, to acquire right aims in life, to seek helpful society, and to make the most and best of themselves."

For meetings they publish this plan:

"The classes may or may not meet, as they please, but the local circles will meet monthly, and the whole Baltimore Circle quarterly. At both of these there should be lectures, addresses, class-drills, blackboard exercises, readings, etc., all confined strictly to a review of the reading of the month, or quarter, as the case may be. The churches are grouped in circles to increase the interest, to develop the social influence, and to secure for weaker charges the benefit of asso-



citation with others. The pastor of the first-named charge in each group is requested to call together the pastors and several laymen from the other churches, to organize the circle."

We recommend this plan to members of the C. L. S. C. in other cities.

"Home Protection" means a new political party—woman suffrage. No license, or local option, but total abstinence and prohibition. Some influential people are making an effort to unite all the temperance forces of the country under the "Home Protection" banner. If it is accomplished, the Women's Christian Temperance Union will deserve the honor of massing the forces.

The *London World* pays Mr. Oscar Wilde, who is now visiting the country, this compliment of caricaturing him and printing beneath this verse:

Albeit, nurtured in democracy,  
And liking best that state Bohemian,  
Where each man borrows sixpence and no man  
Has aught but paper collars; yet I see  
Exactly when to take a liberty.  
Better to be thought one whom most abuse  
For speech of donkey and for look of goose,  
Than that the world should pass in silence by.  
Wherefore I wear a sunflower in my coat,  
Cover my shoulders with my flowing hair,  
Tie verdant satin round my open throat,  
Culture and love I cry; and ladies smile,  
And seedy critics overflow with bile,  
While with my Prince, long Sykes's meal I share.

The school authorities of Washington, D. C., by a vote of thirteen to three, have decided against the admission of colored children to the schools attended by white children. Congress ought now to enact a law that would give colored children the same privilege in white schools in the District of Columbia, that colored Senators and Representatives have in the Senate and House. That would be poetic justice.

We have been hoping against hope for a number of years that the chief executive of some state where a prohibitory law was on the statute books, would boldly and courageously take the people at their word and require the officers to enforce the law. We now have the man, Governor St. John, of Kansas. The New England states must make obeisance to Kansas. Governor St. John deserves the support of the people of his state in this fight, as well as the encouragement he is receiving from the temperance and Christian press of the country. It will require just such blows as this to break the power of the rum traffic, and we hope to see other states with their governors falling into line and keeping step to the music of total abstinence and prohibition.

We shall have splendid music at Chautauqua next August. Dr. Vincent has contracted for a powerful chorus pipe organ to be built for and put up in the Amphitheater, whence its sweet strains will float out over Chautauqua Lake. Geo. H. Ryder & Co., of Boston, Mass., are the builders. The fame of their chorus organs is the pride of musical people in Boston.

A correspondent of Dr. Vincent writes from Patterson, N. J., as follows: "I desire to take the liberty of suggesting that in addition to your admirable list of special courses you add a well selected, clear, and comprehensive course of reading on law. Through the columns of THE CHAUTAUQUAN I would like you to invite all the young gentlemen members—in fact, all the members of the C. L. S. C.—to

carefully consider this idea, and to communicate their views concerning it to you through THE CHAUTAUQUAN, on the subject. Please do not consider me in any way pragmatic, but simply very, very interested in the welfare of the C. L. S. C. Yours, W. C. T."

Madame Perree, who has been admitted to the practice of medicine, is the second woman so honored by the faculty of Paris. She is married, and the mother of a family. An East Indian Princess recently sent a secret letter to the Queen, telling her of the incalculable good female physicians were to work in the zenanas, where no male doctor was allowed, and women suffered tortures through the ignorance of attendants.

The C. L. S. C. has excited a good many people to imitate its organization. We have the Baptist, Law and Political, and Book-a-Month societies, all at it. The more the better. The C. L. S. C. has been planted, and it has passed the first stage of its being. It is now developing, hence it is in the second period, and there is every indication that its development will be healthy and vigorous. When the first class of several thousand members graduates next August, it will be hailed as the largest class that ever received diplomas from an educational institution in this or any other country.

At the meetings of the "Association for the Advancement of Women," held in Buffalo last month, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, of Boston, Mass., said: "THE CHAUTAUQUAN is simply admirable. Its subscribers should count by thousands. The articles are fully equal to the articles in the best magazines of the country." We might fill several pages of THE CHAUTAUQUAN with extracts like the above from letters we have received from our readers, but we forbear.

Prof. W. T. Harris, author of the admirable papers in THE CHAUTAUQUAN on Christianity in Art, has just finished a course of four lectures, in Boston, Mass., on the "History of Education," given under the auspices of the Massachusetts Society for the University Education of Women. His subjects were: 1. Education as Found in Savage Tribes, in China, in India. 2. Education in Persia, Egypt, Phoenicia, Judea. 3. Education in Greece, Rome, and in the Early Christian Times and in the Middle Ages. 4. Education in Europe and in America, in Modern Times.

Our co-laborer on the CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD, Mr. C. E. Bishop, suffered a great bereavement recently in the death of his wife. She was the daughter of the Rev. Henry Benson, and was born in England, January 19, 1839. She was a lady of much culture, a beautiful character, and possessed many noble qualities of soul. She made a strong impression on society wherever she moved, by her example and the good influence she exerted upon all who associated with her.

The Rev. Dr. Talmadge has been converted to the plan of renting most of the pews in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. We have observed that education has much to do with adopting this custom. In the East it is more common than in the Middle States or the West. "Free seats" is a good plan in some churches and in some communities, while there are other congregations that utterly fail to pay their current expenses on the "free seat" plan. Rented pews bring each family together in the congregation. It has its advantages just as the other system has.

President Arthur is reported as being opposed to women

for postmasters. It is too late; public opinion is educated to look upon it as all right, and we trust the President is misrepresented. If not, he will be likely to hear from several thousand women, and men too; they may cause him to change his mind. A woman should not be proscribed in the postoffice any more than in the public schools or departments in Washington. The general government can not afford to be placed in a false relation to intelligent and worthy women; it owes too much to this class of people to snub them.

Mr. John Bright, in a recent speech, urged that school-children should be taught self-respect, respect of their playmates, respect of their parents, kindness to animals, a love of truth, a love of industry, and an idea of what is meant by prudence. The "Look Up Legion" clasps hands with Mr. Bright across the sea. He has stated the mission of this organization well in the things he mentions. Now, add "temperance" and "lending a hand" in all good work, and you have the creed complete.

George Law, who died a millionaire, began life in Troy, N. Y., without a friend in the world. One day, while passing along River Street, a hod-carrier, who was carrying bricks for the masons on an unfinished building, fell from the ladder and broke his leg. Young Law stepped up to the foreman and said: "Can I have that man's place?" "Did you ever carry a hod?" asked the foreman. "No." "You will break your leg, and perhaps your neck." "I will run the risk," said George Law, and from this beginning he became one of the wealthiest builders in the United States, always "running risks," but for many years everything he touched turned into gold.

A hitherto unknown portrait of Luther has recently been discovered in one of the old churches of Leipsic, which is conjectured to have come from the family of Luther's eldest son, Paul. It bears on the lower margin the words: "D. M. Luther, ætat. XLIX. 1532. Restaurator Libertatis Evangelii," and in the upper corner two flaming suns, with the inscription: "Vox Dei vera lux." The picture is stamped upon gilt letter. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and is said to be both a good likeness and a fine work of art.

The following is from the pen of Walter Scott, on literature as a profession, written while he was at work on "The Fair Maid of Perth:"

"Will you excuse my offering a piece of serious advice? Whatever pleasure you may find in literature, beware of looking to it as a profession, but seek that independence to which every one hopes to attain by studying the branch of industry which lies most within your reach. In this case you may pursue your literary amusements honorably and happily, but if ever you have to look to literature for an absolute and necessary support, you must be degraded by the necessity of writing whether you feel inclined or not, and besides must suffer all the miseries of a precarious and dependent existence."

That literary capacity and culinary knowledge may be united in the same woman is no longer denied by the most captious misogynist. The days of inky fingers and ill-cooked dinners have gone by, and the woman of brains is often admired as the best housekeeper of her circle. Mrs. Bayard Taylor is known to her many friends not only as a woman of trained literary taste but as a domestic authority of distinguished attainments. Her practical articles on "German Cookery," are commended to all who appreciate the science and the refinements of the kitchen.

TO LOCAL CIRCLES:—Leaders of local circles are respectfully requested to forward immediately to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., answers to the following questions: (1) How many years has your local circle been in operation? (2) About what number of regular members, (recorded at Plainfield, N. J.,) attended your local meeting last year? (3) About what number of members, not connected with the local circle, attended your meetings each year? An immediate reply will furnish important information, for which I shall be very grateful.

J. H. VINCENT,  
Superintendent of Instruction of the C. L. S. C.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

[We solicit questions from our readers to be answered in this department.]

Q. Why is a small "a" placed before Kempis in Thomas à Kempis?

A. The family name of à Kempis was Hæmerken (Little Hammer). The name Kempis is from *Kempen*, the name of his native village, and the letter "à" is the French preposition still used in that language before names of towns and cities.

Q. Why do we give three cheers instead of some other number?

A. Because one is not enough to express the enthusiasm and heartiness of the average American, and after the third his throat is weary. This theory will do till some one comes forward with a better.

Q. Can you tell me where I can get information in form of a book or extended article upholding the English side of the Irish Question?

A. The English magazines of years past have abounded in able discussions of the question *pro* and *con*. Our inquirer will probably find the desired information in recent volumes of any of the English quarterlies. The *Nineteenth Century* of last year will furnish several articles on each side of the question.

Q. Is there not somewhere published in the form of stereoscopic views, or otherwise, copies of celebrated paintings, sculpture, etc.? I have looked through all the collections of this city, and can find none.

A. We think they can be obtained of James W. Queen & Co., 924 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Q. Why is the sky blue?

A. The vapor of water in the air absorbs part of the light, giving the blue tinge. It may be observed that the blue varies with the amount of vapor, becoming deepest when the sky is seen between two rain clouds. With a very dry state of the atmosphere the sky is almost gray.

Q. Where in the Bible is found the theory of Paul's martyrdom?

A. After his last apprehension and imprisonment at Rome he writes to Timothy in the second epistle that he is no longer treated as an honorable state prisoner, but as a felon. He tells him that he is ready to die, and the time of departure is at hand. Beyond this we have the concurrent witness of ecclesiastical antiquity.

Q. Where did William the Conqueror die? There seems to be a difference of opinion among historians.

A. He died at Rouen, and was buried at Caen.

Q. In Miss De Forest's "Outline of History of Art" we are told that the pyramids were probably built about the time of Abraham. The Historical Chart says about the time of Solomon. Will you please inform a member of the C. L. S. C. through THE CHAUTAUQUAN which is correct?

A. The word "probably" is very appropriately employed in connection with this uncertain period of Egyptian history. We fail to find any evidence or historical support of a date



so late as Solomon, whilst many eminent authorities favor a date earlier than the time of Abraham.

Q. What is the place assigned to the late Dean Stanley as a theologian?

A. We do not think that Stanley or his warmest admirers have ever claimed any place for him as a theologian. Dean Stanley's place is as a church historian. As such his place is among the very highest. As no other man, perhaps, he succeeded in re-humanizing the Old Testament history. Under the warm touch of his pen the characters and events of the Old Testament are made to live before us again.

Q. Is Egypt an independent country?

A. Egypt is a dependency of Turkey.

Q. Will the Editor's Table answer the following questions and oblige a reader of THE CHAUTAUQUAN from the first number: (1) When were envelopes first used for letters? (2) When was illuminating gas first used? (3) When was kerosene first used for illuminating purposes? (4) When and where was the first American newspaper published? (5) When were steel and gold pens first used? (6) When were postage stamps first used in the United States? (7) When were the Russian serfs emancipated? (8) When was first wood engraving?

A. (1) Envelopes first used in 1839. (2) Gas first used in Cornwall, England, 1792; in United States, Boston, 1822. (3) Kerosene for illuminating, 1826. (4) First American newspaper, *Publick Occurrences, Foreign and Domestic*, Boston, 1690. (5) Steel pens, 1803; gold, 1825. (6) Postage stamps in United States, 1847; in England seven years earlier. (7) Russian serfs emancipated in 1861. (8) Wood engraving dates from about 1423.

Q. Can a man be a Christian and at the same time accept the theory of Darwin?

A. Christ regarded man as made in the divine image. He taught the doctrine of a personal, omnipresent, superintending God. Darwin teaches that man was made in the image of an oyster. His God is the pantheistic God, impersonal and so confounded and confused with nature that the idea of human responsibility is impossible. It is difficult to see how a mind capable of making distinctions and appreciating differences can accept both.

Q. Is it not a fundamental error in our higher educational institutions that too much is attempted? Should they not rather seek to make specialties than to aim at universal scholarship?

A. As a rule extremes should be avoided. Doubtless many of our colleges are open to the criticism of attempting too much. They seek to impart a scholarship which would cover almost the entire range of human knowledge. The inevitable result is that when attainments are so spread out they are merely superficial. The fact that God has given gifts to men different in kind and degree, are hints that we are to pursue special lines of investigation. Many a man has talent for science or mathematics to whom language-study is an enigma, and *vice versa*. Again, it is equally true that those who carry the specialist idea to an extreme are just as much in error. Depth sometimes implies corresponding narrowness. Specialty and "hobby" may be synonymous. We think it quite probable that it is a weak point in the German university system that it lays too much stress upon the idea of specialty in knowledge. The attempt to educate the mind in a particular line, ignoring cognate knowledge, is self-thwarting. The laws of mind-development are like those of the body. The muscles of the arm are capable of the highest development when those of the body are developed also. Likewise mental growth must be symmetrical.

Q. Is there not a very mistaken idea prevalent concerning the Sunday-school of to-day in having so many classes with a corresponding number of teachers? It seems to me that we have gone to a wild extreme in this respect, a teacher for every half dozen scholars. Would it not be a

great deal better to select, say three, of the most talented and best adapted to teach, and then divide the whole school into three classes, primary, intermediate and adult? Would we not thus avoid many of the checks and hindrances that we now experience, and altogether attain better results?

A. The above question is one that will enlist the attention of so many readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, who are workers in the Sunday-school, that we forbear to answer in detail at present, in the hope that we may receive their views of the question before we sit down to the "Editor's Table" of next month. We shall be glad to include in the answer to this question any real points, *pro* or *con*, that may be presented. We do not hesitate to say that there are advantages and disadvantages on both sides, and that, in our opinion, the excess of advantages is largely in favor of the custom that now prevails.

Q. Under what circumstances was the name "Great Unknown" first applied?

A. When the "Waverley Novels" were first published the author's name was withheld. During their anonymous period it became the custom to speak of the author as the Great Unknown.

Q. I found recently in a book of history an allusion to the Lion of the North and to the Madman of the North. What characters were referred to?

A. The first is a title bestowed upon Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, who was the strong support of the Protestant cause during the Thirty Years' War. The second refers to Charles XII, who was a most rash and impetuous character, often reaching the pitch of madness.

A friend writes: The answer No 18, published in the January number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, would convey, it seems to me, a very poor idea to a person who has been unable to find any other answer than that.

A design is first drawn, then the pieces of porphyry, marble or glass are cut and fitted on the design. Next they are transferred to the object which they are to decorate, for example, a table top, and there set in cement. Afterwards the inequalities in the surface are removed by grinding. Finally, the surface is highly polished. Beautiful designs, flowers, portraits, and nearly every thing which pencil or brush has produced, have been copied in mosaics. The most delicate shadings are produced by matching the tints of marble, etc., and at a short distance some mosaics look like the finest paintings. A very good example can be seen in Independence Hall, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Answer to No. 33: The Great Bronze Door was designed and modeled in Rome, in 1858, by Randolph Rogers, and cast in bronze in Munich, 1860. It fills the main doorway from the grand portico into the rotunda. Its height is nineteen feet, width nine feet. It weighs 20,000 pounds, and cost \$28,000. There are two leaves to this door, each leaf being divided into eight panels, and there is also an arched transom panel. Each division contains a scene in alto-relievo. Each panel is finished on the back by a simple star enclosed in a plain moulding. The events portrayed on the door constitute the principal events in the life of Columbus and the discovery of America.

No. 34: Four paintings by Colonel John Trumbull, ordered by Congress in 1817, and the fourth completed in 1824, each costing \$8,000. (1) "Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776." (2) "Surrender of Burgoyne, October, 1771." (3) "Surrender of Cornwallis, October, 1781." (4) "Resignation of General Washington, December 23, 1783." There are also four other paintings: (1) "Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft-Haven, in Holland, July 21, 1620," by Weir. (2) "Baptism of Pocahontas, 1613," by Chapman. (3) "Discovery of the Mississippi River by DeSoto, May, 1541," by Powell. (4) "Landing of Columbus, October 12, 1492," by Varderlyn.

## HUMOROUS POETRY.\*

Said Stiggins to his wife, one day,  
"We've nothing left to eat;  
If things go on in this queer way,  
We shan't make *both ends meet*."

The dame replied in words discreet,  
"We're not so badly fed,  
If we can make but *one end meat*,  
And make the other *bread*."  
—"*Domestic Economy*" (Punch).

Which is of greater value, prythee, say,  
The bride or bridegroom?—must the  
truth be told?

Alas, it must! The bride is given away,  
The bridegroom's often regularly sold.  
—"*A Conjugal Conundrum*" (Punch).

"A fool," said Jeanette, "is a creature I  
hate!"

"But hating," quoth John, "is im-  
moral;

Besides, my dear girl, its a terrible fate  
To be found in a family quarrel!"  
—"*Family Quarrels*" (J. G. Saxe).

"Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes,  
My fate a useful moral teaches;  
The hole in which my body lies  
Would not contain one-half my  
speeches."

—"*The Orator's Epitaph*" (Brougham.)

What's the news?—Why, they say  
Death has killed Dr. Morrison.  
The pill-maker? Yes. Then Death will  
be sorry soon.

—"*The Death of Dr. Morrison*" (Bent-  
ley's Miscellany).

Men dying make their wills—but wives  
Escape a work so sad;  
Why should they make what all their  
lives

The gentle dames have had?

"*Woman's Will*" (J. G. Saxe).

To win the maid the poet tries,  
And sometimes writes to Julia's eyes;  
She likes a *verse*—but, cruel whim,  
She still appears a-verse to him.

—"*The Poet Foiled*" (Punch).

As my wife and I, at the window one  
day,

Stood watching a man with a monkey,  
A cart came by, with a "broth of a boy,"  
Who was driving a stout little don-  
key.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a  
joke,

"There's a relation of yours in that  
carriage."

\* "Humorous Poetry of the English Lan-  
guage," Published by Houghton, Mifflin &  
Co., Boston, Mass.

To which she replied, as the donkey she  
spied,

"Ah, yes, a relation—*by marriage*!"  
—"*My Wife and I*" (Anonymous).

"Pray, why does the great Captain's  
nose

Resemble Venice?" Duncomb cries.  
"Why," quoth Sam Rogers, "I suppose  
Because it has a bridge of size (sighs)."  
—"*Wellington's Nose*" (Anonymous).

Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore,  
That from this hour I shall not love  
thee more.—

"What! love no more? Oh, why this  
alter'd vow?"

Because I *can not* love thee more—than  
now!

—"*The Surprise*" (Sir Thomas Moore.)

Swans sing before they die—'t were no  
bad thing,

Did certain persons die before they sing.  
—"*Bad Poets*" (Coleridge).

Beneath this verdant hillock lies,  
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.  
His heirs, that he might safely rest,  
Have put his carcass in a chest,  
The very chest in which, they say,  
His other self, his money lay.  
And, if his heirs continue kind  
To that dear self he left behind,  
I dare believe that four in five  
Will think his better half alive.

—"*On a Usurer*" (Swift).

## THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

There is a knack in doing many a thing,  
Which labor can not to perfection bring:  
Therefore, however great in your own  
eyes,

Pray do not hints from other folks des-  
pise:

A fool on something great, at times,  
may stumble,

And consequently be a good adviser:  
On which, forever, your wise men may  
fumble,  
And never be a whit the wiser.

Yes! I advise you, for there's wisdom  
in 't,

Never to be superior to a hint—  
The genius of each man, with keen-  
ness view—

A spark from this, or t'other, caught,  
May kindle, quick as thought,  
A glorious bonfire up in you.

A question of you let me beg—  
Of fam'd Columbus and his egg,  
Pray, have you heard? "Yes."—O, then,  
If you please

I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the  
Peas:

A brace of sinners, for no good,  
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's  
shrine,  
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone,  
wood,  
And in a fair white wig look'd won-  
drous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues  
to travel,  
With something in their shoes much  
worse than gravel;  
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,  
The priest had order'd peas into their  
shoes:

A nostrum famous in old Popish times  
For purifying souls that stunk of  
crimes:

A sort of apostolic salt,  
Which Popish parsons for its powers  
exalt,  
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,  
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knives set off on the same day,  
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray:  
But very diff'rent was their speed, I  
wot!

One of the sinners gallop'd on,  
Swift as a bullet from a gun;  
The other limped as if he had been  
shot.

One saw the Virgin soon — *peccavi*  
cried—

Had his soul white-wash'd all so  
clever;  
Then home again he nimbly hied,  
Made fit, with saints above, to live  
forever.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
He met his brother rogue about half  
way—

Hobbling, with out-stretched hands and  
bending knees;  
Damning the souls and bodies of the  
peas:

His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows  
in sweat,  
Deep sympathizing with his groaning  
feet.

"How now," the light-toed, white-  
wash'd pilgrim broke,  
"You lazy lubber!"

"Ods curse it," cried the other, "'tis no  
joke—

My feet, once hard as any rock,  
Are now as soft as any blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—  
As for Loretto I shall not get there;  
No! to the Dev'l my sinful soul must  
go,  
For damme if I ha'nt lost every toe.

"But, brother sinner, pray explain  
How 'tis that you are not in pain:

What pow'r hath work'd a wonder  
for your toes:

While I, just like a snail am crawling,  
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly  
bawling,

While not a rascal comes to ease my  
woes?

"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound  
go,

Merry, as if that naught had hap-  
pened, burn ye?"

"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you  
must know,  
That just before I ventured on my  
journey,

To walk a little more at ease,  
I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."  
—Peter Pindar.



### "WIDE-AWAKE."

The January number, brightest of the bright, has come to us fairly overwhelming in its varied budget of excellencies. Few people are aware of the great ability and liberal expenditure which have brought *Wide-Awake* to its high position. What we would now call especial attention to is, that in addition to all this energy and ability, there has been exercised in its management, from the very first, a conscientious adherence to the highest moral teaching. We notice that the *Congregationalist*, of Boston, says: "D. Lothrop & Co.'s magazines for young people are not only pure and educational in the best sense, but they are the most popular in the language." We would freely endorse the opinion expressed by this influential religious journal, and at the same time ask particular attention to the *Wide-Awake*, which has fortunately been secured as the organ of the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union. Now, then, what does this magazine promise for "our girls and boys?" Girls, now-a-days, read with avidity so much that is written for their brothers as well as for the older members of the family, that it is a trifle hard to set aside anything in this delightful January number before us, as exclusively their own. The same may be said of the reading for boys. However, there is enough richness for all without robbing any. So to begin: "The Hudson to the Neva," by David Ker, is pronounced one of the most brilliant travel serials ever prepared for young folks. "Their Club and Ours," by a boy of fourteen, describes in the most graphic way possible the school life of a merry party of boys and girls. So much for the two serials. Rev. Edward E. Hale has a beautiful opening story, "Asaph Sheafe's Christmas." Amanda B. Harris tells how Christmas cards are made. Six exquisitely illustrated poems follow, linked together. Then jolly short stories by Margaret Eytinge, Sophie May, and others. Rev. E. E. Hale begins a new year with his club of bright boys and girls in his "To-Day Papers." Arthur Gilman initiates his twelve articles on "How to Use the Dictionary." Besides all this, there is a beautiful Christmas Carol by Christina Rossetti. Then comes the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union Supplement, crowded with good things. The Magna Charta Stories, edited by Arthur Gilman, progress splendidly. Amanda B. Harris has the loveliest of out-of-door papers, called "Door Yard Folks." No young citizen can complain of not knowing the laws of our land, if they take the *Wide-Awake*, for through this medium Benjamin Vaughan Abbott teaches the most important of our laws. The girls are taught to make the daintiest of things for their rooms, in "Ways to Do Things," so that no girl can fail of lovely surroundings. The "Health and Strength Papers" give timely suggestions as to the building up of that rugged health so much desired for our youth of to-day. Hezekiah Butterworth gives us a charming paper on "Handel, the Father of the Oratorio." Then the "Wise Blackbird" answers the questions proposed by the young subscribers on all subjects that interest them. The postoffice brings in letters that help make young writers who thus learn early to express themselves. But we must stop. This gives a faint impression of the contents of the January number of the *Wide-Awake* for 1882. As to the February number, we have no time to time to even hint of its contents, which more than make good the promise of its predecessor. Let no one fail to see it. During the year there will appear a long "Roman-Hispano Story," by Rev. Edward E. Hale. "Wild Flower Papers," by Amanda B. Harris. "Illustrated Folk Lore Ballads," valuable as studies in customs and costumes." "Old Time Cookery and a suit of Home-spun" papers, descriptive of early days and ways, written at one of the oldest homesteads in New England. "A Par-

lor Comedietta," by the author of "The Story of Honor Bright," Games, etc., etc., will make the record 1882 the most brilliant of any in the annals of magazine literature for the young. Parents who desire for their children the highest cultivation, should not fail to take this magazine, as it affords, in the most economical and convenient way, the greatest possible educational privileges.

### CHAUTAUQUA BOOK-A-MONTH READING CIRCLE.

1. Many people who cherish strong desires after the reading of useful and improving books find great difficulties in their way. Mothers, with hands busy in family duties, long for a mental culture which will lift their thought and conversation above the range of their household toil; fathers, whose lives have been so occupied with business that they have been unable to obtain an education; parents who see their children advancing in knowledge, and wish that they might, in some measure, keep pace with them, and make the home attractive with the atmosphere of intelligence; young men in the factory, the office, or on the farm, who wish to supplement their earlier studies, or to supply the deficiency of them; young ladies who have finished their school life, but desire still to go forward in the acquirement of knowledge; these and many more classes of people have a longing to read good books, and to obtain the benefits which come only from acquaintance with literature.

2. These people often find their aspirations after knowledge checked by circumstances. The field of learning is so vast that they know not which of its many paths to choose. They desire not so much a thorough mastery of any one branch of science, as a general acquaintance with various subjects. They do not have access to large libraries, nor acquaintance with cultured people, so that it is difficult for them to ascertain just what works are adapted to their needs. Their time for reading is limited, and therefore they must, if possible, obtain much in little, and read a few books of moderate size, instead of the extended treatises. They do not possess either the facilities or the time to mark out a course of reading for themselves, and if they read at all to profit, must follow some course selected by another.

3. To meet the wants of many people, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was originated a few years ago. Its need has been shown by its success, since it now numbers nearly thirty thousand enrolled members. At the suggestion of its founder, another Reading Union has now been instituted as a department of the C. L. S. C.—The Chautauqua Book-a-Month Reading Circle. It aims to supply the needs of a large class of people, who desire a course of reading less extensive than that of the C. L. S. C. Its works are a little more recreative and popular in their style, and chosen rather for reading than close study; and with the design of supplementing the C. L. S. C. for some, and of substituting an easier line of literature for others.

4. The plan of the Chautauqua Book-a-Month Reading Circle is somewhat indicated by its name. It embraces a course of thirty-six volumes, one for each month during three years, in the various departments of literature; so arranged that it may be accomplished by reading twelve to twenty pages each day. There are few people who can not spare the time requisite for such a course of reading, especially if the books chosen are interesting in their subjects, and attractive in their style.

5. The works selected for the course include the history of the most important nations, and a few of the greatest epochs; biographies of the men most famous for their achievements in statesmanship, conquest, and literature; a few choice books of travel in the unfrequented portions of the earth; some works of popular science; the great essays

of the greatest essayists; and a small number of the works of fiction, the masterpieces of romance, several of them historical pictures of past ages. A course of reading embracing so wide a range in so small a compass, must necessarily be limited in the number of its selections from any one author, however distinguished; but it is hoped that the works selected may lead many of the readers to seek a closer acquaintance with their writers.

6. To those who unite with the Chautauqua Book-a-Month Reading Circle, a series of outline memoranda is furnished; a sheet for each volume of the course, containing blanks for the reader's report, questions, outlines, and suggestive hints concerning the book; furnishing a guide while reading, a reminder of what has been read, and a report of the work done. This is to be filled up and mailed to the office of the Circle at Plainfield, N. J. Upon the completion of each year's course of reading a certificate will be sent to the reader, signed by the Department Secretary, Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, and the Office Secretary, Miss K. F. Kimball.

7. While "a book a month" is the general plan of the course, it may not be rigidly followed. Students may commence at any time, may read in what order, and at what rate of progress they find convenient, and will receive their certificates for each year's reading as soon as the books are read and the books received. The course may be pursued by readers alone, each by himself, or in groups or "circles," according to the plan of the C. L. S. C.

8. The special works named in the course have been selected with care, and it is desirable to read them as chosen. Yet members who prefer to read other works in the same general lines of study may do so, if the substituted works are as extensive as those appointed. Those who wish to make such substitutions are requested to communicate with the Department Secretary, Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, at the office of the Circle, Plainfield, N. J., inclosing stamp or postal card for answer. All members are invited to address the Superintendent with questions concerning the books, their subjects, or the general plan of the course.

9. The business office of the Circle will be at the same place with that of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, Plainfield, N. J. Miss K. F. Kimball, the Secretary of the C. L. S. C., will act as Secretary and Treasurer of the "Book-a-Month Circle," and will receive names for membership, and members' fees.

10. To defray the expenses of correspondence, printing, etc., a fee of fifty cents per annum is required of all who join the Circle. This amount will cover all the expenses of membership, except the books of the course, and will entitle to all its privileges, and to the certificate for each year's reading. It should be remitted to Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., by New York or Philadelphia draft or post-office order. Do not send postage stamps if it can be avoided. In sending, please to state specifically that it is for membership in the "Book-a-Month," that it may not be mistaken for the C. L. S. C. Members of the C. L. S. C. may take the entire "Book-a-Month" course for the three years by one payment of fifty cents, and upon its completion will receive the "Book-a-Month" seal to their C. L. S. C. diplomas.

11. Persons desiring to unite with the Chautauqua Book-a-Month Reading Circle should forward to the office answers to the following questions: (1) Give your name in full. (2) Your postoffice address, with county and State. (3) Are you married or single? (4) What is your age? Are you between twenty and thirty, or thirty and forty, or forty and fifty, or fifty and sixty, etc.? (5) If married, how many children living under the age of sixteen years? (6) What

\* We ask this question to ascertain the possible future intellectual and moral influence of this "Circle" on our homes.

is your occupation? (7) With what religious denomination are you connected? (8) Do you, after mature deliberation, resolve, if able, to prosecute the three years' course of study presented by the Chautauqua Book-a-Month Reading Circle?

12. The books of the course may be ordered through PHILLIPS & HUNT, 805 Broadway, New York, or WALDEN & STOWE, Cincinnati. In ordering please to state particularly the editions desired, since in most of the works more than one edition is published, one being a cheap pamphlet form, and the other a bound volume for the library.

13. The works selected for reading during the year 1882 are as follows:

#### CHAUTAUQUA BOOK-A-MONTH READING CIRCLE COURSE OF READING FOR 1882.

*January*—"The History of the United States." By T. W. Higginson. \$1.

[With this is recommended (but not required) the study of Chautauqua Text-Book No. 21, "American History," 10 cents.]

*February*—"The Life of George Washington." By Washington Irving. Abridged for popular use. One volume. 12mo. \$2.50.

*March*—"The Geologic Story Briefly Told." By Dr. J. D. Dana. \$1.40.

*April*—"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." By O. W. Holmes. 18mo. \$1.50. Illustrated. 12mo. \$2.

*May*—"Readings from English History." By J. R. Green. \$1.50.

[With this is recommended the study of Chautauqua Text-Book No. 4, "English History," 10 cents.]

*June*—Lord Macaulay's Essays on "Milton," "Addison," and "Warren Hastings." Cheap edition, paper. Three vols. Each, 25 cts.

[We recommend readers to obtain Macaulay's Essays, complete in three volumes; a valuable and standard work for the library. \$3.75.]

*July*—"Eothen: Travels in the East." By A. W. Kinglake. Cheap edition, paper, 10 cents.

*August*—"Henry Esmond: [A Story of the Times of Queen Anne]." By W. M. Thackeray. Cheap edition, paper, 15 cents. 12mo edition, cloth, \$1.25.

*September*—"The Era of the Protestant Revolution." By F. Seebohn. \$1.

*October*—"Culture and Religion." By J. C. Shairp. Cheap edition, paper, 15 cents. Cloth-bound edition, \$1.25.

*November*—"Self-Help." By S. M. Smiles. Cloth-bound edition, \$1.

*December*—"John Halifax, Gentleman." By D. M. Craik. Cheap edition, paper, 15 cents. Cloth-bound edition, \$1.25.

*Superintendent:* J. H. VINCENT, D. D.

Address all correspondence concerning the "Chautauqua Book-a-Month Reading Circle" to the Department Secretary, REV. J. L. HURLBUT, Plainfield, N. J.

Send for circulars, report names for membership, and make payments of fees to the Secretary and Treasurer of the C. L. S. C., MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, N. J.

Order the books of the course, or inquire concerning them, through PHILLIPS & HUNT, 805 Broadway, New York; or WALDEN & STOWE, Cincinnati and Chicago.

## CHAUTAUQUA PERIODICALS.

From October 1, 1881, in clubs of five or more at one time, we will send THE CHAUTAUQUAN for 1881-82, at \$1.35.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN for 1881-82, and ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD for season of 1881, \$2.25.

Full sets of ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD for season of 1881, \$1.00.

We have received more postage stamps than we will be able to use for the next two years. We therefore must decline to receive any more on subscriptions to THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Send drafts on New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Pittsburgh, or Postoffice Money Order.



## THE C. L. S. C.

President: J. H. Vincent, D. D.  
 Counselors: Lyman Abbott, D. D.; Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D.;  
 J. M. Gibson, D. D.; W. C. Wilkinson, D. D.  
 Office Secretary: Miss Kate F. Kimball.  
 General Secretary: Albert M. Martin, A. M.

## ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1881-1882.

## 1.—AIM.

This new organization aims to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life (especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited), so as to secure to them the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking.

## 2.—METHODS.

It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by text-books which shall be indicated; by local circles for mutual help and encouragement in such studies; by summer courses of lectures and "students' sessions" at Chautauqua, and by written reports and examinations.

## 3.—COURSE OF STUDY.

The course of study prescribed by the C. L. S. C. shall cover a period of four years.

## 4.—ARRANGEMENT OF CLASSES.

Each year's Course of Study will be considered the "First Year" for new pupils, whether it be the first, second, third, or fourth of the four years' course. For example, "the class of 1885," instead of beginning October, 1881, with the same studies which were pursued in 1880-'81 by "the class of 1884," will fall in with "the class of '84," and take for their first year the second year's course of the '84 class. The first year for "the class of 1884" will thus in due time become the fourth year for "the class of 1885."

## 5.—STUDIES FOR 1881-'82.\*

The course for 1881-'82 comprises readings in: 1. History. 2. Literature. 3. Science and Philosophy. 4. Art. 5. Religion.

The required books for the year are as follows:

1. HISTORY.—Man's Antiquity and Language. Dr. M. S. Terry (Chautauqua Text-Book.) Price 10 cents. Outlines of General History. Dr. J. H. Vincent. (Chautauqua Text-Book.) Price, 10 cents. Mosaics of History. Selected by Arthur Gilman, Esq., of Cambridge, Mass. (CHAUTAUQUAN.) Readings from Mackenzie's Nineteenth Century. Books First and Second. (Franklin Square edition.) Price, 15 cents.

2. LITERATURE.—Art of Speech. Part II. "Oratory and Logic" (Dr. L. T. Townsend.) Price, 30 cents. Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical. Dr. Quackenbos. Price, \$1.00. English History and Literature. Chautauqua Library. Vol. III. [To be ready in 1882.]

3. SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.—Popular Readings concerning Mathematics, Political Economy, Geology, Chemistry, Laws of Health, and Mental and Moral Philosophy. (CHAUTAUQUAN.)

4. ART.—Outline Lessons on Art. Miss De Forest. (Chautauqua Text-Book.) Price, 10 cents. A Short History of Art. Miss De Forest. Price, \$2.

5. RELIGIOUS.—God in History. (CHAUTAUQUAN.) Religion in Art. (CHAUTAUQUAN.)

6. ADDITIONAL.—(For Students of Class 1882.) Hints for Home Reading, Dr. Lyman Abbott. The Hall in the Grove. Mrs. Alden. (About Chautauqua and the C. L. S. C.)

The following is the distribution of the subjects and books through the year:

**October and November.**  
 [Ch. stands for THE CHAUTAUQUAN.]  
 Outline Lessons on Art. [De Forest.]  
 A Short History of Art. [De Forest.]  
 Mosaics of History. [Ch.]  
 Christianity in Art. [Ch.]  
 Readings about Geology. [Ch.]  
**December.**  
 Man's Antiquity and Language. [Terry.]  
 Outlines of General History. [Vincent.]  
 Mosaics of History. [Ch.]  
 Readings about Geology. [Ch.]  
 Readings about Philosophy. [Ch.]  
 Christianity in Art. [Ch.]  
**January.**  
 Mosaics of History. [Ch.]  
 God in History. [Ch.]  
 Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical. [Quackenbos.]  
 Readings about Mental Science. [Ch.]  
 Laws of Health. [Ch.]  
 Christianity in Art. [Ch.]  
**February.**  
 Mosaics of History. [Ch.]

Art of Conversation. [Ch.]  
 Illustrated History of Ancient Literature. [Continued.]  
 Christianity in Art. [Ch.]  
 Readings about Mental Science. [Ch.]  
 Health at Home. [Ch.]  
**March.**  
 Mosaics of History. [Ch.]  
 Readings about Political Economy. [Ch.]  
 Readings from Mackenzie's Nineteenth Century.  
**April.**  
 Mosaics of History. [Ch.]  
 Art of Speech. Part II. [Townsend.]  
 Readings about Political Economy. [Ch.]  
**May.**  
 Mosaics of History. [Ch.]  
 English History and Literature. [Chautauqua Library, Vol. III.]  
 Readings about Mathematics. [Ch.]  
 Readings about Chemistry. [Ch.]  
**June.**  
 Mosaics of History. [Ch.]  
 Readings about Chemistry. [Ch.]

## 6.—THE WHITE SEAL SUPPLEMENTARY COURSE.

Persons who desire to read more extensively in the lines of study for 1881-'82 are expected to read, in addition to the "required" books for the year, the following:

Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism. By Dr. Ulhorn.  
 Outline Study of Man. By Dr. Hopkins.  
 History of Germany. By Charlotte M. Yonge.  
 Persons who pursue the "White Seal Course" of each year, in addition to the regular course, will receive at the time of their graduation a white seal to be attached to the regular diploma.

## 7.—SPECIAL COURSES.

Members of the C. L. S. C. may take, in addition to the regular course above prescribed, one or more special courses, and pass an examination upon them. A series of special courses in the several departments of study will be in due time announced, and pupils will receive credit and testimonial seals to be appended to their regular diploma, according to the merit of examinations on these supplemental courses.

## 8.—THE PREPARATORY COURSE.

Persons who are too young, or are not sufficiently advanced in their studies, to take the regular C. L. S. C. course, may adopt certain preparatory lessons for the two years.

For circulars of the special and preparatory courses, address Dr. J. H. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J.

## 9.—INITIATION FEE.

To defray the expenses of correspondence, monthly reports, etc., an annual fee of fifty cents is required. This amount should be forwarded to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., (by New York or Philadelphia draft or post-office order.) Do not send postage-stamps if you can possibly avoid it.

N. B.—In sending your fee, be sure to state to which class you belong, whether 1882, 1883, 1884, or 1885.

## 10.—APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Persons desiring to unite with the C. L. S. C. should forward answers to the following questions to Dr. J. H. VINCENT, PLAINFIELD, N. J. The class graduating in 1885 should begin the studies of the less sons required, October 1881. They may begin as late as January 1, 1882.

1. Give your name in full. 2. Your post-office address—with county and State. 3. Are you married or single? 4. What is your age? Are you between twenty and thirty? or thirty and forty, or forty and fifty, or fifty and sixty, etc.? 5. If married, how many children living under the age of sixteen years? 6. What is your occupation? 7. With what religious denomination are you connected? 8. Do you, after mature deliberation, resolve, if able, to prosecute the four years' course of study presented by the C. L. S. C.? 9. Do you promise to give an average of three hours a week to the reading and study required by this course? 10. How much more than the time specified do you hope to give to this course of study?

## 11.—TIME REQUIRED.

An average of forty minutes' reading each week day will enable the student in nine months to complete the books required for the year. More time than this will probably be spent by many persons, and for their accommodation a special course of reading on the same subjects has been indicated. The habit of thinking steadily upon worthy themes during one's secular toil will lighten labor, brighten life, and develop power.

## 12.—MEMORANDA.

The annual "examinations" will be held at the homes of the members, and in writing. Memoranda will be forwarded to them, and by their written replies the "Committee" can judge whether or not they have read the books required.

## 13.—ATTENDANCE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

Persons should be present to enjoy the annual meetings at Chautauqua, but attendance there is not necessary to graduation in the C. L. S. C. Persons who have never visited Chautauqua may enjoy the advantages, diploma, and honors of the "Circle." The DAILY ASSEMBLY HERALD is published on the grounds during the Chautauqua Assembly. Send \$1 for the DAILY HERALD to Theodore L. Flood, Meadville, Pa. Back numbers for 1881 can be supplied.

## 14.—LOCAL CIRCLES.

Individuals may prosecute the studies of the C. L. S. C. alone, but their efforts will be greatly facilitated by securing a "local circle" of two or more persons, who agree to meet as frequently as possible, read together, converse on subjects of study, arrange for occasional lectures by local talent, organize a library, a museum, a laboratory, etc. All that is necessary for the establishment of such "local circles" is to meet, report organization to Dr. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J., and then prosecute the course of study in such a way as seems most likely to secure the ends contemplated by the C. L. S. C.

## 15.—MEMORIAL DAYS.

Twelve days are set apart as days of especial interest to every member of the C. L. S. C., and as days of devout prayer for the furtherance of the objects of this society. On these days all members are urgently invited to read the literary and scriptural selections indicated, to collect some facts about the authors whose birthdays are thus commemorated, and to invoke the blessing of our heavenly Father upon this attempt to exalt His word, and to understand and rejoice in His works. The selections to be read on the memorial days are published by Phillips & Hunt, and by Walden & Stowe, in a small volume—Chautauqua Text-Book No. 7 "Memorial Days." Price, 10 cents.

## 16.—OUR CLASS MOTTOES.†

"We study the word and the works of God."  
 "Let us keep our heavenly Father in the midst."  
 "Never be discouraged."

## 17.—ST. PAUL'S GROVE.

The center of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is the HALL OF PHILOSOPHY in the beautiful grove at Chautauqua, which was dedicated August 17, 1878, by Bishop R. S. Foster, in the presence of a large, devout, and enthusiastic audience. It is the purpose of the managers of Chautauqua to have St. Paul's Grove fitted up with rustic seats, statuary, fountains, etc., and make it a place of beauty and inspiration to all members of the Circle.

## 18.—FIRST YEAR.

Persons desiring forms of application, or information concerning the Circle, should address Dr. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J.

## 19.—"THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

The organ of the C. L. S. C. is THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Issued monthly, from October to July. Price, \$1.50. Send subscriptions to Theodore L. Flood, Editor and Proprietor, Meadville, Pa.

\* We ask this question to ascertain the possible future intellectual and moral influence of this "Circle" on your homes.

† These mottoes are issued on large cards by Prang & Co., of Boston, Mass. Each motto sells at \$1.

\*The additional books for the "White Seal Course" for 1881-'82 are: "Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism," by Dr. Ulhorn; "Outline Study of Man," by Dr. Mark Hopkins; "History of Germany," by Charlotte Yonge.

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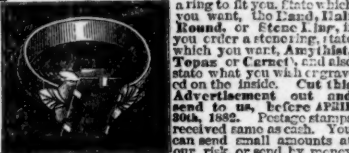
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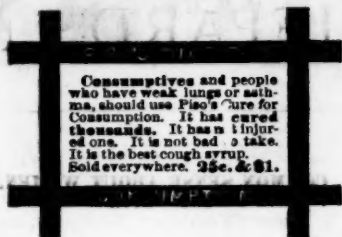
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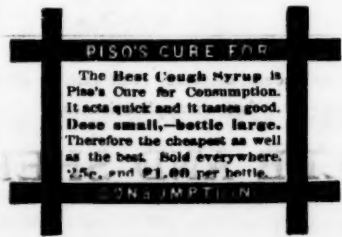
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